★ Collier's

NOVEMBER 6, 1943

TEN CENTS

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HERBERT HOOVER speaks out on MILITARY ALLIANCES

•

Vicki Baum's Timely Sequel to Grand Hotel:

HOTEL BERLIN, 1943

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ov. 6 1943

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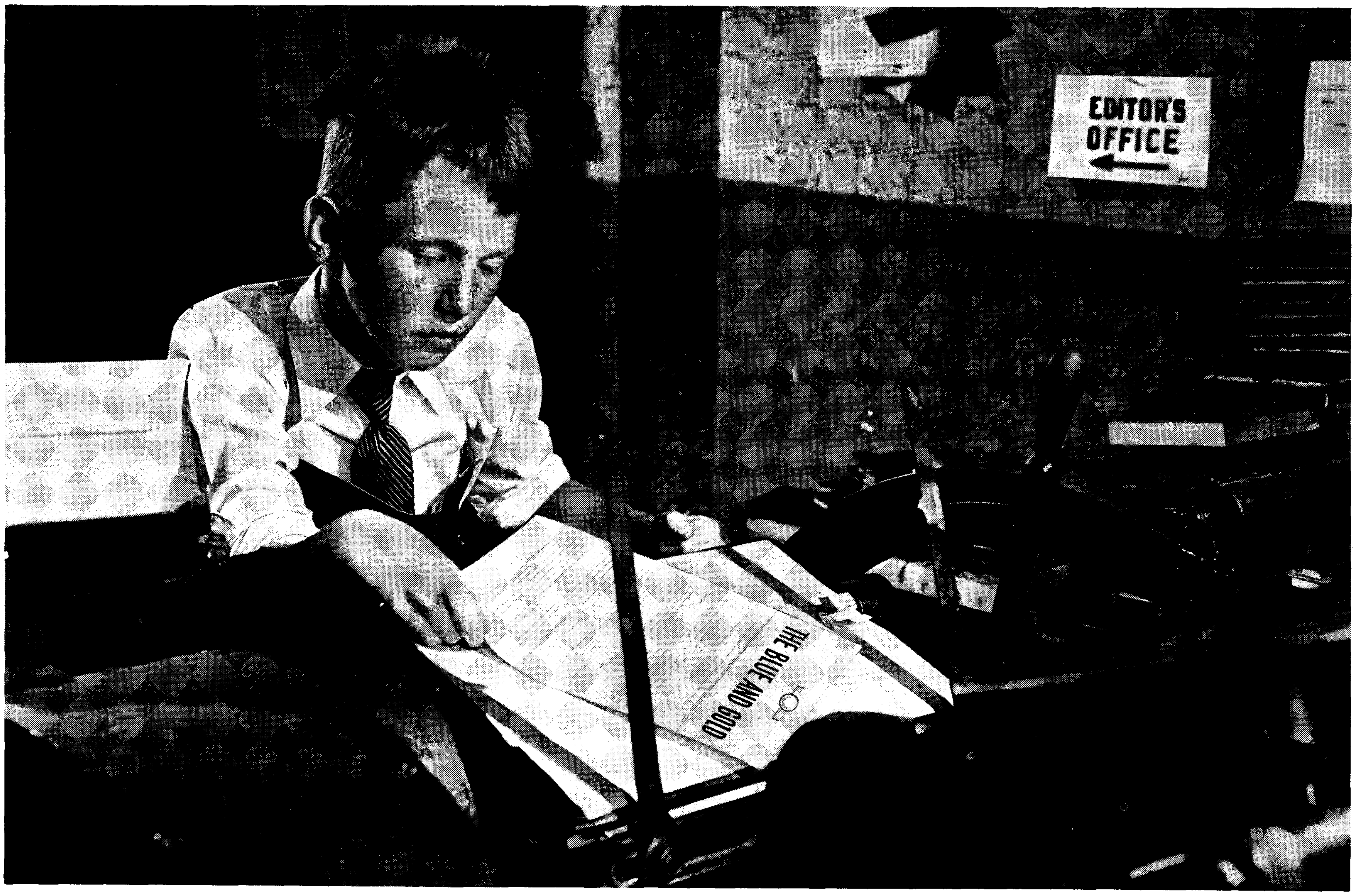
Out of the World of Play Into the World of Accomplishment—

The Interests of Today Shape the Deeds of Tomorrow.



And we see Him then—Alert, Industrious and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

GOOD LUCK, lad! May your school paper prosper—its future be as bright and promising as your own. For to eager young Americans like you, the door is wide open to opportunity, to advantages beyond measure.

Parents and teachers unite to guide you safely toward your future. And with the help of their watchful care and devotion, you will meet that future strong in body and mind—confident and *smiling!*

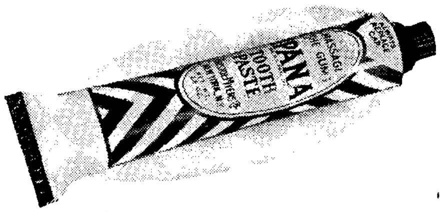
Yes, *smiling.* For today young America's smiles are being carefully safeguarded. Throughout the land, in thousands of classrooms, youngsters are learning the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These children know that today's soft foods rob our gums of needed work and stimulation. They could tell you why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Start with Ipana and massage today—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

Nov. 6, '43

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KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
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Collier'

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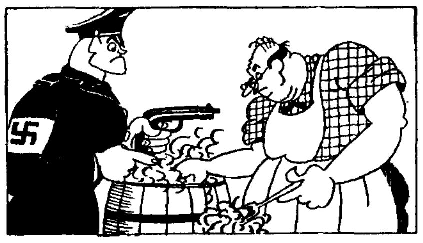
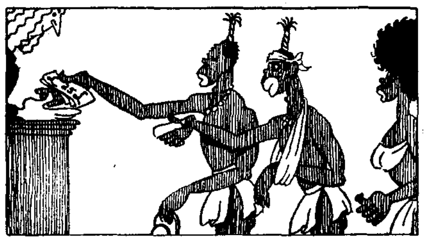
ANY WEEK

THAT Germany is to do a horrendous prat fall one of these nights is, of course, certain. And yet until we received this letter from Mr. Joseph T. Wallishe of Evanston, Illinois, we were not quite sure why the Nazi racket was doomed to failure. It is all clear now. Since far back when the Huns were Huns and didn't try to kid anybody that they weren't, there had been an agricultural axiom in Germany which (according to Mr. Wallishe) was: Sauerkraut should be made only during the moon's fruitful phase after the full. "Among the first things Hitler did," says Mr. Wallishe, "was to ban that ancient rule, saying that it was non-Nordic. Sauerkraut makers following it were imprisoned, and when the perplexed makers asked Herr Julius Johann Dampfeister, Hitler's personal agronomist for instructions, he said: 'You will make sauerkraut when der Fuehrer says so and not before. This is Germany, not America. The moon has nothing to do with National Socialism.' " And then and there, Mr. Wallishe says, "Hitler hit the skids."



FROM England, Corey Ford notifies us that one morning the Honorable Happy Chandler, United States senator, was reviewing a command near London when he espied a constituent standing in the ranks at, of course, attention. Happy rushed to the lad, grasped his hand and gave it the old Chandler wring. "Hi-ya, boy," cried the senator and the hell with military regulation. The young fellow, a bombardier, replied: "Senator, I ain't had a handshake like that since you were last runnin' for office. Keep a-runnin', Senator, keep a-runnin'."

IT HAS been our conviction for a long time that too little attention has been paid to our fellow democrats, the Liberians. Fortunately, our former colleague, Mr. Robert McCormick of Washington, D. C., has been looking into the Liberian situation and has come to our assistance. The Liberians, Mr. McCormick discovers, have "an abject worship for formal court procedure, although legal hocus-pocus occasionally baffles them somewhat." And Mr. McCormick illustrates with the story of a Liberian who discovered his wife and a strange man acting up in a scandalous fashion. The Liberian objected. When words failed him, he gave the stranger a severe beating. Whereupon, the latter sued the husband, charging assault. The court fined the beaten gentleman five shillings for disorderly conduct but also fined the husband twenty-five pounds for beating him up. This seems a little excessive to us, but we're feeling much better about the Liberian situation.



MISS HELEN COPPERSMITH of Newton, Kansas, is much too busy to fritter away time writing short stories. In fact, Miss Coppersmith has barely time these days to read the newspaper. However, she did get as far as the Lost and Found column the other day and sends us a sequence of ads which offer what she regards as adequate literary inspiration. The first ad is from a lady who offers a reward to anyone finding her "British tan print skirt lost six weeks ago." Directly below is an appeal for the return of a lost Wac bag which, by coincidence, was lost five or six weeks ago. And the next one notifies the public that a soldier had lost his boots "over a month ago." If we were at all clever we'd do something about all this but, like Miss Coppersmith, we're too busy to be clever. Besides, we're somewhat puzzled ourself by the disappearance of the vest of our second-best suit. This, however, has nothing to do with that.

WE HAVE a pretty involved letter from Mr. A. Kollack of Seattle, Washington, and we shall do our best. Mr. Kollack has read Quentin Reynolds' It Happens in Moscow and he finds fault with Mr. Reynolds' arithmetic. For example, Mr. Reynolds calls Moscow's monthly spirits allotment of four liters a month, three and a half quarts. Mr. Kollack insists that it should be 4.22672 quarts. He also protests . . . But never mind. We're not much on figures either. Furthermore, we'd like Mr. Kollack to know that a quart more or less is nothing to Mr. Reynolds.

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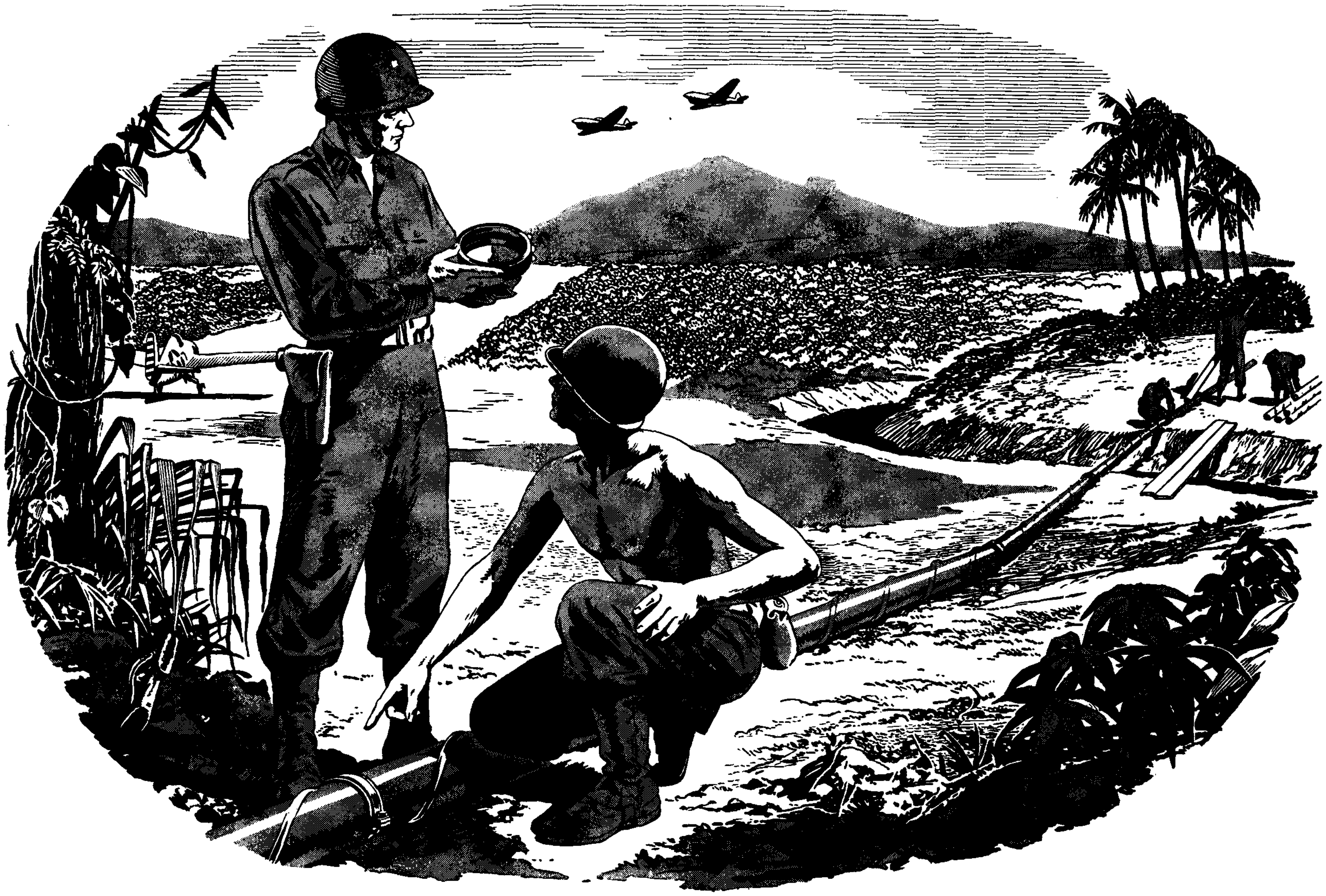
Vol. 112, No. 19. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



Now the Army gets its gas through SYNTHETIC RUBBER "sleeves"

Now it can be told how our invading armies are kept supplied with the thousands of tons of gasoline and oil their trucks, tanks and airplanes consume in every day's advance. It is delivered through a revolutionary new portable pipe line that can be laid *many times* faster than conventional fuel lines.

This speed is possible because the pipes are neither bolted nor welded together. They are quickly joined by a patented coupling called a "Gruvagrip" — sealed with a leakproof gasket of Goodyear's oil-resistant synthetic rubber Chemigum.

This gasket slips over adjoining ends of pipe like a sleeve, holding them in firm grip. It is then locked in place by the "Gruvagrip" coupling that keeps that gasket from ballooning under pressure.

CHEMIGUM

The joint is sufficiently flexible to permit laying the line over rough ground, without trenching.

Due to Chemigum's impermeability to gasoline, the gasket does not disintegrate in contact with high-test fuel, as natural rubber would. In Africa, these portable pipe lines delivered upwards of 700 tons of aviation gas per day to advanced airdromes many miles inland, releasing fleets of trucks for other duties.

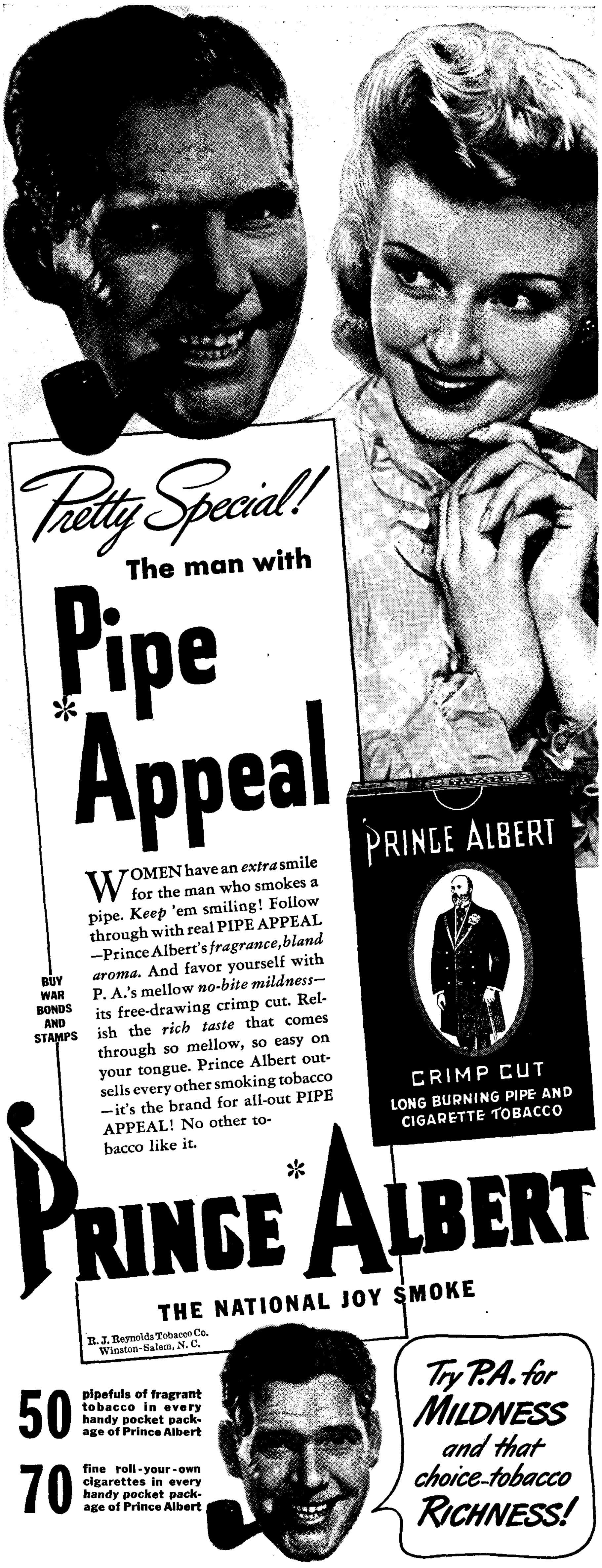
Today Goodyear's entire Chemigum production is required for this and other military uses. But the day is coming when there will be enough of this war tested synthetic rubber to produce many civilian and industrial needs that require a truly oil-resistant rubber for dependable, lasting service.

Back the attack with WAR BONDS

Chemigum (pronounced Kem-e-gum)—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER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CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Pretty Special!

The man with Pipe *Appeal

WOMEN have an *extra* smile for the man who smokes a pipe. *Keep* 'em smiling! Follow through with real PIPE APPEAL—Prince Albert's *fragrance, bland aroma.* And favor yourself with P. A.'s mellow *no-bite mildness*—its free-drawing crimp cut. Relish the *rich taste* that comes through so mellow, so easy on your tongue. Prince Albert outsells every other smoking tobacco—it's the brand for all-out PIPE APPEAL! No other tobacco like it.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PRINCE *ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

Try P.A. for MILDNESS and that choice-tobacco RICHNESS!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Peyote, the drug eaten by the Indians during services in their Native American Church, produces several unusual effects as well as the feeling of well-being. After several hours, it so stimulates the senses of the worshiper that he not only sees hundreds of colored visions, but often imagines he hears music and smells perfume in the air.

Three quarters of all the large American naval and merchant ships afloat and under construction today are built from the designs of one naval architectural firm located in New York City.

The United States has had 35 national political parties, only five of which have elected Presidents.—*By Ruth Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The flag of the President is the only American ensign whose eagle design shows the bird facing the arrows instead of the olive branch, because it is taken from the President's personal seal instead of the great seal of the United States.

Of the ten thousand British children who came to the United States and Canada in the year 1940 to escape the heavy air raids on England, about one thousand returned home in the past year.—*By Eleanor Muehl, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The United States has 400,000 active oil wells, about 300,000 being "strippers" that are so exhausted they produce only from one half to three barrels a day and account for less than 15 per cent of our total production. Large numbers of these are abandoned yearly because they do not pay or because their flow cannot be restarted after having been left without being pumped for too long an interval.

NS (National Service) awards for excellence in war production work have so far been presented to nearly 60 state prisons.

Of the 900,000 public-school teachers in the United States in 1942-43, approximately 360,000 received less than $1,200 and at least 66,000 of this number received less than $600 for their year's work.

As Stockholm is today the chief center of war news and political information, more than 100 foreign correspondents are stationed there, about 10 times the normal number. Some 40 are from Axis territories and the remainder from the Allied nations and neutral countries. Excepting the Germans, who rent a private suite, all these correspondents and their assistants use one pressroom maintained by the Swedish Foreign Office.

Women are now employed as armed guards in the New Castle County Workhouse in Delaware, as traffic policemen in Asheville, North Carolina, and as street cleaners in Baltimore, Maryland.

Many laboratories and hospitals are now using a species of African frog instead of rabbits in making pregnancy tests. These frogs lay eggs within six to eight hours after being injected with hormones from a pregnant woman. Frog tests are 99 per cent effective.

Since the fall of France in June, 1940, French patriots have ambushed and killed between 300 and 500 of their countrymen whom they have discovered to be guilty of acting as informers.

The electric batteries of a submarine, which are used only for submerged propulsion, constitute about one fifth of its weight, or surface displacement tonnage.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Your child will learn to love music—with an FM radio-phonograph

Why is it that some children "take" so readily to music, and discover, while still young, the delight and wonder of this enchanted world? Often, it is simply that parents accustom the child to *hearing* good music on the radio-phonograph.

What glorious and exciting hours an FM radio-phonograph offers! Here, on shining black discs, are Hansel and Gretel, Pinocchio, Little Red Riding Hood, Sleeping Beauty, and the magic tales of childhood spoken or set to simple golden songs.

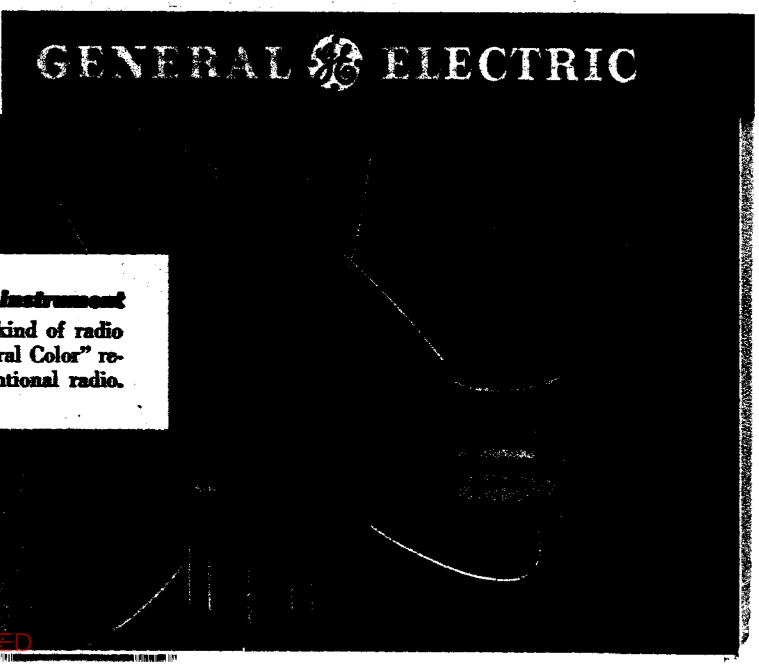
The child plays the records again and again. A sense of rhythm begins to develop. Now the child listens to an orchestra, a violinist, a pianist. The great chorales and hymns, a Chopin waltz, a fragment of Tschaikowsky find their sure way to the heart. Nothing later can take away this early inspiration!

The General Electric FM radio-phonograph interprets records with astonishing clarity. Actually, the child who listens to a Frequency Modulation radio has a distinct advantage. Tones are full and true, and all the *overtones* which give music its color and quality are faithfully reproduced.

Today, G-E radio production is for war purposes only. But after Victory, you will be able to sele a General Electric FM radio-phonograph from m cabinet styles, and at a reasonable price.

FREE: A full-color, 32-page booklet, "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

- *Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E. W. T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to "The Hour of Charm" at 10 E. W. T. over NBC. Buy War Bonds today for the better things of tomorrow—including a General Electric FM radio-phonograph.*



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

Radio is a product of electronic research. The newest kind of radio is FM (Frequency Modulation) which brings you "Natural Color" reception—with all the *overtones* that you miss in conventional radio.

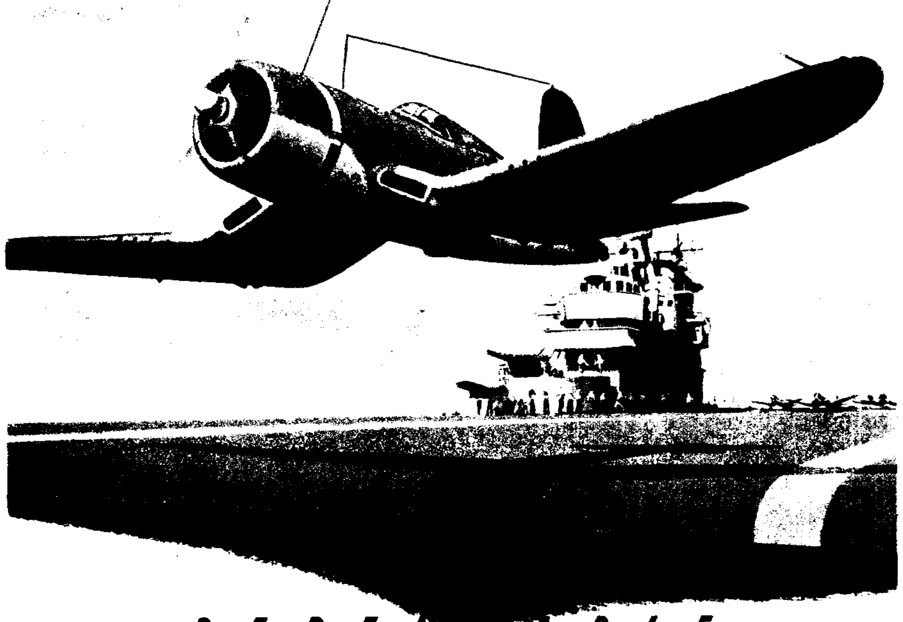
Here too, Champion Spark Plugs are proving their dependability

You've got to have the full power of all the horsepower that's packed into an engine when you take off—particularly from an aircraft carrier. A little thing like a spark plug becomes enormously important in situations like this.

Not many months ago, spark plugs were a limiting factor in some of our most advanced high-output aircraft engines. Champion, meantime, had perfected an entirely new ceramic spark plug. It was tested and put in service. Since that day the production of Champions for our air forces—Army, Navy and Marine Corps—has continued to accelerate unabated. The coveted Army-Navy "E" award has recently been granted to Champion, through the U. S. Army Air Forces, in recognition of this achievement.

Thus, once again, Champion's consistent policy over 33 years, of devoting all of its unequalled resources—research, engineering and manufacturing—to spark plugs and spark plugs only, has borne fruit.

The Champion Spark Plugs for your car, truck, tractor or other engine-powered equipment are not unlike those in America's top-flight aircraft engines. They are products of the same technical skill and can be depended on to bring out the best performance in every engine.



DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS
KEEP 'EM FLYING ARMY E NAVY BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

WING TALK

BRITISH COMBINE

R.A.F. pigeons have saved many crews of downed aircraft by carrying the news home. Here the messengers are released from a flying boat

RADIOED FROM LONDON

THE Yanks have become pigeon-conscious in England. In American cities—except for such feeding places as the New York Public Library steps, or certain mid-town streets near Central Park, or where there's horse-trucking—they're not commonplace. In London they flock by the hundreds of thousands. They probably rank close to rats and men in the combined population statistics of the humans and creatures of this metropolis. They help give London an aged gray complexion. In wartime England you're reminded afresh that pigeons fly a curious parallel through the history and development of aviation.

IN WING TALK some weeks ago, upon the occasion of the silver jubilee of the United States Air Mail, I noted the relation of pigeons to commercial aviation—they carried the first "air mail."

But pigeons have always had a part in military aviation, too. The armies of old—notably Assyrian and Persian—had pigeon couriers as a regular part of their establishments. Pigeons kept Alexander the Great's capital informed of the progress of his conquests, and carried word home from Cyrus the Younger of each stage of his great march. They crossed the Alps with Hannibal and campaigned with Scipio. North Africa was an old story to them. In this war every power is using pigeons in every branch of its service—Army, Navy, Air Force, Police and Espionage.

THIS will probably make those of you who own pigeons want to wring their necks at once, but my chief recollection of a brief meeting with Himmler, the nastiest Nazi, is that the only time even a suggestion of human light came into his uncooked-tapioca eyes was when he talked about his racing pigeons. He's one of the Reich's outstanding fanciers.

PIGEONS are hard-working, carefully trained and useful members of the R.A.F. They're habitually carried in heavy bombers on raids. In the event of a forced landing within enemy territory, pigeons are released immediately to carry home word of the crew. You can imagine the wistful eyes and aching hearts with which fliers, who have probably just lost their liberty, watch their feathered mates go.

The R.A.F. thus is able to have word of the fate of its missing airmen several weeks before it comes through the routine notification channels of the International Red Cross. Many R.A.F. pigeons have made more raids than any R.A.F. crewman. One little ladybird, "Squadron Leader Snow White," has been over Germany on more than a hundred missions. Naturally, she's considered lucky. After briefing, each crew of the outfit to which she belongs scrambles to get her for their "Lank." They swear they can learn from her when raids are coming up long before they get the official call, because she does ground-loops in her cage and recites the pigeon chant: "Lookit de coon," with extra speed and delight.

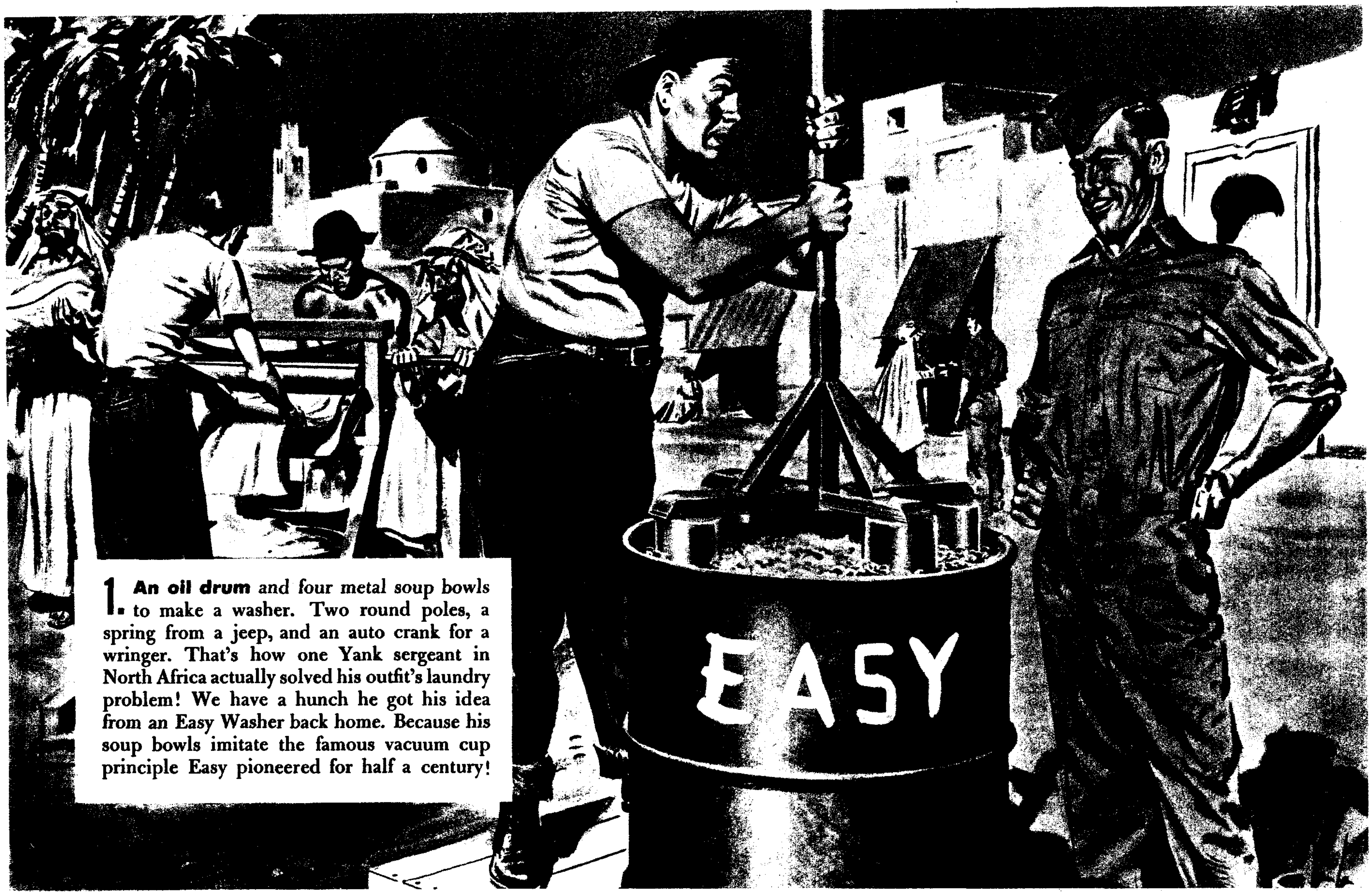
ONE disadvantage pigeon-borne messages evade is censorship. The pigeons themselves have "censors" to contend with, however—flak (a pigeon was killed by this over Red Beach at Dieppe), bad weather, and "sportsmen." But hawks are the worst. To censor these "censors," the R.A.F. has a special unit composed of former gamekeepers and other bird experts whose sole job it is to hunt the hitherto-protected falcon. Recently in Scotland some of these marksmen found, in the nest of a hawk they had killed, dozens of tiny leg-ring message containers. One revealed tragedy—the final call for help, now months too old, from a crew of a disabled bomber as it was fluttering down into the North Sea. The crew of a bomber that plunged into the Mediterranean during the Sicily operations had better luck. They had wirelessed their position just before the plane sank and had got into their dinghy. A storm drifted them so far, however, that searching aircraft were unable to locate them. Hope waned at the base. Then, suddenly, in came a pigeon—giving the new position where an Air-Sea Rescue launch quickly found the castaways.

When a pigeon is dispatched from an aircraft in flight it is put into a paper bag and flung through a hatch. The paper is stout enough to restrain the powerful wingbeat of the pigeon only until it is safely clear of the prop wash and the tail surfaces of the plane. Then it quickly thrashes itself free and sets its course.

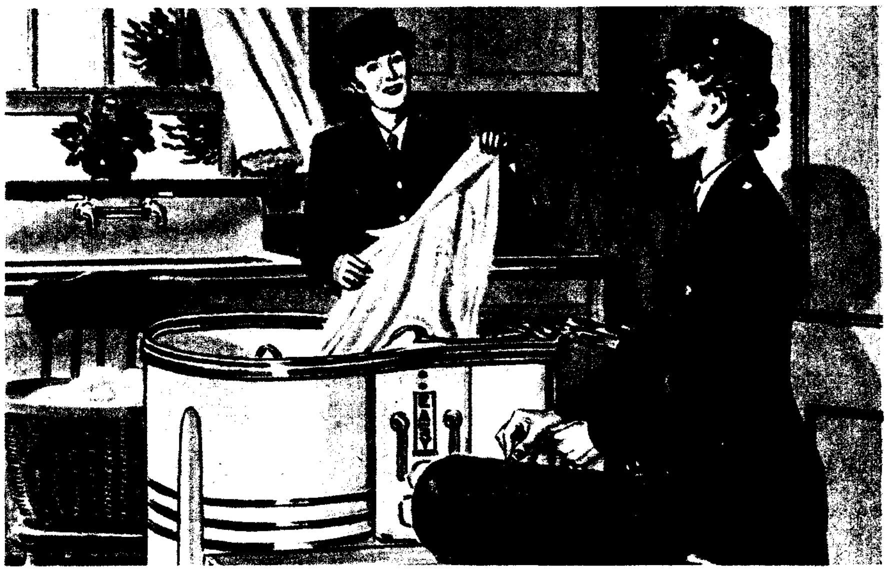
PERHAPS the ancient comradeship between aviators and pigeons had an unconscious influence in leading war pilots to describe the dropping of bombs as "laying eggs." This much is a fact: R.A.F. pigeons often do lay eggs in their pens aboard the bombers. Snow White laid one on the way after the first mass smacking of Berlin. "It would have served the Jerries right," said her crewmates, "if we'd thrown that at them, too."

W. B. COURTNEY

"It's a washer, Sarge...but it ain't no Easy!"



1. **An oil drum** and four metal soup bowls to make a washer. Two round poles, a spring from a jeep, and an auto crank for a wringer. That's how one Yank sergeant in North Africa actually solved his outfit's laundry problem! We have a hunch he got his idea from an Easy Washer back home. Because his soup bowls imitate the famous vacuum cup principle Easy pioneered for half a century!



2. **A great invention,** those Vacuum Cups. But only one of a long string of Easy "firsts." Another was the Spindrier principle of water extraction. Lucky owners of Easy Spindriers have more time for war work because they can do a week's wash in 59 minutes. It washes blankets, pillows, slip-covers and drapes as easily as hankies and shirts! *And it won't break buttons!*

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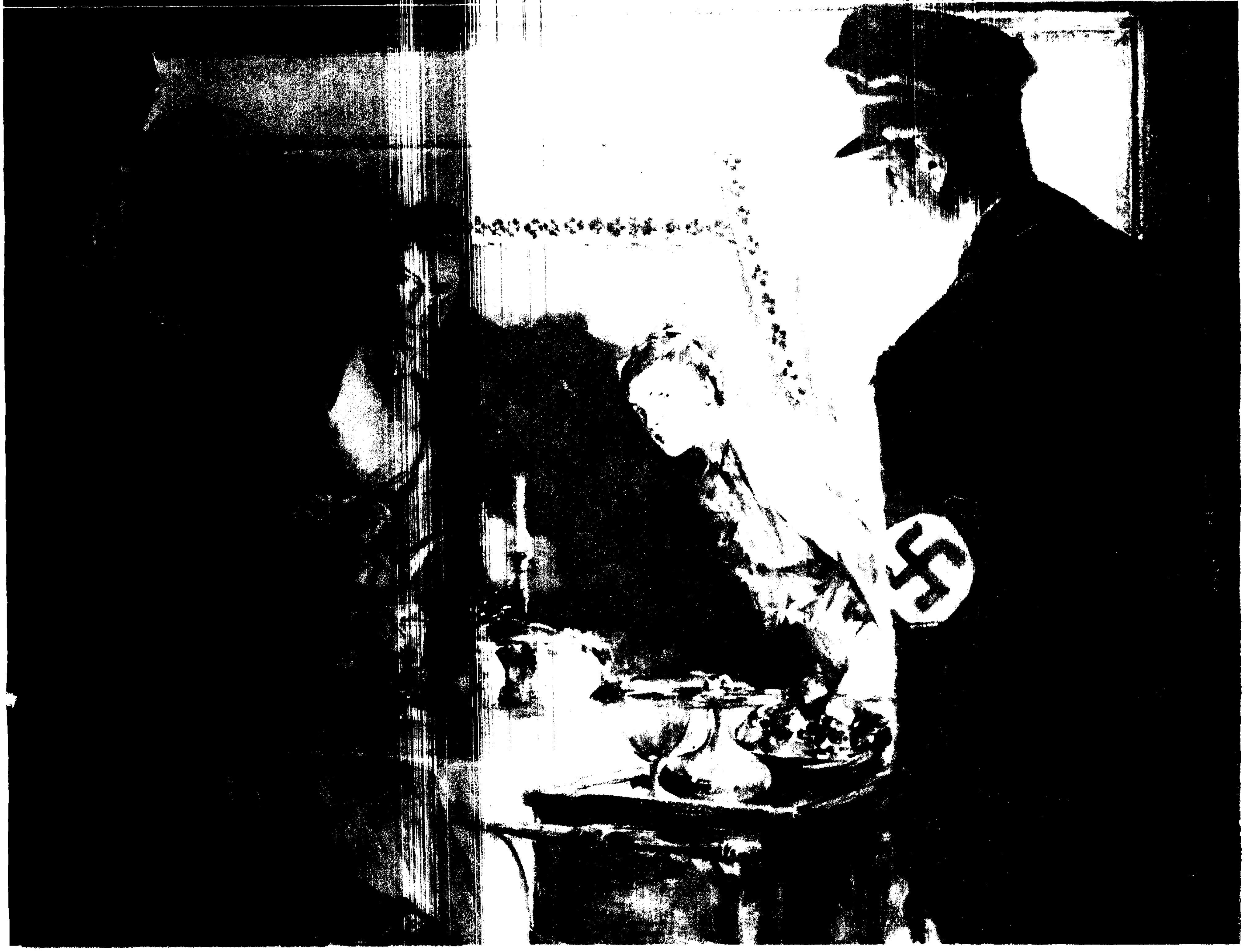
Collier's November 6, 1943



"We're sorry to disturb the Fräulein," the taller of the policemen said, "but orders are orders. We have to search every room in the hotel"

HOTEL BERLIN-1943

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

What really goes on inside Germany today? What do the people feel? How do they act? Here—drawing on underground information, smuggled letters, and her sure sense of German character—Vicki Baum sets you down in the very heart of the Reich and lets you see how the Herrenvolk face defeat. Bombs shriek, minds shatter, hearts tremble and break—in this terrible and exciting sequel to GRAND HOTEL

SCHMIDT, the janitor, was trying to squeeze a stepladder into the narrow space behind the desk so that he could hang up the picture that had come off the wall at the first faint rattling of flak.

"That's the third time he's fallen on his face in two weeks," he said, picking up the picture and brushing off the glass with his sleeve. It was an official and glorified portrait of the Fuehrer, in which the mean little smirk around the flabby mouth had been wiped off, the ordinary nose had been chiseled to nobler lines and the puffy eyes had been filled with visionary fire. So popular had this version of the Fuehrer's face become all over Europe that people had forgotten how the real man looked. But this was an old trick, used by every ruler, from Caesar to Napoleon.

Schmidt looked at it somewhat disgustedly, climbed up his little ladder and began searching for a place to put the nail in. "The wall is so full of holes he won't stand another air raid," he mumbled. He had crooked nails in his mouth and was straightening out another crooked nail with the hammer. New nails were hard to get.

"They won't get through tonight; not with our magnificent new air defenses," said Assistant Clerk Ahlsen; he wore the Party badge and received his information from the editorials in Goebbels' *Das Reich*. Herr Kliebert came out from behind his glass partition to supervise operations. Now that all the younger men had been called into the army, he had been taken out of moth balls, he and his outmoded Prince Albert and his cumbersome dignity, and here he was now, posted behind the desk of Hotel Berlin as a most inefficient reception clerk. Old men were scattered all over the hotel; old men and sick men and crippled men. Schmidt was the only fairly young one and now he, too, had been called for medical examination. He hammered his anger into the wall.

"In my father's time, they had Bismarck hanging here, and when I was a pageboy it was the Kaiser. After the other war came Hindenburg's photo—and now it's Hitler. I wonder who comes next."

The sirens had screamed at seven minutes to eight; the populace of Berlin had dutifully scrambled into basements and cellars, for the rules were strict and to stay out was punishable by a fine. In Hotel Berlin the guests had been herded

into the well-equipped shelter that tried hard to look like a cozy rathskeller. There had been the distant rumbling of flak, and a few scattered detonations as if a giant had made a strike in his giant bowling alley; the windows had rattled and the picture had come off, and that was all. As always during an air alarm, the lobby seemed strangely dismal and deserted. The lights were dimmed down, the radio off the air, the telephones silent. The bench for the pageboys was empty; the florist's shop was closed because its miserable supply of flowers had been sold out early in the afternoon, and the moth-eaten widow at the newspaper stand had left her post, in a panic.

Everywhere in this lobby with its sumptuous marble pillars and gilded stucco were the hidden signs of decay. The elevator bore a sign: Out of Order. Some of the windowpanes were still shattered from the last air raid and the windows temporarily boarded up. Some of the heavy brocade curtains had tears in them, and the stuffing was coming out of several of the deep, luxurious chairs, for repairs were a grave problem in this country where even a needle and thread had become a rare treasure. The raspberry-red carpet with its pineapple pattern was threadbare and had big holes in it over which Herr Kliebert had pushed potted palms that were now in everybody's way. There was hope, however, that some sort of new floor covering would be allotted soon, for it was very important to keep the Hotel Berlin in presentable shape.

UNDER the National Socialists it had become less a hotel for transient guests than a half-official branch of the government, a comfortable island set apart from the rest of the country. Here lived Hitler's elite. This fine, old reputable hotel was used by the Nazis as a show window to put their new Germany on display; it was an important prop of propaganda and therefore its wine cellars were well stocked with good wines while the rest of the country had had to give up even its small rations of thin beer. Into its kitchens still flowed a steady stream of game and fowl and fish, while years of undernourishment had stripped the people of all instincts except the scavengerlike urge to hunt, dig up, chase, steal, grub for food. Yes, the Hotel Berlin and its obsolete crew of old men still kept a patriotic stiff upper lip, even if there were holes in the carpet and a sharp, menacing wind was blowing through the city. . . .

"You know what happened after the last raid," Schmidt said, climbing down from the ladder. "The houses were so badly shaken that the Fuehrer's pictures came flying out of the windows for hours afterward. Heil Hitler."

Herr Kliebert dove swiftly back into his cubicle, pretending to have heard nothing. But Ahlsen said with a snap in his voice: "If you won't learn to keep your trap shut someone is going to report you someday and then you'll get yours." Schmidt followed the glance Ahlsen threw toward a thickset man in a tight blue suit who was sitting next to one of the marble pillars near the revolving door. He was reading a newspaper and absent-mindedly drinking thin beer; a permanent fixture of the hotel lobby, a comparatively harmless manifestation of the thousand-headed monster called Gestapo.

"Him?" said Schmidt. "Why, he's the one who always tells me the newest whisper jokes." He nodded to the Gestapo agent. "Prosit, Heinrich!"

"Prosit," said Heinrich.

Schmidt picked up the ladder and paused for a confidential chat. "Say, Heinrich, what's up around here?"

"Why? What do you mean?"

"You know what. That police detachment that's snooping around. They even poked the coal in the furnace room."

"That so? Well, I suppose they're looking for Richter. Someone got a hunch he might be hiding in this block."

"Holy thunder! You think that's true?"

The Gestapo put down the paper, wiped the beer from his mouth and looked omniscient. "I don't go by hunches," he said. "I go by facts. The fact is that not a flea could hide in this hotel as long as I and my men are watching it."

"That's what I'd say, Heinrich. Where would an escaped convict hide in this place?"

"On the other hand," the Gestapo said importantly, "on the other hand, this house is a rabbit warren, and it's full of highly suspicious characters. It takes a sharp mind to keep track of all these foreigners running in and out all day. Take that Rumanian Military Mission; I don't trust them, even if they are officers. Or the Gypsy band! What the hell does the hotel need a Gypsy band for? Only makes our work harder!"

"Right you are! It's lucky we have a man like you posted here. If Richter were trying to hide in the Hotel Berlin he wouldn't have a chance."

"Don't worry. We'll get him, wherever he may be hiding. Traitors of his kind must be stamped out."

"ABSOLUTELY. Well—I must run along. Heil Hitler," Schmidt said halfheartedly and trotted off to put away the stepladder.

"Did you hear the news? The place is full of police. They think Richter might be hiding somewhere around here," he told the old electrician who was fiddling with the disrupted connections of the service elevator.

"I hope they won't get him," he said evenly.

"They say he was a soldier. Fought at Stalingrad, too. Seems a shame they've got to execute our own soldiers now."

"They can't execute him as long as they haven't got him," said the electrician.

Richter—that was only a name scrawled on walls; it was a whisper, a rumor, a fear, a threat, a thought during a sleepless night, a wish, a hope, a myth. . . .

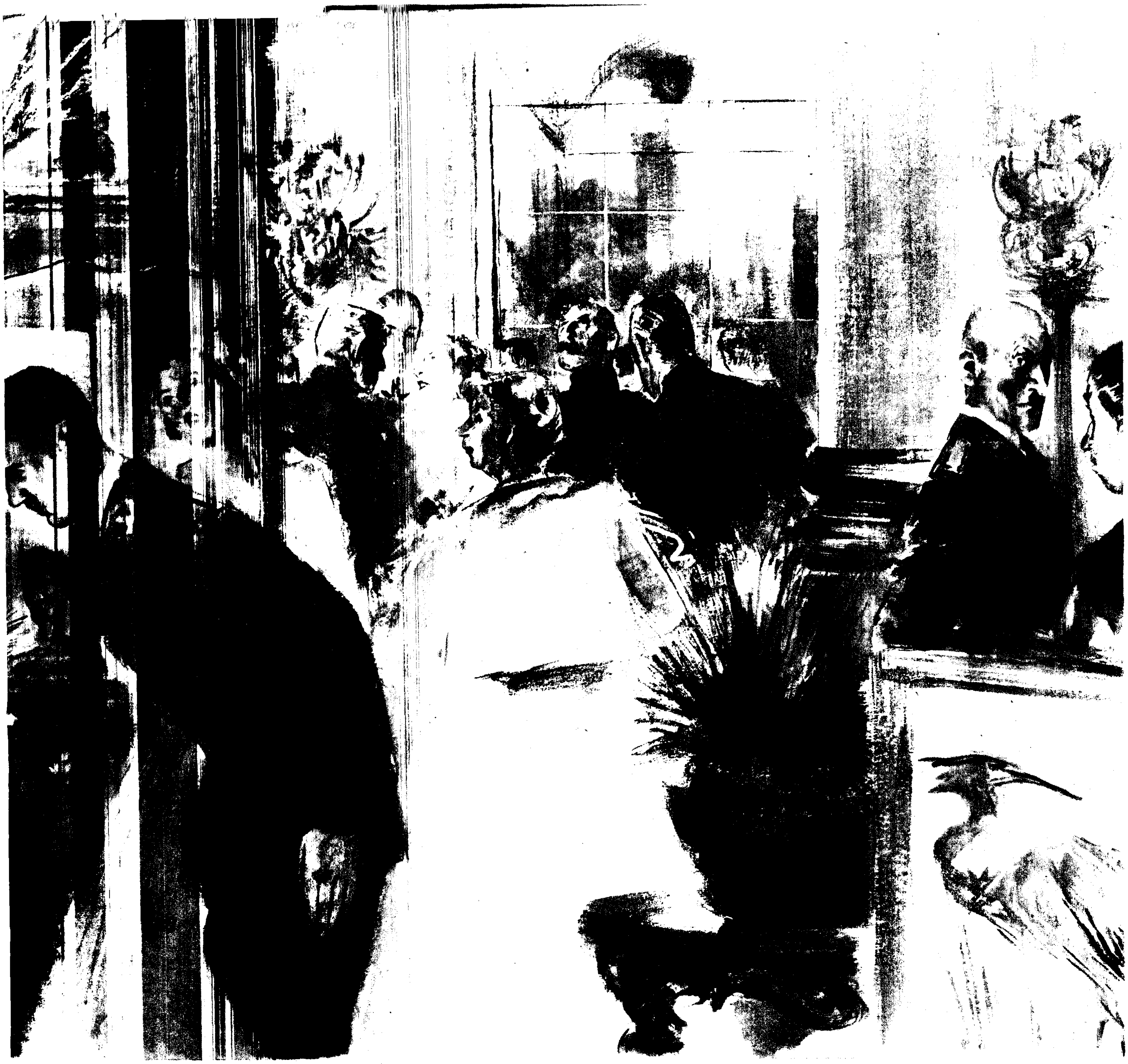
Returning from the tool closet, Schmidt meandered over to the small table in the corner of the lobby where the hotel doctor was playing solitaire, as he had done every evening for more years than Schmidt could remember.

The doctor looked like the essence of all the gloom that pervaded the lobby; on the chair at his side he had laid out his first-aid kit, sedatives, morphine and syringes—just in case some lady should get a fit during the alarm, or if things should yet turn out to be serious.

"Did you hear the news?" Schmidt said, stopping at his side. "Police are searching the hotel; they think Richter is hiding somewhere in this block."

"He'd be a fool if he did," the doctor said, uninterested. Schmidt shuffled his feet and sighed. "Yes?" asked the doctor, pushing his cards together.

"It's about my medical examination,



"My dear, may I present Oberleutnant Kauders? He was a comrade of Arnim," said General von Dahnwitz. "I'm delighted, Oberleutnant Kauders," said Lisa and gave him her charming morale-building smile

Doctor. I have to be there at eight o'clock in the morning," Schmidt said.

"Congratulations," said the doctor. "I expect to be called any day now myself." He wore the ribbon of the Iron Cross from the first war in the buttonhole of his unassuming civilian coat. He also had a stiff damaged leg, a slight limp, and a chip on his shoulder. The army had rejected him as an invalid this time. In other words, the doctor was a pacifist, a frustrated pacifist, who wanted to be in the war.

"Congratulations—nothing! I was in the other war and I still have my nose full of it. I know what it's all about and I don't want to go to Russia and be made into hash. Listen, Doctor, I'm not fit, I'm having stitches in my left side all the time. I'm too old for this game. But you know how it is. Just when I'd want to show these stitches to the medical examiner they will be gone—"

"Yes?" said the doctor.

"I thought you might give me something. I don't want to be a soldier. I'm tired. Sometimes I'm so tired I could cry—"

Schmidt sounded desperate. Neurotics, all of them, the whole damned Herrenvolk, thought the doctor. "No—" he said. "No, my good man. No digitalis for you, no caffeine shot to give you nice, string stitches in your heart. This is your war and you're going to fight it. Weren't you the one who shouted Heil Hitler for ten years and longer? You were so full of Strength through Joy you almost burst out of yourself. Remember that nice excursion to the Bavarian mountains? Now you've got to pay the bill for that trip."

"Yes, but that was different."

"Sure, it was different. It's always different when you're the one to be shot at." The doctor ran the cards through his fingers as he glanced toward the revolving door through which a strange apparition entered. It was an old woman wearing big, old, men's shoes, a crumpled uniform and a helmet like an air-raid warden. She looked as if she had lain in a grave for several years and had just been exhumed. Shuffling up to the desk with an inhuman, machinelike motion, she put down a batch of telegrams and held up a pad for Kliebert to sign.

"What's news?" Schmidt asked her.

"They say the Tommies were turned back over the Lüneburger Heide; twenty or thirty were shot down. There's a revolution in New York. The Russians lost eighty thousand men yesterday, and they haven't got Richter yet," she said, completely apathetic. Thus, having delivered her ration of good tidings in a lugubrious monotone, she put her big shoes in motion again and disappeared.

THE doctor got up and stretched his stiff left leg. Walking past the big red arrows which pointed the way to the shelter, he arrived circuitously at the desk.

"Telegram for me?" he asked.

"Not yet, Herr Doctor," said Ahlsen. "I'm expecting a telegram, you know."

"Yes. You told me so," said Ahlsen.

"Expecting to be called into service," remarked the doctor. "The telegram should come any minute now."

"Yes. Indeed."

"Don't forget to notify me at once when it arrives," the doctor said and returned to his table. The queen of spades stared at him with an insipid smile. What's so important about this telegram? he asked himself and shrugged his sharp shoulders in answer. I was in that other war, too; I, too, know what it's all about, and I don't like it! But, dear heaven, I do want to be in it, I want to do something! Whatever

Continued on page 44)

ON THE HEELS OF THE HUN

RADIOED BY FRANK GERVASI

German warfare against civilians is gruesome and terrible. Collier's correspondent follows up the Nazi evacuation of Naples to find a ruined city, a starving people united in their hatred of the Hun and frantic with joy at being liberated by the Allies

THE war in the desert was clean war. Only soldiers got hurt; only soldiers were killed. There were few cities to shell and bomb and burn. The sun, wind and sand policed the barren battlefields of Egypt, Libya and Tunisia, and the air was sweet.

But here, there are noncombatants and they live in cities, towns, villages and hamlets. Here, there are rain and mud, and cold wind from the mountains that chills the hospitable Italian sun. And here, there is the sickening stench of the dead.

Here, there is famine. The very old and very young contest refuse heaps with lean and hungry dogs. Here, there is thirst such as we never knew in the desert. In Naples, I saw men, women and children drink water drawn from a sewer. A priest blessed the water, but I knew from the look of helpless resignation he gave me, that he wasn't practicing divine prophylaxis. He was blessing those who drink; he couldn't do more. Had he sought to prevent them from drinking, he would have been mobbed.

In Torre del Greco, on the road from Salerno to Naples, a hollow-eyed man begged me for a can of meat and vegetable rations. I had to refuse; to have given him anything would have precipitated a riot by a hundred ragged, dirty people who pressed around the jeep.

A woman tugged at my sleeve. She held a half-naked infant, with sores on its face and head, up to me and begged for food. I told her I had none and she apologized, and I told the driver to get the hell out of there fast. In deserted Pompei farther on, a curio shop was open. I bought a diminutive bronze replica of a dancing faun. A thousand yards ahead to the right, Hun reconnaissance units met with the fire from our artillery, and sounds of firing punctuated the polite bargaining over the price of the statuette.

On either side of the road, refugees laden with personal belongings, clothing and bedding wearily Indian-filed. Those on the right came from Naples and those on the left trudged toward that city. Many were the ragged, ill-shod remnants of Italy's army, free now to return to their homes—or what the Hun had left of their homes. They stood stolidly and disinterestedly aside to allow the roaring convoys of trucks and tanks and guns to pass. On their faces was written: "What will I find where I am going?"

Neapolitan Street Scene

On the portico of what was once a palace, a mother searched her child's hair for lice. This is one of the principal occupations of mothers who have no soap, no medicines, little water and less energy. A pregnant woman carried a heavy wicker basket on her head and an infant cradled in her arms. The baby suckled as the mother trudged on, urging before her two other children.

Bare-legged children stockinged with dirt often scurried across the narrow roads and the brakes of trucks and jeeps screeched to avoid hitting them. Once, as we passed through the village of Portici just this side of San Giovanni—almost at the gates of Naples—our jeep nearly hit a stringy-haired child who was carrying her little brother in her arms. The streets and sidewalks and sagging balconies of the remaining buildings—those whose innards weren't spilled in masses of dusty gray debris across the road—were black with people. We were well ahead of our occupational troops, just behind our forward reconnaissance units.

Portici was in that quiet hiatus between war and peace. The street was a valley of sound of human voices all talking at once. But with one voice they screamed at us and at the child. Their gasps coincided with the screech of our brakes. Unforgettable was the unanimous sigh of relief and the fleeting silence that followed. Then the strident voices of overloud Neapolitan women scolding the child and at the same time thanking us for having spared her.

Farther on, the street was deserted, bordered by broken buildings from which hung masses of power and telephone wires.

Through the Valley of Shadow

We emerged from Portici into San Giovanni and it was like coming out of the valley of death. Throughout the night, all the way from Scafati and Pompei, there had been street-fighting Boches defending each town literally street by street. Where all the people had gone, it was impossible to guess, for there seemed to be no place for them to go. But now here they were. Children came out to throw bundles of flowers at us. Barefooted women and men in rummage-sale garments stopped to cheer and clap their hands and to shout, *"Viva L'Americani, viva gli Inglesi."* Some ran alongside our jeep to yell, "We've been waiting for you."

For a quarter of a mile or more, the town of San Giovanni was clean and wholesome and undamaged. The cheers of the people were embarrassing. We weren't heroes; we were just newspapermen. We hadn't done anything to deserve cheers. Those who had were ahead of us and behind us—the men of the Fifth Army who had fought their way from beaches between Salerno and Agropoli and the lush, malarial plain of Paestum through Battipaglia, the Nocera Gorge and over San Severino road onto the broad plain of Naples at the base of Vesuvius. We waved feeble acknowledgments because the people expected us to.

Less than a hundred yards farther on, a large blue sign announced "Napoli" in white letters. A horde of armed civilians rushed wildly out to stop us. One red-eyed man held a nickel-plated gat in one hand and, with the other, waved toward our right and shouted *"Tedeschi."* He made himself heard above the babble to inform us that the Germans were in a near-by borough with armored cars. He said they were shooting civilians—*"Anche donne e bambini"* (women and children).

This was nothing new. All the way from Salerno, we picked up tales of Boche outrages. Most of them were vastly exaggerated—at least, we had no means of confirming the truth or falsity of the claims of the excited crowds as to what the retreating Huns had done.

The burden of such tales was that the Germans executed known or suspected anti-Fascists or those who listened to American or English radio broadcasts. In Torre Annunziata, a man named Mario Guarriero said he was arrested and jailed for listening to Fiorello LaGuardia.

Correspondents who entered the town ahead of our troops but behind the retreating Germans said they received an ovation. The mayor made a twenty-minute speech of welcome and when he finished he turned to one of the reporters—Reynolds Packard of United Press—and said in amazement, "I haven't talked so long in twenty years." In the excitement one man gave the Fascist salute from force of habit, and his neighbor nearly broke the unfortunate fellow's arm knocking it down

(Continued on page 27)

INTERNATIONAL

When the Germans evacuated Naples they destroyed everything in their path. They left this once beautiful seaport a dead and gutted shambles

As the truckloads of American occupational troops rolled into the city, starving, Fascist-hating Neapolitans lined the streets to welcome them

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

The past is not dead and love cannot be buried, either by the cumulative trifles of everyday living or by the slow passage of our days

IT WAS the gray glare of the fog that wakened him. He opened his eyes, and the room and the world beyond the third-story windows were harshly white. He had never noticed before how many windows there were, and now the thought filled the dream-dimmed minute with a strange uneasiness. So little wall, really, between him and the milky, shifting stuff, and the space beyond the glass somber and unreal. It was as if the primal deluge had washed across the world again. The straw-colored tips of autumn trees, the slate slants of roofs and steeples seemed to be thrusting upward, futile and feeble, out of a sea.

He shifted his body against the mattress, and felt the ache that had been with him these last twelve years, and cursed under his breath. In cases of arthritis, the doctor had said, there is relief but no cure; with many of us it is part of the process of growing old. Under the fine puff quilt, under the blanket and the sheet, under the pajamas he sensed the burden of his body and knew its age and was not resigned.

In the three months since she had died, he had grown thinner. There was a taste in his mouth. Taste of fog. The room was drenched with it. It had crept between the metal edges of the casements; it had dampened the quilt under his dry, long, elegant fingers; it had invaded his person, and the smell of it was on his breath. It was persistent and pervading, like something else—like what?—like the thought of dissolution to those who can count on two hands the number of years they may reasonably expect to spend upon the earth.

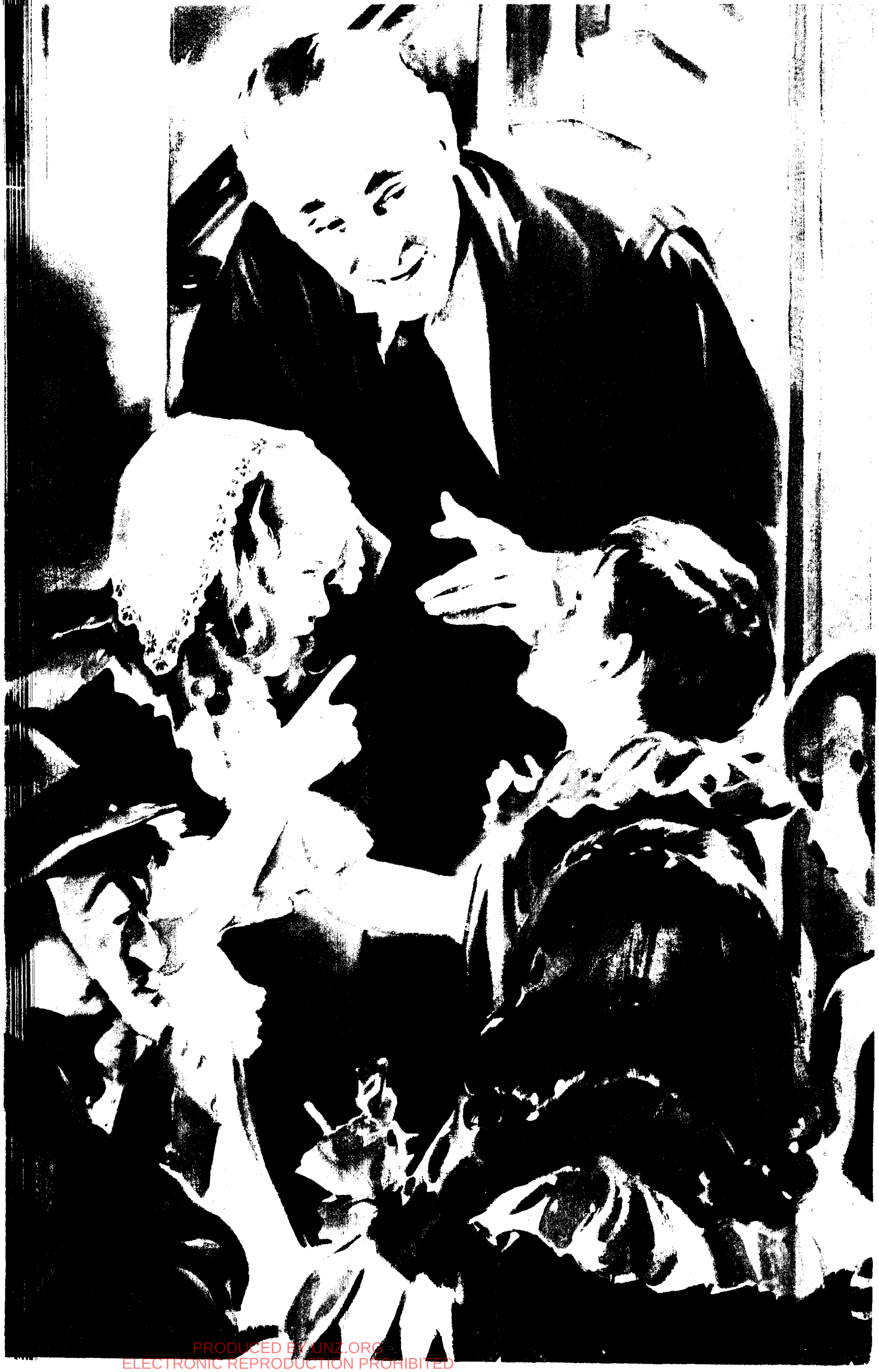
There had been a time when he had lain long between waking and rising, when he had given himself a half-hour in the intimate and luxurious warmth of the bed for pursuing the night's dreams or anticipating some triumph of the day to come. Like phrases from old songs, like the fragrance of the back yards of our childhood, bits of the old thoughts were evoked by the brief quiet—voluptuous imaginings, fantasies of power, rare, paled remembrances of tenderness. He pushed them aside with the covers and rose to the first necessity of the day: the business of transforming his frailty into austerity—the straight steel sheen of his hair, the sharp leanness under impeccable gray wool, the perfectly knotted tie, the hard, smooth-shaven cheek—the seasoned power, the tempered sword.

BUT while he dressed, the fog kept seeping between the windows and the sills, and he was forever brushing against the bed that had been hers. Why it remained there in the room—chaste, unwrinkled, draped like a corpse in a white spread—why it remained there, he didn't know. The cool, blond daughter-in-law had removed everything else.

The job had been exemplary for its tact and thoroughness. The never-opened powder boxes, the seldom-worn jewelry no longer cluttered the dressing table; the soft, shoddy slippers no longer turned up in unexpected places; one saw for the first time that the closet had been papered in rose and white stripes—its floor was clean and shining, its hat shelf bare.

All this had been done imperceptibly, in delicate stages, by that remote young woman who was so serene and proper that

(Continued on page 69)



The boy wearing the ruff was frightened. "But last year and all the years before," he protested, "the lady gave us apples . . ."

The mold in these bottles produces penicillin. This wonder drug looks like the most powerful weapon against syphilis ever found

Victory Over Syphilis

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

How a medical researcher's persistence led to the discovery that penicillin kills spirochetes. So far, it looks like a quick, sure, painless cure for syphilis—one of mankind's most dreaded afflictions

Dr. John F. Mahoney, below, is senior member of the research team which discovered the brilliant role that penicillin plays in syphilis. He started drug production in the Marine Hospital Laboratory. At right, below, he supervises packing it in ampules

THIS story may well be one of the great medical stories of all time—the opening gun in the conquest of that ancient scourge: syphilis. Preliminary evidence indicates that the magic new drug, penicillin, holds the key. It appears to be a quick, safe, painless answer to the ancient evil that has maddened, crippled and killed for four centuries.

Paul Ehrlich, the great German bacteriologist, thought he had found such a mighty weapon. After stumbling doggedly, relentlessly, through 605 chemical compounds, he found his 606th—arsenic in the form of arsphenamine. He hoped that a single massive shot of his 606 would exterminate the spiral microbe of syphilis. In this it failed. In some cases it killed the man as well as the microbe.

Physicians admitted arsenic's drawbacks—but continued to use it. It was the only weapon they had. To be sure, they improved on Ehrlich's original idea. For a single massive shot, they substituted tiny weekly doses. The standard treatment of arsenic plus bismuth lasted a year and a half to two years.

Physicians learned other tricks as well—how people could tolerate massive doses of the drug if it were dripped into a vein. This was the five-day treatment—a radical procedure during which the patient absorbed as much as two and a half gallons of arsenic solution. And they learned how to combine intravenous drip with artificial fever.

All these things were splendid achievements. They cured tens of thousands of people. Still, physicians wanted some drug better than arsenic. It was, after all, a—poisonous stuff, and even the injection was painful. In some clinics using massive treatments, as many as five per cent of the patients died. In some cases it damaged livers. It caused skin to peel, and at times did hurt to nerves and brain.

There were other drawbacks to arsenic, and to fever treatments. Both called for specialists and well-equipped clinic. And there were no such clinics in the backwoods—favorite hiding place of the dark killer. Shots were costly, and treatment was time-consuming. Too tragically, many people left off treatment before they were well. So search for a better drug continued.

By now, almost everyone is familiar with the glamorous story of penicillin. This drug works surely, swiftly, on an incredible array of lethal sicknesses: pneumonia, blood poisoning of various sorts, meningitis, osteomyelitis (the horrid infection of bones) gonorrhea and a host of other ailments.

Discovery of penicillin traces to one of the happiest accidents of all time. Doctor Alexander Fleming of the University of London was examining culture plates of bacteria in his laboratory. One plate was contaminated with a fleck of mold that had drifted in from the air. Fleming's first impulse was to flush the contents of the plate down the sink.

Instead of doing this, he examined the plate carefully. Around the fleck of mold, he noted a halo of clear fluid. The mold was excreting some substance that was killing bacteria.

We will cut across years of tedious laboratory work which led to the identification of the bacteria-killing stuff. It was penicillin—secreted by a common mold, a relative of the mold that makes the green veins in Roquefort cheese. By now, the drug has snatched dozens of lives from sure death after all other drugs had failed.

Searching in the Dark

Now we skip to the ancient gray stone laboratory building on the grounds of the U. S. Marine Hospital on New York Harbor's Staten Island. The old laboratory building is the venereal disease research center of the U. S. Public Health Service.

For years Doctor John F. Mahoney, veteran public health worker, who directs the laboratory, has had a standing rule: Any new drug that came in should be routinely tried on syphilitic rabbits. It was deadly monotonous, fruitless, blind searching—the kind of research that gets no thanks, makes no headlines. For years the sick bunnies had been treated with a fantastic range of medicines. The net result was precisely zero.

Technicians put it down as so much time wasted. Nothing would touch the corkscrew microbe of syphilis. It had to be poisoned to death with arsenic. Or so they thought. But Doctor Mahoney, fifty, is a quiet, stubborn sort of man. He persisted with his rule.

(Continued on page 73)

Old Man Mose

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

One of Tin Pan Alley's favorite characters, Mose Gumble has popularized many of its greatest hits. Though he has pounded the ivories for more than 40 years, he still has to be urged to sit down to the piano

Mose got to be the nation's top song-plugger by breaking all the rules of song-plugging. Given time, he could make The Star-Spangled Banner No. 1 on the Hit Parade in Berlin

IF YOU are being driven daffy by a faded melody you can't name, blame it on an old man named Mose Gumble. For almost fifty years, Mose has been leading a Hit Parade life as the country's leading song-plugger. But, besides being responsible for the original success of such songs as In The Shade of The Old Apple Tree, Smiles, and I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles, Mose has just performed the unprecedented feat of taking a forgotten hit and making it more popular than it ever was. By making it utterly impossible to get anything on the radio but war news and As Time Goes By, Mose has preserved a niche for himself in Tin Pan Alley's Hall of Fame about as big as a grand piano.

A song-plugger is usually a low-key genius who, by one means or another, gets the nation's leading entertainers to sing or play his firm's song on the air. There are about four hundred of them, and naturally few of them know anything about music. They work frantically most of the night to get plugging on the air for a song that no one wants to hear. However, their theory is that if a song is heard often enough, you won't want to hear anything else, thereby creating a hit.

Unlike most theories, this one works—at least well enough to make song-pluggers, known formally as "professional contact men," one of the key elements of music publishing. If a song isn't plugged, there's almost a 100 per cent guarantee that you'll never hear it, no matter how good it may be.

Yet Mose occupies a peculiar position among professional contact men. In a trade which specializes in double-crossing, throat-cutting, chicanery and the finer forms of bribery, Mose is loved and admired by everyone.

Nobody, least of all the song-pluggers, knows how to explain this. They all say he is a lovable character, but none of them know why they love him. Most of them would probably agree with Fred Waring who says, "Mose is a guy who just gets into your heart somehow, by doing little things, and all of a sudden there he is. And he gets his plugs right out of your heart. I wish I had a dollar for every number—some of which I knew were turkeys—that I've played because I wanted to please Mose."

A Warm Heart and a Sweet Tooth

Mose is a very friendly, warm individual with charm and eccentricities. He spends a couple of hours a day at his desk in Radio City. As he works, he keeps nibbling nervously at a box of gumdrops. Once, years ago, when he happened to have no change, he sent his office boy out to buy gumdrops, saying he would pay him back later. From then on, Mose never seemed to have any change. The office boy, Benny Ross, now a song-plugger himself, kept track of what he bought, and at the end of the year, Mose had to pay him $94.

Like most New Yorkers, Mose is not a native. He was born in Seymour, Indiana, sixty-seven years ago. With the help of a teacher who came up from the near-by Millersburg Female College at Lexington, Kentucky, he learned to play the piano early. Eventually he became good enough to go up the Ohio River to Cincinnati and get a job in a music store. His job was to play anything in which a prospective customer was interested. If he made a sale across the keyboard, he got a commission.

When an itinerant musician told him that he played well enough to get a job in one of the New York music publishing houses, Mose decided to leave. But instead of going to New York, he went to near-by Chicago. There he tackled the Sol Bloom Music Publishing Co. for a job. After hearing him play, Mr. Bloom

(Continued on page 80)

ACTION THIS DAY

By Archbishop Francis J. Spellman

New York's Archbishop reports on wartime Cairo, his visits to the sacred shrines of the Holy Land and intimate glimpses into the uneasy realm of the Turks, in the fourth installment in a series of historic letters to his father

Archbishop Spellman, in Jerusalem during Holy Week, led Allied soldiers along the Way of the Cross, pausing at each sacred place to pray. Below: After Pontifical Mass at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, three government-appointed Arabs lead the Archbishop in procession through the streets of the "Old City"

Cairo, Egypt
May 4, 1943

My dear father: Cairo and Cairo again. I left you in the air over Cairo. It had been a fascinating, history-saturated day, a beautiful, cloudless day. It was April's full-moon day, April 20th, and Cairo seemed like a dream city and the Nile like molten silver. I went to the Apostolic Delegation where I was received by Reverend Arthur Hughes, the Chargé d'Affaires. It was a congenial household and they made me one with themselves.

Father Hughes was born in London. About a year ago, he was placed in charge of the Apostolic Delegation. He told me about the internment of missionary priests in Egypt. Franciscans, Salesians and members of other religious orders, who had been born in either Germany or Italy years before anyone ever heard of Hitler or Mussolini, came to Egypt in their youth and vigor and dedicated themselves to the education of the children of Egypt and to charitable work among them. Now these missionaries are penned in, watched by armed guards; kept in forced idleness for more than three years, while their parishes, schools and institutions suffer, and the people they served remain unserved and bewildered.

One of the first things I did in Egypt was to visit these priests. It was a sad experience. In my opinion, they have been treated not only arbitrarily and unfairly but also with unnecessary harshness. They wondered, and so did I, why those among them who were sick were not entitled to the same consideration given others not priests. Father Hughes has done his best to help, but he was frank to admit that the results of "his best" produced nothing more than what in the States would be called a "run-around."

On this one day in Cairo, I also signed the King's Book and called on my friend of many years, Alexander Kirk, the United States minister to Egypt. I then left Cairo for Jerusalem. It was a two-hour flight from Cairo to the Lydda airport, which is near the old city of Jaffa and the modern city of Tel Aviv.

I looked forward with longing to my four-day stay in the Holy City, the scene of Our Lord's Passion, Death and Resurrection. I realized how privileged I was to be in Jerusalem during Holy Week. Epistles, Gospels and Psalms take on new and deeper meanings when one has visited Biblical places. Meditation on Our Lord's life and on His teaching becomes more fruitful after making the composition of place from memories of the scenes themselves.

Palestine is a rather mountainous country, the general topography of which consists of a central spine running north and south, descending abruptly on the east toward the Lake of Tiberias, the River Jordan and the Dead Sea, and gradually toward the west and the Mediterranean.

On my arrival in Jerusalem, I went with Monsignor Oddi to visit the Patriarch,

(Continued on page 37)

Archbishop Spellman has given the rights to these articles to the Military Ordinariate, and the proceeds therefrom will be used in their entirety for the welfare of soldiers and sailors of all races and religions who visit the Cathedral Canteen in New York City. This organization, among other things, provides luncheons and dinners without cost to servicemen.

MEMO TO A KIND STRANGER

BY JOHN O'HARA

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

IT IS a strange thing, although it probably is just as well for everyone, that in New York City alone there are millions of people walking the streets who are in love, but not a single one of those millions ever gives much thought to the fact of having this one thing in common with so many others. You walk along the street, say a street in the downtown financial district, and you hardly notice the people as individuals at all. A few will stand out a little because of their physical shapes, their apparel, or, occasionally, something in their eyes. But if you pass a hundred people in one block you never, no matter how romantic or statistical-minded you are, think of them as, say, ninety-four men and women who are in love.

The reason may be that you don't often see love unless you look for it, and you don't usually look for it in anyone except someone from whom you want it. . . .

Walking up the slight incline to Broadway at Wall Street, Edwin Purvis did not particularly stand out by virtue of his physical appearance, his clothes, or anything in his eyes. He wore a gray fly-front topcoat and a brown hat, a dark gray suit, imported brown shoes that were beginning to crack a little, and a stiff collar with a small-figured tie. He was five feet ten and he weighed a hundred and seventy pounds. His eyes at the moment certainly revealed nothing more than a slight tiredness after a day at the office. There are too many of him to make him worth a second look, and if a stranger thought of him in connection with love, it would be to dismiss him as a man who had been in love at the proper time, just as at the proper time he had joined a good fraternity. The analogy holds: The stranger would say that Edwin Purvis still belonged to the fraternity after twenty-two years and was still in love with the same woman after just about the same length of time. Kept up his membership in both. Got no particular excitement out of either.

Purvis was looking south on Broadway when The Voice said, "Hello, Mr. Purvis."

He turned, and there she was, smiling. "Why, hello, Frances," he said. "What are you doing down this way?"

"I came down to see Daddy," she said. "I was shopping and I suddenly found myself out of money. So I had to come all the way down here."

"Well, I can give you a lift uptown." Purvis stopped a cab.

"Oh . . . well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble. I wouldn't want to take you out of your way." They got in the cab. "Anywhere near Forty-second Street," she said. "I'm going to Grand Central, but anywhere on Forty-second will be fine."

"Grand Central first," Purvis told the driver. "Well, this is nice. How is your father, your mother?"

"They're fine. Mother's coming in town tonight and she and Daddy are going to see Oklahoma."

"They'll love it," said Purvis. "Sorry I never happen to run into your father. Only a few blocks away, but I never have much time for lunch. I don't think I've seen him since last summer except once on the street. You meeting your mother at Grand Central?"

"No, I won't even see her. I have to go home and take care of Larry. You remember Larry, my little brother?"

"Oh, sure. Don't you remember I used to try to teach him how to serve last summer?"

"Yes, I know, but I just thought, you know, from one summer to another, how you don't see the same people in the wintertime," she said.

"Not me. I remember Larry all right. I think in the next four or five years he might turn out to be quite a tennis player," said Purvis. "Do you smoke, Frances?"

"Not till January. Mother promised me a wonderful present if I didn't smoke till I was eighteen."

BUT you ought not to have to make promises to get presents, Purvis almost said. You ought to have anything you want. The best. I know I am not the best, but there is nothing of the best of me you could not have had at any second of night or day since last summer. Without knowing it, you have been having the best of me, and the best part of that is that you don't and you never will know it.

He let her do most of the talking. She was on the shy side, but she liked him, *liked him,* and he easily drew her out about school, her friends, next summer, last summer, life in the suburb where she lived. It was enough—or not enough—but it was lovely to hear her talk. It was enough, because it had to be enough, just to look at her, being careful only to look at her the way she expected to be looked at by him. But then as the ride neared its end he forgot to draw her out.

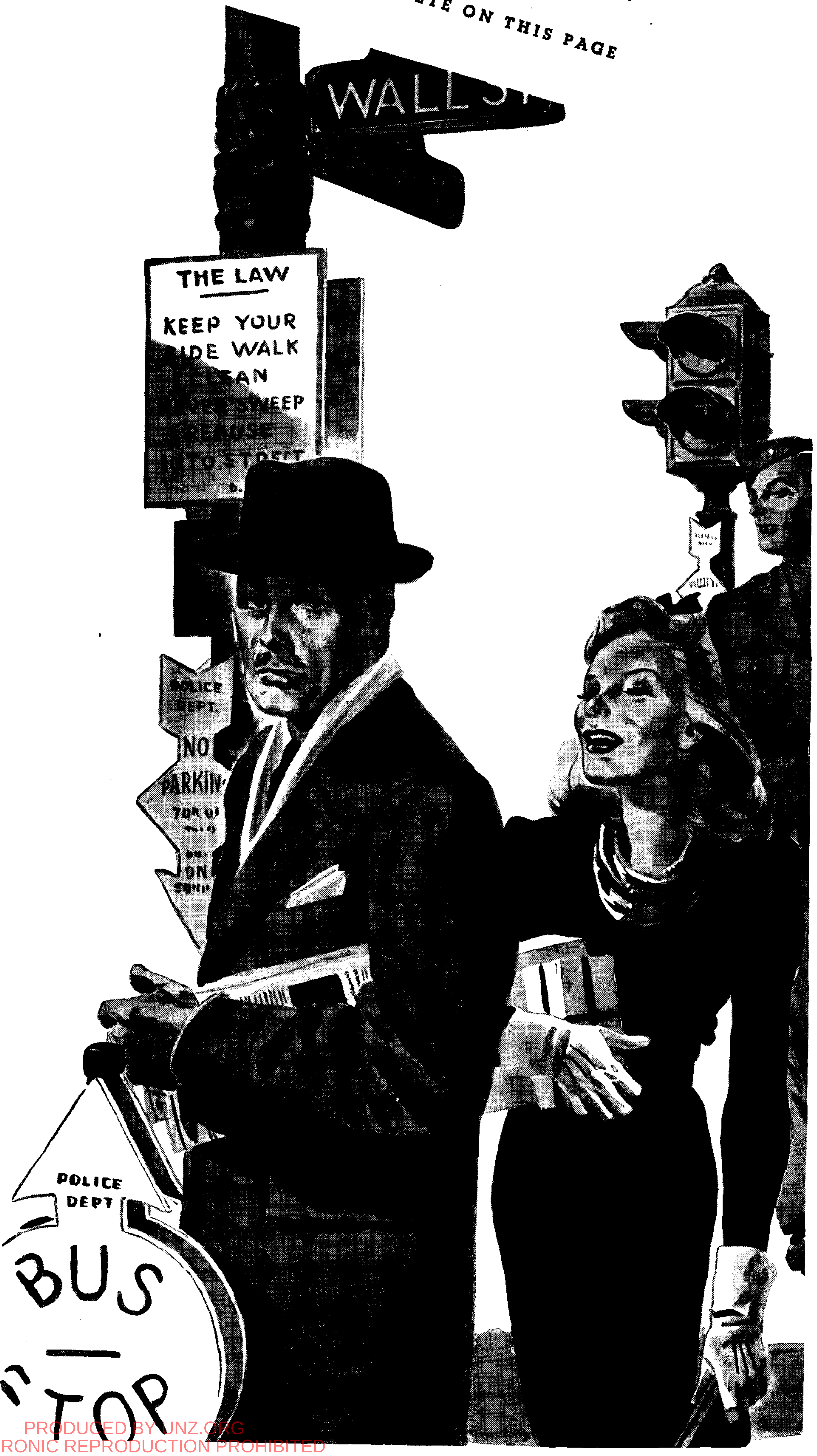
Then the taxi stopped at the station and for just a second he looked at her, just the full count of one second. She smiled.

"Hello, Frances," he said.

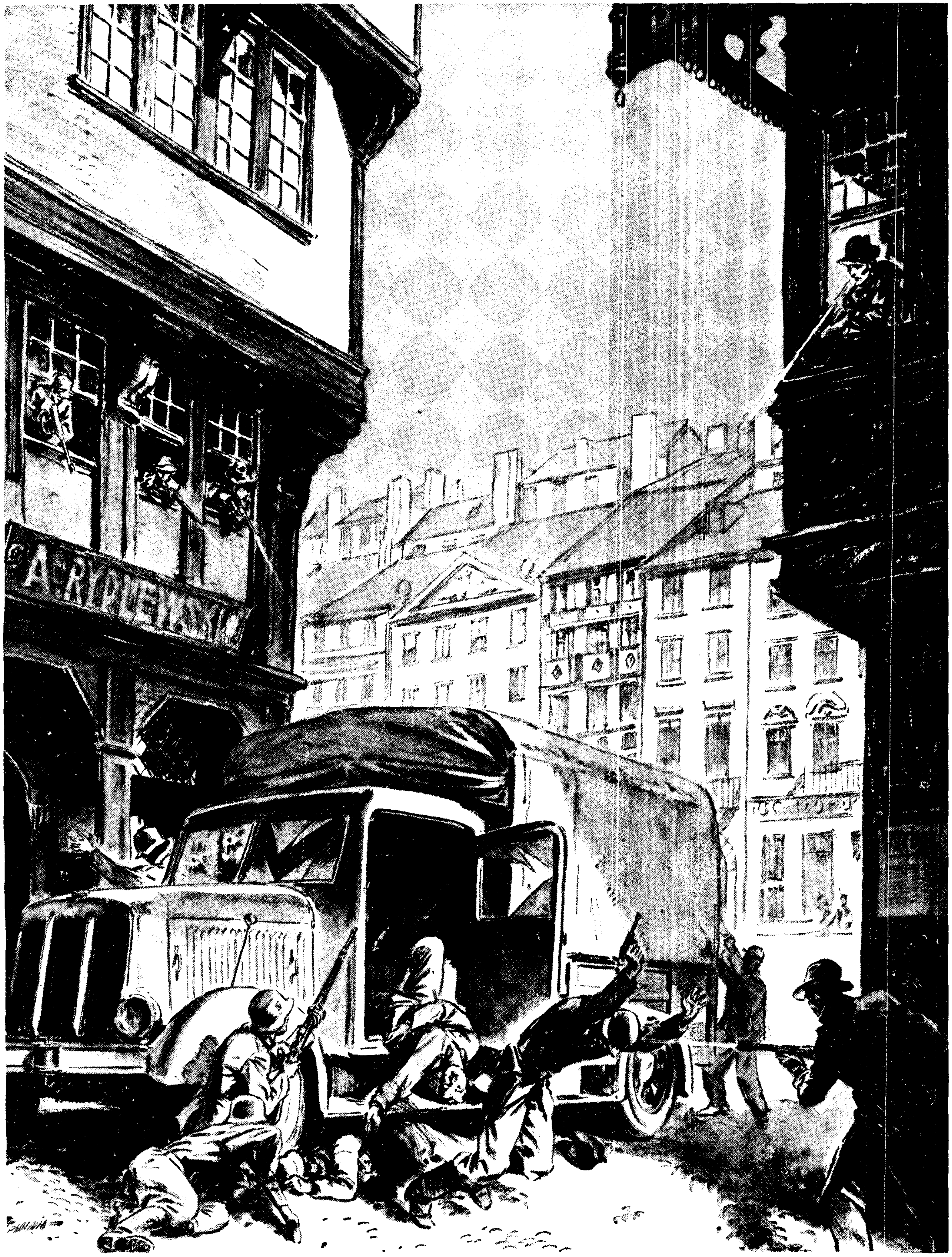
"You mean goodby," she said.

"Yes, that's more like it," he said. He forced a chuckle. "I mean goodby." She thanked him and got out. . . .

He gave the driver his address and now if that same stranger, the one who would not have noticed Purvis downtown, could have seen him, he would have noticed something in his eyes. If the stranger had been average, he might have said Purvis had gotten a little more tired. But if the stranger had been very acute he would have seen something more. And in that case, if the stranger had been kind, he would have turned away.



Purvis was looking south on Broadway, his eyes at the moment revealing nothing more than a slight tiredness after a day at work, when The Voice said, "Hello, Mr. Purvis"



In Warsaw, 14 Poles riding in a Nazi prison van were rescued by a punitive squad stationed in windows. Six Nazis were killed and four were seriously hurt

REVENGE IN POLAND

By Mr. B, as told to George Creel

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Mr. B describes exploits that confounded the Gestapo, in his concluding article on Poland's indomitable secret government

II

WHAT surprises me here in the United States is your high opinion of the Gestapo as a ruthlessly efficient organization, a combination of the F.B.I. and the Canadian Mounted. Believe me, sir, Himmler and his thugs are a very stupid lot. Outside of butchery and sadism, they are without ideas, and I doubt if your Mr. J. Edgar Hoover would give one of them a job. They throw out dragnets, arresting people by the hundreds, they burn villages, hanging and shooting whole populations, they beat and cripple, but when none of it brings them any closer to the underground, their thick skulls can think of nothing except to start the horrible business of mass torture and mass killing all over again.

Look at the record: Himmler has 60,000 agents in Poland, backed by an army of 500,000, yet in four years they have not caught any of our real leaders, or interfered materially with a single important underground activity. To print 120 newspapers, and distribute 300,000 copies, is a very difficult thing to do secretly, but the Gestapo has not been able to put more than twelve of our weeklies out of business. Even when they know we are going to kill a Nazi official, the sheepheads are not clever enough to save him.

These death sentences are what Americans and Englishmen find it hard to understand. They admit the necessity of blowing up a German troop train, ammunition dump or supply depot, even though it means the destruction of a village, but they do not think it makes sense for us to kill one German at the cost of several hundred Polish lives. What they do not take into consideration is the importance of maintaining our morale.

When a German is particularly fiendish and savage, the people in his sector begin to have a sense of hopelessness, a horror of despair, and the underground is compelled to act. Hoffman, for example (whose case was related last week), was the originator of an organized campaign for the debauchment of our youth.

An even better illustration is the case of Wilhelm Krueger, head of the Gestapo in Cracow, and a devil trained by Himmler himself. It was Krueger who raised the number of concentration camps in his district from 22 to 41, and who started the practice of putting barefooted men, women and children into boxcars spread inches thick with wet quicklime.

Refinements in Butchery

It was Krueger who set fire to synagogues after crowding them with Jews, and who first conceived the idea of pumping poison gas into halls where human beings were packed like cattle. A confirmed sadist, it was his habit to talk to prisoners as softly and gently as a father, and then, suddeny thrusting forward with outspread fingers, jab out their eyeballs.

The death sentence in his case was clearly indicated, for to let such a creature live might have made the people of Cracow doubt God and His justice. Killing Krueger was not easy, for he never traveled without a motorcycle escort and armored lorries bristling with machine guns, but the sentence was carried out. One of our people managed to get a time bomb into his car. That was early this year, but it was only last week that Berlin admitted his death by announcing the appointment of Obergruppenfuehrer Walter Bierkampf as Krueger's successor.

We try, of course, to avoid reprisals in every possible way, and since we do not use a certain ingenious method any more, I can tell you of it. As in Norway and Holland, there were thousands of Germans who had lived in Poland for years—men and women to whom we gave friendship and trust. Many turned out to be fifth columnists, and our underground court indicted them, tried them and condemned them to death.

Instead of killing these traitors in their homes or the open street, the death squads kidnaped them at night, and took them out into the fields or woods. There they hanged them in such manner as to give the appearance of suicide. Letters in their own handwriting, telling how they could not live with their guilt and shame, and asking God to forgive them, left in a pocket or on the ground, were very convincing. It

(Continued on page 32)

THE FUTILITY OF MILITARY ALLIANCES

BY HERBERT HOOVER AND HUGH GIBSON

Military alliances cannot insure peace, say Messrs. Hoover and Gibson. From the Holy Alliance in 1815 right down to the Russian-German pact in 1939, all of the hundreds of mutual-assistance agreements have failed dismally to stop new wars. An important article that considers America's future in terms of the past

EUROPEAN

In August, 1939, Josef Stalin and German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop smilingly signed a nonaggression treaty, then shook hands over it. War came 22 months later

VARIOUS proposals have recently been made that there should be an immediate British-American military alliance or a military alliance including other powers such as Russia and China. Military alliances have produced many wars but never a lasting peace.

The objective of those who have brought forward these suggestions is, no doubt, to assure collaboration among nations in keeping the peace and stopping aggression. Necessarily, any keeping of the peace implies collaboration between the United States and Britain, and with all the others. In that objective, we heartily agree. It is absolutely essential. The question is whether a military alliance is the right way to achieve our common purpose.

The United States has never accepted an agreement of military alliance in its history. We have had associates in war, but no signed commitments to action in unknown circumstances years ahead. With all our background, the suggestion at once raises a thousand prejudices. Attempting to preserve peace by a military alliance with Britain alone raises special anti-British prejudice, and already the debate of this question is creating acrimonious disruption of national unity. But it is not prejudices we must consider. It is whether such a course would produce lasting peace.

Fortunately, for our guidance in this matter, the world has centuries of experience with military alliances. The last 150 years have seen hundreds of them. We shall examine only a few.

They are usually clothed in the garments of peace—"Treaty for the Preservation of Peace," "Amity and Friendship," "Mutual Guarantees," "Mutual Assistance," "Nonaggression." And almost universally they open with some dedication to peace. Many of them have genuinely had that purpose.

We may begin with the Holy Alliance and its offshoot, the Quadruple Alliance, which sprang from the Congress of Vienna in 1815, ending the world wars of the Napoleonic period. This was not only a treaty to preserve the doctrine of legitimacy, but it also had a genuine purpose of stopping aggression, and in envisaging Napoleon, they could have included Hitler, Tojo and Mussolini. It sounded a note of highest idealism: "Having acquired the intimate conviction that it is necessary to base the course to be followed by the powers in their mutual relations, upon the sublime truths taught by the eternal Religion of the Saviour . . .

"All the powers who desire to avow solemnly the sacred principles . . . will be received into this Holy Alliance with equal earnestness and affection."

And in the military treaty between Prussia, Russia, Austria and Britain we find such phrases as: "Being desirous of . . . putting to an end the miseries of Europe and securing its repose . . . of maintaining against every attempt the order of things which have been the happy consequence of their effort."

Here was a sort of Atlantic Charter accompanied by a military treaty to prevent aggression. The parties to the Alliance split on their separate interests within a relatively few years.

Another gigantic military alliance for defense against aggression was the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy beginning about 1882 with the solemn assurance of peaceful intent. Counteraction came with the alliance of France and Russia as a protection against aggression, and later Britain joined in it with France under the term of an *Entente Cordiale*. The inevitable clash of these military alliances came with the first World War. Italy refused to go to war on the side of the Triple Alliance on the ground that she had signed only a defensive alliance.

A Multiplicity of Alliances

Between World War I and World War II, there were over fifty signed and sealed treaties or pacts having military provisions, all aimed, in reality or ostensibly, at preserving peace and preventing aggression. Over thirty of these military alliances were made prior to the rise of Hitler.

Soon after Versailles, there was created under French tutelage a network of nonaggression and mutual-guarantee military alliances over Europe, despite the fact that Germany, Austria and Hungary were practically disarmed. This ultimately developed into the Little Entente, including Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Poland. Ultimately, a counteralliance to the Little Entente was formed, embracing Italy, Austria and Hungary.

In 1922, there was a Baltic military alliance between Poland, Estonia, Latvia and Finland. In 1926, an alliance was made between Iran, Turkey and Afghanistan. In 1930, began the Balkan Entente of Turkey, Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia, which defined itself in a military treaty later on.

Notable among these military treaties to stop aggression in the pre-Hitler period was that signed at Locarno in October, 1925. The Locarno system of pacts was looked upon as a sure-fire guarantee against war in Europe. These agreements were concluded by Foreign Ministers Austen Chamberlain, Briand and Stresemann, all men of enthusiastic good will. They were treaties embodying mutual guarantees against aggression, and agreements of mutual military assistance. There were arbitration treaties among them.

In March, 1936, Hitler charged that the Locarno Agreements had been violated by the Franco-Soviet Military Alliance and sent his troops into the Rhineland. There is no doubt that the Locarno Agreements were violated by Hitler and that, by any reasonable interpretation of the treaty, joint military action was called for. But the spirit of the agreements had fled.

In ten short years, it ignominiously collapsed because in that period there had been such fundamental changes in the interests of the signatories that, with the exception of France and Belgium, not one would raise a finger to defend what had been the agreed common purpose.

One of Russia's most interesting antiaggression treaties is that signed on July 3, 1933, which included Poland, Rumania, Latvia, Persia, Estonia and Turkey. The treaty recited that "being desirous of strengthening peace" and "in view of the fact that the Briand-Kellogg Pact to which they were signatories forbids aggression," these countries defined the aggressions which they pledged themselves not to commit as "declaration of war," "invasion," "attack by land, sea and air," "blockade," or "support to armed bands." They further agreed that no political, economic, military or other pretext should be an excuse for such aggression. This agreement seems to have weakened in 1939 and 1940 when Russia invaded Poland, Latvia, Estonia and Rumania and annexed the whole or parts of each of them.

With the coming of Hitler in 1933, new shifts in the balance of power spread over Europe, and in 1934 we had four important military agreements. They comprised a nonaggression pact between Poland and Germany, which the French took very badly; a pact mutually guaranteeing their frontiers between Turkey, Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia; a renewal of mutual guarantee of frontiers by Russia, Rumania, Poland, Estonia and Lithuania; the "Rome Protocols" between Italy, Austria and Hungary.

In 1935, we saw several more military agreements. The most important were a military alliance between France and Russia and a military alliance between Russia and Czechoslovakia.

The beginning of the Axis was made by Germany and Italy in 1936 and later extended to include Japan. In 1937, Italy and Yugoslavia made a solemn nonaggression pact. Turkey, Iraq, Iran and Afghanistan made a nonaggression alliance. China signed one with Russia. Germany guaranteed the inviolability of Belgium. In 1938, Germany and France mutually guaranteed their frontiers.

In 1939, Britain, France and Poland entered into agreements for "mutual assistance"; and there were Franco-British military guarantees to Rumania and Greece. France and Turkey agreed on mutual military aid in case of aggression. In this year, Germany signed the fateful agreement with Russia which ultimately involved understandings on the division of Poland, Rumania and the Baltic States;

thus we arrive at the beginning of World War II.

These are but a few specimens of military alliances over a century and a half. Anyone who wishes to follow the history of such alliances will find that they reek with militarism, balance of power, power politics and imperialism—the whole concepts of which must be abandoned if the world is to have lasting peace.

The first reason why a military alliance has always failed to produce peace lies in the very nature of military alliances. A military alliance must have specific objectives and must have provisions as to what, when and where joint military action shall be invoked. Its purpose must be to accomplish a political objective. Therefore, any military alliance is also a political alliance.

Unprepared for Eventualities

Such written agreements, whatever their specifications may be, must commit their members to future action, the precise circumstances of which cannot be foreseen. Their concept necessarily leans to the *status quo* and, in the meantime, the unexpected happens.

World currents, the interests of nations and centers of political strength are constantly shifting. Nations with all their changing economic, ideologic and nationalistic pressures cannot be kept in an iron mold. It is folly to assume that nations will not follow their interests, despite treaties. The application of the alliance gets thrown out of gear and gives rise to distrust and resentment among the partners.

Any analysis of the mass of human experience shows that military alliances have no long endurance and therefore are wholly an ineffective machinery for maintaining lasting peace.

The second reason for failure revolves around the potent phenomenon of fear. Study of past alliances indicates that no matter how high their purpose has been, they provoke counteraction by other nations. This grouping of opposition nations may be years in forming, but it has been proved inevitable. Nations, although disarmed or of inferior armed strength, are not helpless.

It is easy to say that the United Nations will disarm the rest of the world, but no statesman will believe that nations are rendered morally, spiritually, economically, or even politically incapable by being disarmed. They can conspire and bring disintegrating pressures to bear. Their policies can nibble away with diplomatic and propaganda action until some partners fall away or join in new combinations or counteralliances.

The third reason that military alliances fail to keep peace is that, out of the fear on both sides, armament grows. Increasing armament, prompted by fear, is the road to war. This multitude of European alliances resulted in steady increase of arms before the first World War and again even after Germany was disarmed and before Hitler appeared.

The fourth reason that alliances fail is that a military alliance is, as we have said, necessarily also a political alliance. Each partner is affected by every political action of the other lest it stir up friction or aggression. Every action of every ally, wise or unwise, at once becomes a family affair. We marry not only a wife but also all her in-laws. The French political policies after Versailles, which kept their partners, the British, in turmoil, fill pages of history.

This family reason is stronger in democracies than in dictator countries. The policies of our partners become at once subjects of discussion in our domestic arena. In democracies, there are always groups or individuals, vocal and potent in opposition to almost anything. Our democracy, more than any other, is subject to these oppositions because of our large groups of different racial origins who carry their racial prejudices over from generation to generation. That the Irish or German groups in America love Britain, or that our Poles love Russia is an illusion.

Questions of relative sacrifice in providing navies, armies and men at once arise for discussion. The nature of our political machinery inevitably brings all these forces into election appeals and prejudices. In other words, any military alliance will stir up constant controversy, disintegration and opposition at home.

These are the major reasons why every military alliance in history has failed. They are the reasons why they have served to make war rather than peace. They apply to any-sized military alliance, whether it be the Big Four in this war or the Big Four in 1815 and 1919, and they all fail sooner or later.

A very particular danger lies in a single alliance between the United States and Britain. The English-speaking peoples comprise only ten per cent of the world. At once the other ninety per cent will fear, and many of them will cry out, that the intention is to dominate the world. It will again be interpreted as building up a "master race," no matter how benevolent our purposes really are. Anyone familiar with the ferments running through the 1,500,000,000 Asiatics—from India to China, to Burma, to Afghanistan—will realize the steady building up, over a hundred years, of resolution to be rid of white domination.

The War Powers of Congress

The world would build counteraction and counteralliance eventually. It envisages more wars, not peace. After all, a military alliance raises particular difficulties for the United States. The Constitution reserves the power to declare war to the Congress. The Congress is not likely to delegate unlimited authority to make war.

These problems involve another factor of great importance. No document or treaty is worth more than the good will behind it. The whole of history goes to prove that mere signing of treaties alters nothing unless the causes of war have been allayed. If nations cannot collaborate from day to day to meet great world crises in these times of instantaneous communication, they cannot be constrained to do it with signed specifications on paper. They can, if they will, agree upon declarations of purpose, but detailed treaties in the face of a world changing by a great war are a trap, not a protection.

Certainly, with all the ghastly array of scraps of paper behind us, it would seem we might try some other approach than the Treaty of Versailles with its 613 precisely worded paragraphs attempting to anticipate and fix the world to come, together with the conduct of the people in it.

Copies of this article, together with "New Approaches to Lasting Peace," by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, the four articles which appeared in Collier's last June, can be had at 25 cents.

Address, Box H
Collier's
250 Park Avenue
New York 17

The writers of this article have said repeatedly that if we are to have lasting peace we must have a new approach, and a more effective approach, to this whole problem. The world has long since discovered methods of successful war. It has never yet discovered the method of lasting peace.

It was, in part, the hope of avoiding these difficult issues and the dangers inherent in America's joining any military alliance that led the writers to propose a wholly new approach to peacemaking, which could accommodate itself to change and daily growing experience.

These proposals were outlined in Collier's last June, and we briefly recapitulate them here in order that they may be borne in mind in comparing the advantages and disadvantages of the military-alliance method.

We suggest that the key to making a lasting peace is a Transition Period from war to peace of a few years, in which the world can have time for deliberate solution of the gigantic problems that are involved. But in order to have a Transition Period, two steps must be taken in advance. The first is an agreement between all the United Nations before victory over Germany, setting up the simple terms upon which a Provisional Regime can be quickly imposed upon belligerent Europe—and, later, on Asia—the moment firing ceases.

There must be leadership. Therefore, the second step proposed is a simple joint declaration by all the united powers constituting a few leading nations as the Trustees or Managers of Peace.

Foundation for World Peace

The last step, after the foundations of real peace have been laid during the Transition Period, is to create some sort of world institution to relieve the Trustees of their burden based upon the representation of all nations.

Thus we propose four sequent steps: First, creation of Trustees of Peace. Second, a Provisional Regime to get the world moving forward. Third, a Transition Period to settle the long-view problems. Fourth, a *World Institution* to preserve peace.

We have developed, in Collier's and elsewhere, the multitude of reasons for this course. We proposed setting up Trustees or Managers because it seemed to us vital that there should not only be a steering committee but a definite responsibility on the leading nations to guide the world toward peace, working in the open for all the peoples to see.

This is an important departure from previous practice after great wars where the strongest powers had dominated the

(Continued on page 76)

EUROPEAN

The Russian peace treaty was still in force when Hitler and his generals planned the Soviet invasion. Keitel and Blaskowitz map the double-cross

DAMES AND ETHICS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Nate was an expert chiseler—but this time the chisel slipped

SOMETIMES I think that the best way for a man to get along in life is to steer clear of dames, especially in business. It's too tough to do business with dames. They are not ethical.

Like the Selby case, for instance. I could have made myself a nice bank roll on that if a dame didn't stick her nose into it and mess it all up for me.

I remember it all like it happened yesderday. It started when I got a phone call from Minna. Minna West is as beautiful a girl as there is in Hollywood, and it ain't her fault she's a punk actress. So when she telephones, you always answer the phone, no matter who you are or how important you are.

"Hello, Nate darling," she says to me. "How've you been?"

"I've been fine," I tell her, "and if you want a job, I can get it for you, wholesale."

"Oh, now, Nate," she says, laughing. "That is not kind of you. Not at all. You know I've retired. I'm living on my income now."

"Oh, yeah?" I says. "What income?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about," she says. "You are having lunch with me today at one o'clock."

I don't know what she is getting at, of course, and my hunch is to bow out fast, but I never did have the brains my hunches would make you think I had. I let her talk me into it and at one o'clock I head toward the Derby.

When I get there I meet the most amazing sight of my career. She is not alone. She is with three other dames, Dorothy Lewis, Helen Herndon and Katherine Billings.

Well, as you can see, that is quite a quartet. Four of the most gorgeous wenches in captivity. Hollywood's favorite playgirls.

Something about this setup looks phony to me, right from the first. I don't get it. I know there is an angle, but I can't figure it. So I pass some general all-around wisecracks, get myself seated, prop myself under a double Martini and look at Minna.

"Okay, kid," I tell her. "Give."

"We have heard that you are a great agent," Minna says, with a smile. "So we want you to go to work for us."

I still don't get the pitch. I look the kids over again, which makes me feel good but it don't help me on the savvy.

"Do you mean to tell me," I finally say slowly, "that you tomatoes have decided to go to work for a change?"

They all laugh.

"Perish the thought!" Helen says. "I never did a stitch of work in my life and I'm not going to start now."

"But there's no reason why Charley shouldn't go to work, is there?" says Katherine.

That does it. The bell rings. I look at those four beautiful kissers again and I get the whole layout as clear as daylight. I suddenly realize what I had forgotten before. They are all—each and every one of them—ex-wives of Charley Selby.

"Charley hasn't paid any alimony in six months," Minna says.

"Seven," Helen says.

"I'm one up on you, dearie," says Minna, and turns back to me. "He refuses to pay any of us. Says he's broke."

"He is, too," Dorothy says. "I tried to attach his bank account but there wasn't any."

"Yeah," says Minna. "He has thrown all his dough away, like the dirty rat he is, and now we're on a spot. He can't get any more jobs because he's been hitting the bottle so hard he's got himself in Dutch on all the lots. If he doesn't get a wad of bank roll pretty soon, we're all on the beach."

"So?" I ask.

"So it is up to you," she says. "You get Charley a job, and we all eat. It's simple."

"It sure is," I say, with a sigh. "Very simple. But is it ethical?"

They all look at me kind of startled, and then they all bust out laughing.

WELL, we kick the gong around for a while, backward and forward, and we get all the angles doped, and it is no easy setup. Charley Selby is probably the best writer in Hollywood, when he's hitting the ball—but he prefers to hit the bottle. And when he begins sucking away at the merry milk, he's no good to nobody or nothing. He goes to pieces in every direction.

Another thing about Charley: He is a setup for a doll. Redheads, blondes, brunettes, anything. Practically any good-looking babe in the world can make a sucker out of him by just turning a smile his way. In fact, if he is not in trouble with a director or a producer because he's stewed, he's in trouble with a tomato because he ain't. Most of the time he has managed to buy or bow his way out of his female difficulties, but four times he went for the ring routine, all four times he batted out zeros, and here I was, sitting with the four leeches, none of them interested in anything except how to get blood from a drunken turnip.

I finally tell the dames I will do what I can and I beat it. When I get to the office I put on the old think bag and arrive at nothing. Then I decide this is dame stuff and maybe I need some dame thinking, so I call in Ethel, my secretary.

"Ethel," I say to her, "I have a problem I would like to discuss with you. I need some advice."

She sits down and she crosses her legs and she looks at me.

"Here is my problem," I tell her. "I have just been talking to four ladies. They all used to be married to Charley Selby."

"They are no ladies," she says.

"He owes them all alimony," I continue, like as if she didn't interrupt me. "But he can't pay it."

"Why?" she asks.

"Because he's broke," I tell her.

"The rat!" she says.

Naturally, that attitude kind of startles me.

"Why do you call him a rat?" I ask.

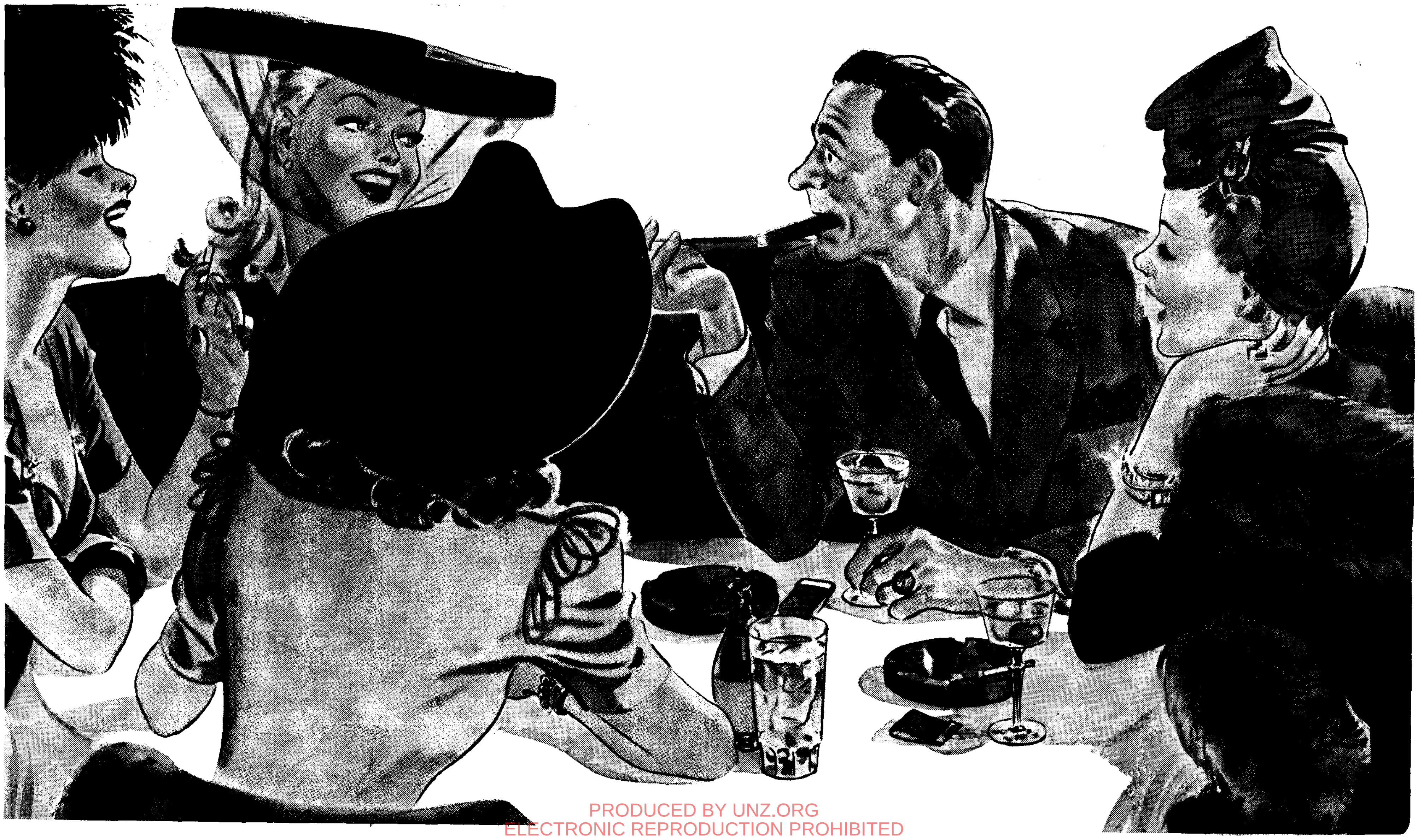
"Any man who does not meet his obligations is a rat," she says.

"Well," I tell her, slowly, because I don't want to start any arguments with my own help, "that has nothing to do with the case. The problem is that he refuses to take any more jobs because he doesn't want to pay alimony, and unless he takes a job the whole five of them will starve, so the four of them have asked me to help them out."

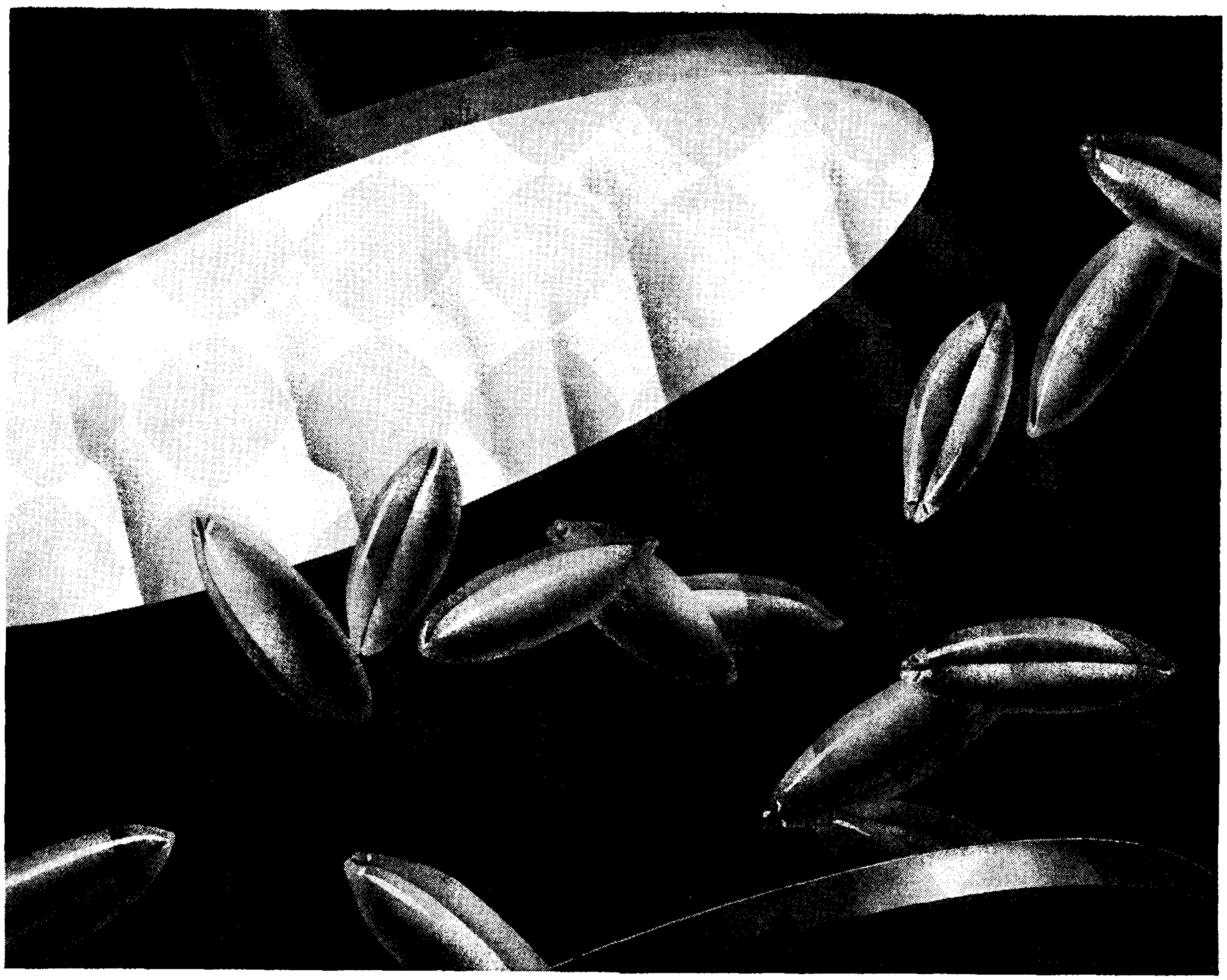
"The rats!" Ethel says.

"Who?" I ask, surprised again.

"The four dames," she says. "Any



"Do you mean to tell me," I finally say, "that you tomatoes have decided to go to work?" They all laugh. "Perish the thought!" Helen says



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

Electricity Will Save Grain

One important use of postwar electronics may be to protect vast quantities of grain stored in elevators, now at the mercy of the granary weevil and the grain borer. Present-day losses from insect pests have reached $250,000,000. Three methods are used to cut down this loss: exposure to severe winter cold by passing the grain from one elevator to another in zero weather; heating the grain in ovens; fumigating it. All three are expensive, troublesome and uncertain.

The new electronic protection will be enormously faster, cheaper and more effective. The grain, traveling rapidly along on a belt conveyer, will be passed between two metal plates electrified with high-frequency currents. In less than a minute's exposure, the kernels will be heated by induction to 130 degress Fahrenheit and all traces of insect life will be destroyed.

The grain can be protected in this way when it is first delivered to the elevators. The high-frequency currents will heat every kernel uniformly to the same temperature without affecting its food value.

Every beer can and pop bottle may carry its own opener when peace relieves the metal shortage and permits the use of a newly invented device attached to the container. No more hunting for the bottle opener that can't be found.

Spaghetti Makes Radio Tubes

Small manufacturing delays, multiplied by millions on the production line, mean huge loss of time, increased cost. Every day now, the war emergency is plugging leaks of this kind. One such time-waster is the delicate job of coiling radio-tube filaments on little steel spindles, then removing the spindles without damaging the fine wire. A young electronics engineer named William A. Hayes inherited the task of breaking this bottleneck. Hayes decided that steel spindles were wrong; filaments must be wound on some material that could be made to disappear without the tedious job of withdrawing it by hand. But there was nothing on his laboratory shelves that answered the requirements—neither metals, plastics nor wood. Then, in a flight of imagination, he thought of spaghetti. Buying a package of it, he wound on a filament, found that when he "flashed" it with an electric current the food material burned away clean.

But there was a difficulty. Spaghetti was not quite round, nor was it uniform in diameter. The filaments must be exact—all identical. Hayes visited a cereal manufacturer and was told it was impossible to make spaghetti accurate within one thousandth of an inch. No one cared about dimensions so long as the product tasted good. So the young inventor went back to his laboratory and tried turning his spaghetti down in a lathe. It broke. He rearranged the lathe, tried again and again till he learned how to make the delicate stuff behave.

Today Hayes is busy "tooling up" his company for making all its coiled radio filaments on spaghetti spindles. Soon the tricky lathe operation will be discarded, for he has devised a special die to fit into the cereal maker's own machinery so that he can turn out precision spaghetti by the mile. The tens of millions of future radio tubes will be made quicker and more cheaply, accordingly.

Plastic Bullets Next

Rifle teams and shooting galleries of the future will probably use bullets made of a hard plastic and shot by compressed air, instead of standard powder-filled cartridges. Safer, far less expensive, the new bullets—at least those that miss their mark—can be recovered and used again and again. Nor will they be any less accurate than conventional ammunition, for they will be designed in accordance with ballistic principles.

The Army is already using plastic bullets for training recruits in handling machine guns. Regular .50-caliber cartridges cost 30 cents apiece, which means $180 a minute for continuous firing. The plastic slugs can be made for one cent apiece; the cost of the compressed air is slight.

The new bullets are much lighter than lead and do not travel far. But with suitable miniature targets and with sights properly adjusted, the firing conditions of battle can be duplicated exactly. Future sportsmen will find the new method a great convenience in learning expert marksmanship.

Hexamine, the violently explosive ingredient in block-busters, has its peacetime work cut out for it already. As a catalytic agent in the making of certain plastics, it will step up the production rate by thirty per cent.

"Compregnated" lumber, compressed and saturated with plastic, will be made into joists and rafters. It will neither swell with moisture nor warp with dryness, yet will be much smaller in dimensions than natural wood for a given strength.

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woman who sits around waiting for a man to support her is a rat."

"You don't like anybody much, do you, Ethel?" I ask.

She glares at me. "Do you?"

And that is a question which is a cinch for me to answer, because it is a question I have frequently asked myself and I know the answer by heart.

"I certainly do," I tell her. "I love the whole world. Most especially that part of the world that can be turned into clients at ten-per-cent cut on each and every transaction."

For some reason that tickles her, so we both laugh, and then she says, "What is your problem?"

"My problem, Mrs. Anthony," I tell her, "is this. First, how can I become Charley Selby's agent? Second, how can I convince him that he should go to work? Third, how can I get him a job, after I do all the convincing?"

She thinks about it for a while. "Did I hear you say that he likes the ladies?" she finally asks.

"You didn't, but he does," I tell her.

"Any special kind?" she asks.

"Preferably above fourteen," I tell her.

"I'll be twenty pretty soon," she says. "Is that too old?"

"For what?" I ask, not catching on.

"Skip it," she says. "I'll get him up here to talk to you. From there on, you're on your own."

"You can get him up here?" I says. "Do you know him?"

"No," she says, "but I'm not hard to look at, you know."

I didn't know. It never occurred to me. That's the kind of a guy I am. By me, a steno is a steno, and a glamor gal is a glamor gal. So, now that she reminds me, I look, and she ain't hard to look at, at all.

"You see?" she says. "I can get him up here. And it won't cost you much, either."

So then, of course, I sit up straight. "What do you mean by that?" I ask.

"I mean I want one per cent for delivering the body," she says.

I can't hardly believe my ears. "That's not ethical," I yell.

"So?" she says.

I don't bother answering her. I reach for the phone and call Selby. He won't talk to me. I offer Ethel a tenth of one per cent and she says no. I call Selby again, and he tells me to go to hell. I offer Ethel a half of one per cent and she says no. I call up Selby again, and he has had his phone number changed.

So I give in. I tell Ethel okay. If she can get to the guy and drag him in and get him to sign, okay, she's cut in for one per cent.

NATURALLY, I am very doubtful of Ethel's chances, but it is a peculiar fact about me, and I have often wondered about it, that even though I am one of the smartest men in the racket, I have a bad habit of sometimes not seeing what is right under my nose—like this Ethel.

I certainly didn't realize what kind of a cooky she is, in more ways than one. Before I can even get to worrying about the whole thing, the very next morning, she walks the big goof in to see me. Don't ask me how she did it. I am the most surprised man in Hollywood. All I can say about it is, that's dame stuff.

Charley sits down, gives me a big hello and wants to know what he can do for me.

"It is time you went back to work," I tell him.

"Why?" he says.

"You owe it to your public," I says.

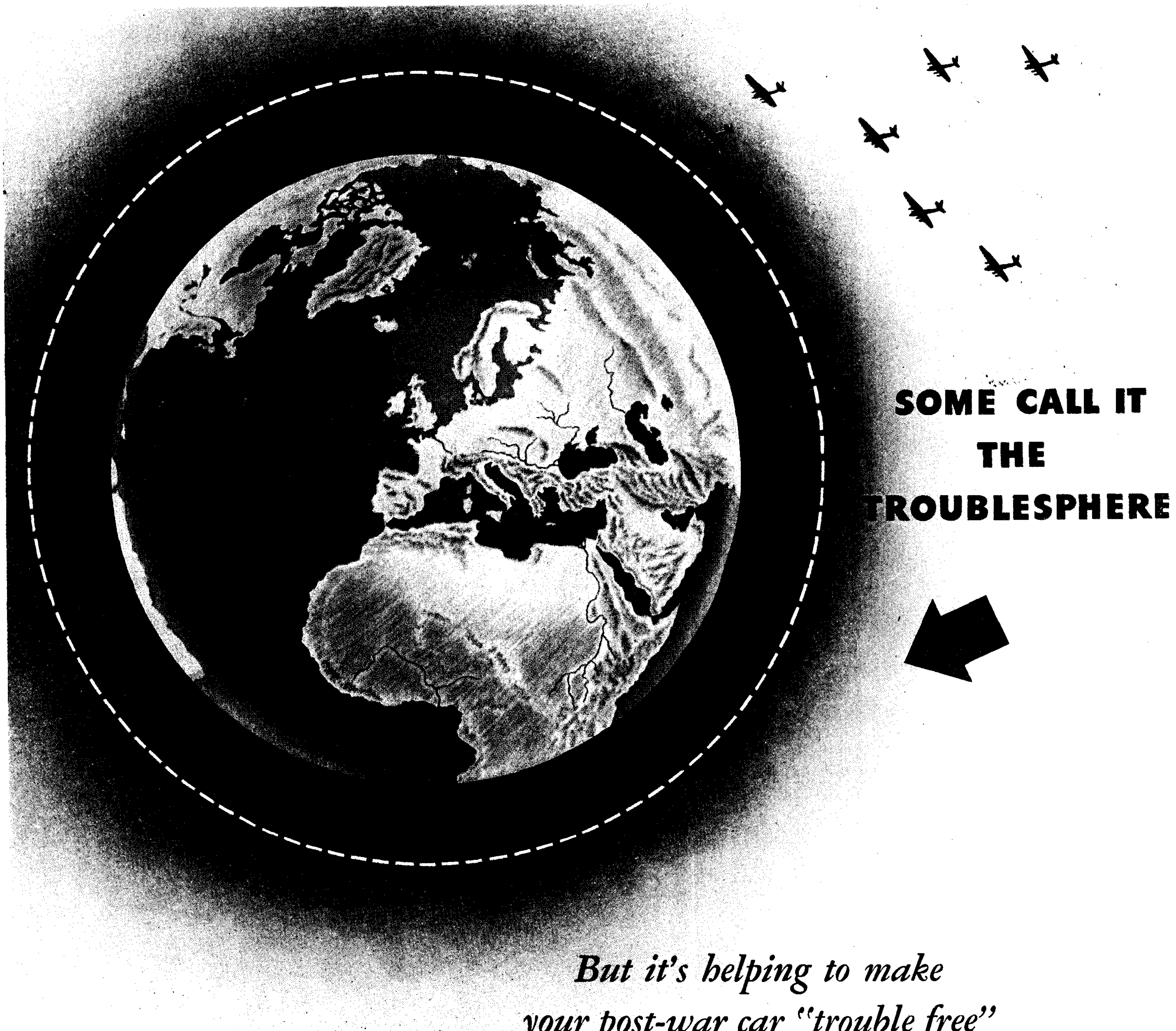
"Nuts to my public," he says.

"Now, Charley," I says, "that is no way to talk. It has taken you years of hard work to build up a following and you must not dissipate it this way."

"Who wrote the last Clark Gable picture?" he asks.

"I don't know," I says.

(Continued on page 77)



SOME CALL IT THE TROUBLESPHERE

But it's helping to make your post-war car "trouble free"

War in the air climbs higher and higher. Already bombers and fighters operate from 20,000 to 40,000 feet — in the sub-stratosphere or *troposphere.*

But some call this region the "troublesphere". Here the air is so thin that gasoline bubbles and quickly evaporates and the temperature drops to 85° below zero, congealing ordinary lubricants to taffy.

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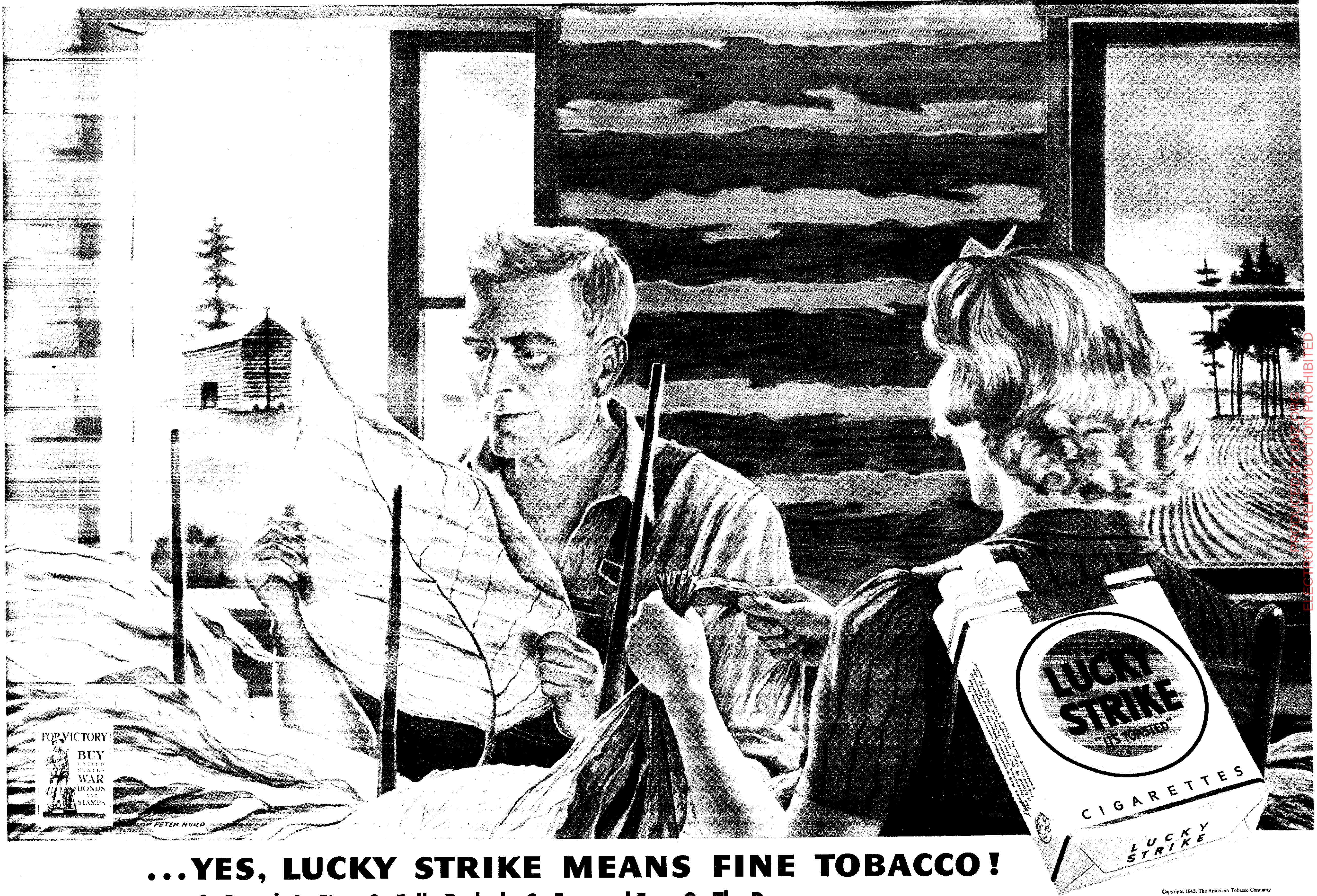
"Grading Leaf." Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Peter Hurd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So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

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On the Heels of the Hun

Continued from page 14

All along the road to Naples, hatred for Germans was as evident as something like love for the Americans and the British. Everywhere there were tales of German looting. In every town, they destroyed medical supplies and carried away valuables and food, and the people's bitterness against their Fascist officials equaled their hatred of the Hun.

"Si fanno belli," they said (in the Neapolitan idiom: They make themselves look good) "by kowtowing now to Anglo-Saxons. Only yesterday they disarmed us and left us helpless to defend ourselves against the Germans. But we will square accounts."

What they said was terrible to hear and at the same time good, for, if they meant it, Italy will be purged of Fascists and Fascism in that worst of all wars—civil war. At the same time, out of this struggle may emerge a democratic, republican Italy which the majority of Italians have always wanted but haven't hitherto found either the will or the opportunity to achieve.

Pride, too, was not utterly dead in these miserable people, who were even dirtier now than they'd ever been, and poorer than even they had dreamed possible.

The Remnants of Dignity

We sampled these dregs of pride once, when we halted to allow urgent traffic to pass—British tanks that formed the armored spearhead of a heavy attacking force headed from Naples and toward the distant Volturno River to which the enemy was slowly retreating for a stand before the hills of Rome. A hungry crowd collected, motioning with gathered fingers toward their mouths. The men were restrained; the women weren't. It was obvious they wanted food. It was equally obvious to the men that we had none to give.

"Don't let them see you act that way," the men said to the women. "For love of the Madonna, let's show them we have some manners." They were just as hungry as the women, but the women were thinking of their children.

Courage was not dead in them, either. As we entered Naples, we met a lieutenant who had commanded a naval shore battery. He told me he and his gun crew had covered their battery with branches, foliage and manure to make it resemble a compost heap. The Germans missed it when they demolished Naples' defenses—along with all possible hotels, rooming-houses, offices, warehouses, medical supplies, docks, mills and pumping stations for the water supply and sewage disposal.

The lieutenant and his crew, at risk of their lives, had also salvaged four machine guns and a battery of 90-mm. rifles, so placed that they could fire onto the Naples airport, where at the moment the Hun still held his ground. They had dug a pit and buried a truck in it, along with 20,000 rounds of ammunition for the lighter weapons and enough shells for a half hour's fire for the larger guns.

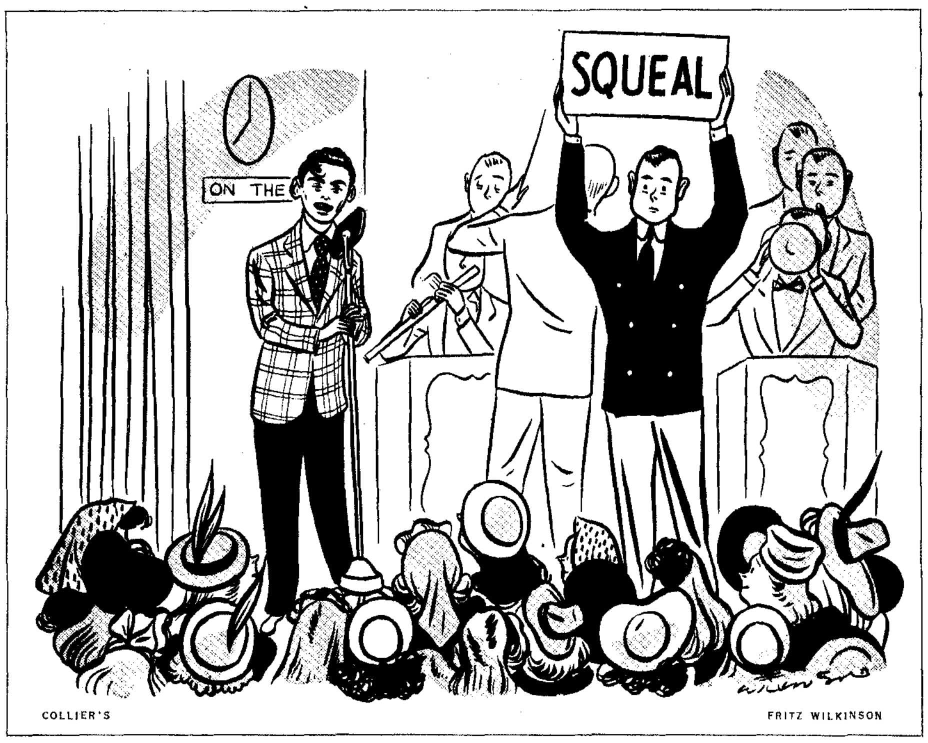
We turned the hatless lieutenant over to an American Intelligence officer, who immediately dispatched a small force with the man to uncover his precious guns. We watched him being driven away, trying to make the officer understand with words and gestures that his guns were ready to start shooting at once.

We entered Naples from the south. We entered a dead city. Only two hours before, the streets had been filled with inhabitants who had swarmed out of the ruins to greet the first advance patrol of Americans. The enemy had retreated beyond Castel San Martino and Vomero Hill to the north of the city. Just as the patrol entered—to be engulfed by cheering, crying, laughing, yelling Neapolitans—enemy planes arrived. Their bombs cleared the streets as though a great wind had blown the people away.

We found only three small boys, so dirty they didn't look human. Each dragged a gunnysack behind him. They stopped to wave at us and cheer. We drove up Via Garibaldi to the Piazza where the grizzled old hero looked down in bronze grandeur on the desolate public square and the wreckage of what was once one of the most glamorous and, in some respects, most beautiful cities in the world. But it wasn't the same city that tourists remember. Only old Vesuvius was the same.

We had three second-rate hotels on our list as possible billets. We found all three burned out—the Londres, the Royal Palace and the Park. The Excelsior and Grand Hotels, along Santa Lucia, were heaps of rubble. Zia Teresa's restaurant, where the fish was good and the Chianti heady and boatmen sang of Naples' glories, was blasted into the sea.

For a thousand yards inward from the sea, Naples was a shambles. The old Castel Del Uovo was hit by shellfire; one of its crenelated towers that faced the new, ugly but efficient principal dock, was nearly demolished. Only the principal streets—Via Garibaldi and Corso Umberto—were clear. Side streets, down which we caught glimpses of the havoc wrought by Boche dynamiters, our own bombers and the enemy's shellfire, were torn up and otherwise impassable.



COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Entry of the Liberators

We entered Naples at about 10:30 A.M., and by noon occupational troops began arriving. Their motors brought out the population, who streamed down the narrow, winding streets. They were the happiest people I've ever seen. Most were on the edge of hysteria. The older women were incapable of joy; they wept, knelt and crossed themselves in thanksgiving.

Under the trees in the square before Naples' medieval city hall, we met an efficient American lieutenant colonel named Craigie. He scotched rumors that the city was rampant with cholera but admitted there was some typhus and considerable typhoid. He planned to restore the water supply sufficiently to enable the population to obtain water at the public fountains. In the harbor, we had a shipload of flour, enough for a few days, and other supplies were on the way. Along with Brigadier General Frank McSherry—he had been first, we discovered, to enter the city—were representatives of law and order and food. They installed themselves in the city hall and, while the sound of guns could still be heard in the city's outskirts, the Allied Military Government, which they personified, tackled its biggest job since the war began.

Outside the city hall, a huge crowd had gathered. In the mob of cheering, gesticulating people, there was the white, drawn, hollow-eyed face of a woman. Someone told me she was an American. Twenty years ago, she had been; now she was an Italian by marriage. She was tall and thin, with silver hair, and she came from Minnesota. Her name? It doesn't matter. It's better that whoever might remember her in the small town she came from should remember her still as a young and lovely woman. She is old now—old and very sad.

Some of the crowd asked us if they could communicate with relatives in America. Inevitably there were those who had brothers, fathers, cousins in Brooklyn, Boston and Baltimore. Inevitably, too, there were stories of German outrages, but it wasn't until we returned at nightfall to press headquarters, to work by candlelight in an evacuated warehouse, that I obtained proof of the enemy's viciousness and a measure of the foe we face on the tragic soil of Italy. This is the story and it's an unpleasant one. It is certified by three officers and three noncoms of the United States Army who investigated details.

"On entering Pompei at about noon on September 29th," their report said, "shortly after the Allied troops had passed through town, a local policeman informed us that, the day before, four Italian men had been brutally stabbed to death outside the town by Germans. We asked the policeman to take us to the spot immediately. It was in a group of nut trees about two hundred and fifty yards to the right of the road leading to Boscotrecase from Pompei. On arriving at the scene, we found everything exactly as it had been left, except that an old coat had been thrown over the head and shoulders of one of the victims—Vincenzo Sorrentino, aged 45.

"The others were Bernardo Cascello, about 44, married, with four sons; a man about fifty or sixty named Antonio, last name unknown; Gioachino Cascello about 22 years old, the son of Bernardo. Bernardo Cascello had been made to dig his own grave and was buried alive in it up to his thighs. His body had bayonet wounds in the back and at the right side of the neck. The man named Antonio was strangled, and had lacerations on the right side of his face and head.

"Vincenzo Sorrentino appears to have been most brutally handled. He had a bayonet wound through the center of his chest and one at base of his neck. All the fingers of his right hand were twisted and broken. The right arm was broken below the elbow by some heavy instrument; the left arm was broken in the same manner. . . . Other details omitted. Gioachino Cascello was bayoneted through the neck and the stomach and he had a head wound."

The story of how these men met their deaths was told to our officers by Giovanni Cirillo, aged 16, from Scafati, who had been arrested by the Germans along with the others but managed to run away.

The officers' report continues: "In company with the other four victims, he was crossing the bridge at Treponte at about five o'clock on the evening of September 28th. They were stopped by some Germans manning a police post, to look into a bag which Bernardo was carrying, to see if it contained food. It contained none, so the men and the boy were allowed to pass.

At the Mercy of the Nazis

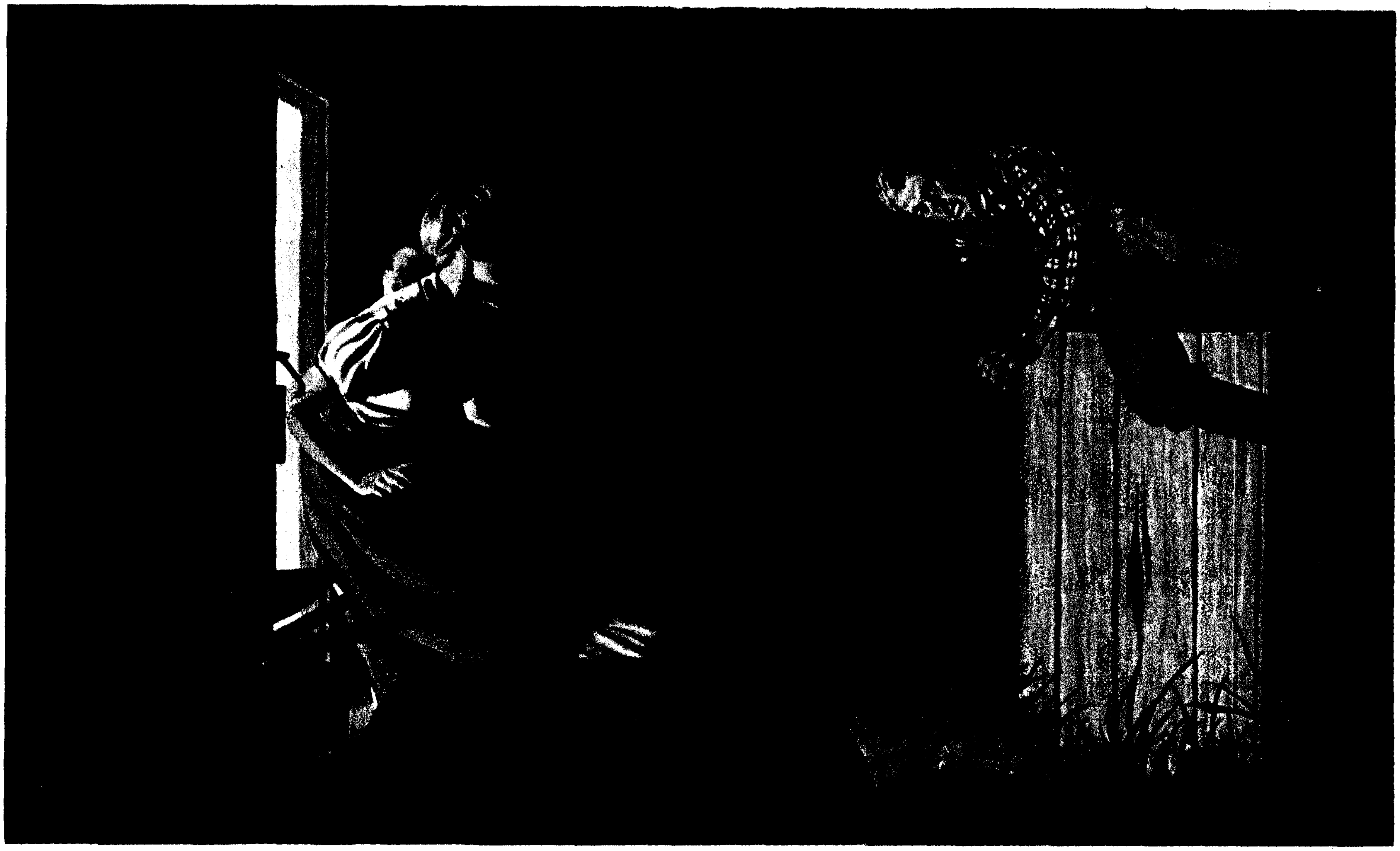
A hundred yards farther on the way to Scafati, they were stopped by a German officer and sixteen men. The officer ordered them to be searched and began with Gioachino Cascello, on whom they found a revolver. He reportedly carried the weapon in order to protect his father, who had about 80,000 *lire* on him. All were promptly taken to a German command post where another officer read to them, in German, what the Italian youth took to be charges against them.

"After this, the five were placed in a circle facing inward with intervals of four yards between each. In the center of the circle, five German soldiers with fixed bayonets covered each of the prisoners. It was while waiting there that young Cirillo made a dash and got away unscathed, although Germans fired at him and followed him for some distance. Eventually, Cirillo hid in a ditch where he waited until dark. The next morning he returned to the scene and found the bodies. There is no evidence that the bodies had been tampered with. The scene was photographed and documented."

The candles are burning low. Mark Watson of the Baltimore Sun stares at a map of Italy that hangs on the bare column that supports the ceiling. He looks away sadly and toward me over the rims of his eyeglasses and says, "It comes hard to realize that most of the names of towns and cities and villages we see on that map will look like Battipaglia and Naples before this is over."

Out of days of battle at the moment, I remember most vividly three gestures. Italy was literally, until a few days ago, a country of only one gesture—an upraised right arm. Now there are three. One is the universal gesture of Latins who are hungry. The second is the sign men make when they beg cigarettes, and it's a sign all men of all nations understand. They use another in Italy—the V for Victory. Mostly kids do it.

THE END



Burch put his hands on the fence, vaulted over and saw the girl there before him. "Come on," she said

FROM THE TUALITY

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

A love story laid in Portland's past, when Portland was a very wide-open town

HE GAVE his team a drink from the spring at the summit and afterward locked his brakes against a grade which looped downward through a solid stand of Douglas fir and old cedar. Fall's late warm drowse was upon the land and the smell of these Oregon hills was that of rotted leaf mold and fern and damp, dark canyons. The sound of ax and sledge and saw rang upward, and when he reached the foot of the grade he passed through clearings where men sweated out their salt against the solid barrier of the forest. Slash fires added their pungency to the warm fall air and farther along an occasional small frame house sat centered in its stumpy clearing.

At four o'clock, Tom Burch crossed Portland town's four or five streets and tied his team to a ringbolt in the sidewalk at Front and Morrison. He had on butternut pants, a blue miner's shirt whose sleeves were a little short for his long arms, and a pair of country boots. His was the smooth, sharp and reserved kind of face which showed Ohio and Vermont in it and, long before that, some part of Northern England. His eyes made a practical survey of the town; and when he saw a mercantile store he turned toward it.

A river boat lay against the dock near the Pioneer Hotel, steam venting from its exhausts. Over the line of low frame buildings on Front, he saw the masts and canted spars of square-riggers, either at anchor or warped alongside a dock. For a little town of three thousand people, Portland was a pretty busy place, all these sailing ships coming in with cargo and people to be transferred by steamboat upriver toward the mines in the Blue Mountains, or in Idaho, or away over the Rockies at Bannack.

He paused before the store whose fresh merchandise was set out on the boardwalk in boxes and barrels. He went in and faced a large, sad man with a black apron and black sleeve holders. "Buying apples?" he asked.

"Boxed or barreled or sacked?"

"They come in boxes. Yellow Orleans Pride. Sound and firm."

The sad one said, "Probably all sizes and shapes." He thought a moment, calculating. "I'll give you a dollar a box."

"Ah," said Tom Burch and returned to the street and continued toward Second. There were stores on this street also, and a two-story structure with the word Lodging painted crescent-shaped across its front. Westward beyond Second the town raveled out into sheds and barns and private dwelling houses scattered loosely on the ill-defined blocks. Beyond that began the stump land. He reached his wagon, untied the team from the ringbolt and drove down Front, threading the confused traffic. At Oak he turned right and came out upon a dock against which a sailing ship lay fast, identified on its counter by name and home port in gold letters: Abbie Tyler, Bath. There was a man on deck whose billed cap seemed to indicate authority.

"If you're sailing pretty soon," said Tom Burch, "maybe you'd like a few boxes of Oregon apples. They'll keep clear to China."

"How much?"

"You'd pay six dollars if you bought at the store. You can have 'em for three."

The man said, "Bring a box aboard."

Burch tied up his reins, lifted a box and carried it to the deck of the Abbie Tyler. The man pulled a stout heavy knife from his pocket and in a single motion ripped off the top slats, heaved the box half over and let the apples spill against him. He rummaged his hands through them, he pinched them, he bit one between his teeth—and stood up. "How many boxes you got there, farmer?"

"Forty."

The man gave a short, hard yell which, in a moment, brought a pair of hands out of the fo'c'sle. He said, "Give a hand to the farmer," and waved them ashore; and stood by, watching Burch and the crew carry the apples up the gangplank. The sun was then below the western hills and a gray pearl light began to run over the town and the river; and a little wind came out of the west, bringing the scent of the land with it. The waves from the paddles of a passing river boat softly lifted the sailing ship and rubbed it against the dock piling and created a strange feeling within Tom Burch as he watched the fellow with the visored cap count out the fresh gold pieces into his palm.

"Hundred twenty," said the sailor and observed Tom Burch stow the money into a wallet which had been a gold poke. The sailor's eyes were half-covered as he watched; he had a sun-blackened skin, scarred white by blows, and a nose broken at the bridge.

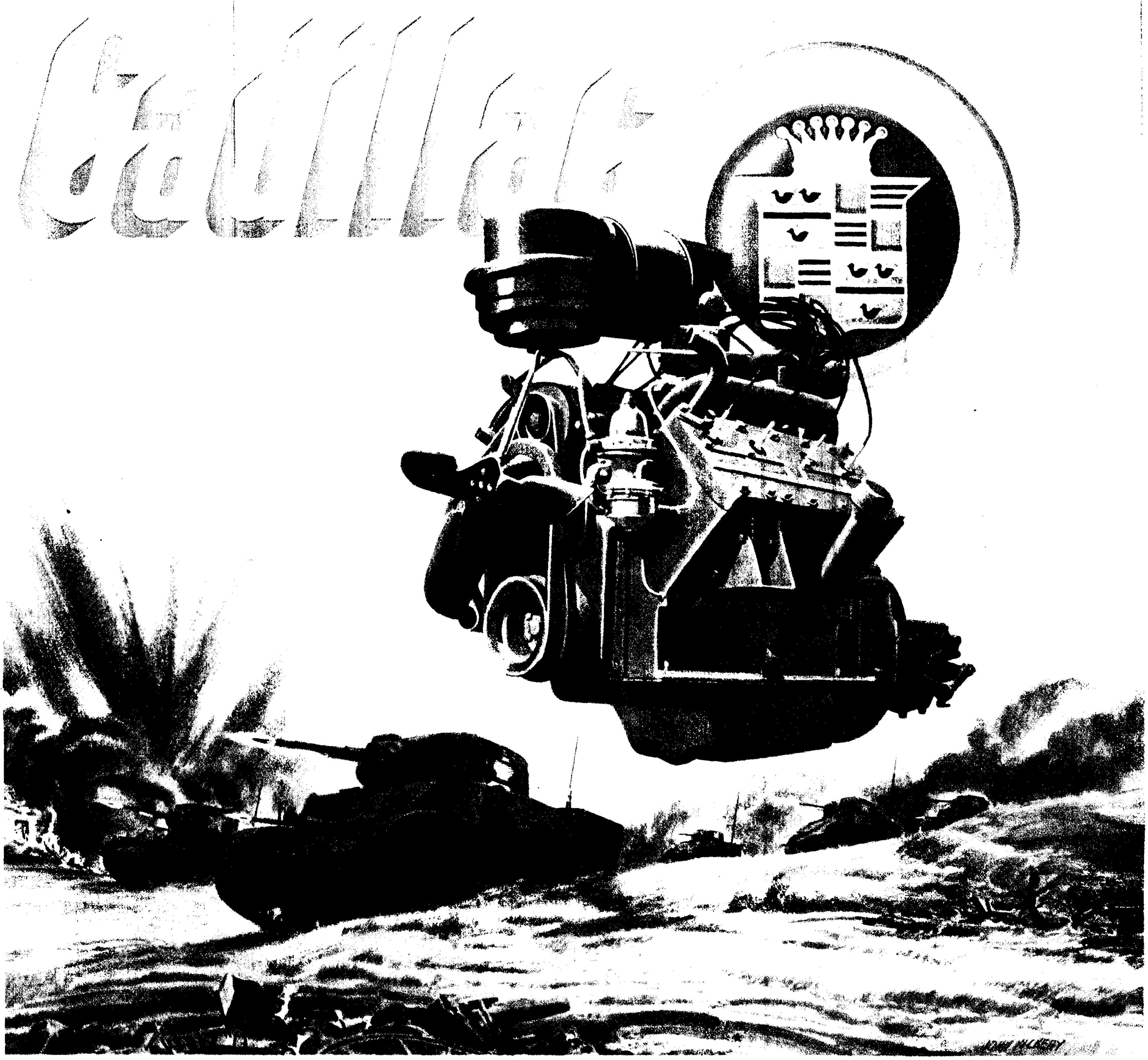
"A deal for both of us, farmer," said the sailor. "You've bilked the merchants, who are always bilkin' everybody else. And I'll sell these apples in Frisco for ten dollars the box. We all make a little money in the venture. You've got a good set of shoulders, lad. And a fine set of hands."

"Why, yes," agreed Tom Burch calmly, "I suppose I have."

"Step to my cabin," said the sailor. "We'll drink on a bargain. You caught me just right. I'm dropping down river at four in the morning."

It was pleasantly enough said, but the man's eyes were like black mud with no firm bottom. Meanwhile the two hands stood back against the galley; young Burch turned his head to them and saw the stillness on their faces, the sharpness of their faces. They watched him, their heads ducked down so that they were really staring from beneath their brows.

(Continued on page 64)



Cadillac's Own V for Victory

The fundamental soundness of the Cadillac V-type engine, that made it outstanding in the automotive world, was an important factor in its adaptation to the M-5 light tank by Cadillac and Army Ordnance Engineers.

Thus with every Cadillac V-8 engine produced today, Cadillac literally contributes its own V to Victory.

Cadillac pioneered the V-type engine 29 years ago, and has continuously developed and improved it ever since. This uninterrupted application of traditional Cadillac precision craftsmanship has naturally brought it to a high state of perfection—and, by virtue of its inherent simplicity, ruggedness, great power and compactness of design, made it ideally adapted to the responsible task as a tank power plant.

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Building the M-5 is only one of our wartime assignments. Another, on which we have been working since 1939, is the production of vital inner assemblies for America's foremost, liquid-cooled aircraft engines—an assignment calling for the highest degree of precision craftsmanship. Thus, while utilizing our experience and skill to the utmost to hasten victory, we are keeping our hands and eyes in trim for the inevitable return to peace.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

Put your dollars in the service of Uncle Sam

The Juke-Box Generation

By Sewell Peaslee Wright

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Each generation has to learn its lessons—but this time it was the older generation

MARY LOU HENSON was nineteen, and pretty. Pretty in spite of the silly way her blond hair was fixed, too much lipstick, and flat-heeled moccasins. She had very nice legs, and wore a skirt short enough to demonstrate this fact on all occasions.

She was a fairly typical representative of what Dr. Brewer liked to call "the juke-box generation."

"Not a very complimentary term, dear," Marta Brewer had protested mildly one day early in 1942. "Not with so many of the boys in uniform, and more and more going all the time."

"Putting on a uniform doesn't change a man . . . much," Dr. Brewer had informed her. "I know." He had started with a gold bar in the spring of 1918, and come home in the summer of 1919 with a couple of silver ones. "I had no more sense after I got out of the service than I had when I went in. More experience, of course, but no more sense."

"I'm not so sure of that, Albert," his wife had said mildly. "You changed quite a bit."

"I was a year or so older, that's all. And the war hasn't changed these kids; they're just as wild and irresponsible as ever."

Dr. Brewer was fifty-two and he had had gastric ulcers, and the Army just laughed at him, so perhaps there were reasons why he was somewhat bitter.

Mary Lou had been a first child, and an only child. Dr. Brewer recalled quite clearly some of the difficulties he had had in bringing her into the world. It was odd, but he remembered some of those earlier cases better than more recent ones.

"Sit down, Mary Lou," Dr. Brewer said. "How's your mother?"

"Oh, pretty good."

"And Dad?"

"He's out on the coast, working in an airplane factory; he likes it out there, and he's feeling fine."

"And that brings us around to you," suggested Dr. Brewer.

"That's right. Well, I feel like hell," said Mary Lou.

DR. BREWER waited without comment. He'd learned that if you give a woman time, you can always depend upon her for details. And women are susceptible to suggestion; a line of questioning sometimes leads them far afield.

"I was sick as a dog last night; I think something's wrong with my stomach." Carefully, she patted the region immediately below and to the right of the umbilicus, and Dr. Brewer noted, for the several-thousandth time, that laymen have a most remarkable concept as to the position of their stomachs.

"I see. Are you experiencing any pain at present?"

"You bet. Last night the pains were sharp, and right here, but now it seems to hurt worse over here. And it's sore as all get out."

Dr. Brewer nodded, and rose from the creaking old swivel chair. "In here, Mary Lou," he said. "Up on the table, and relax. I'm not going to hurt you."

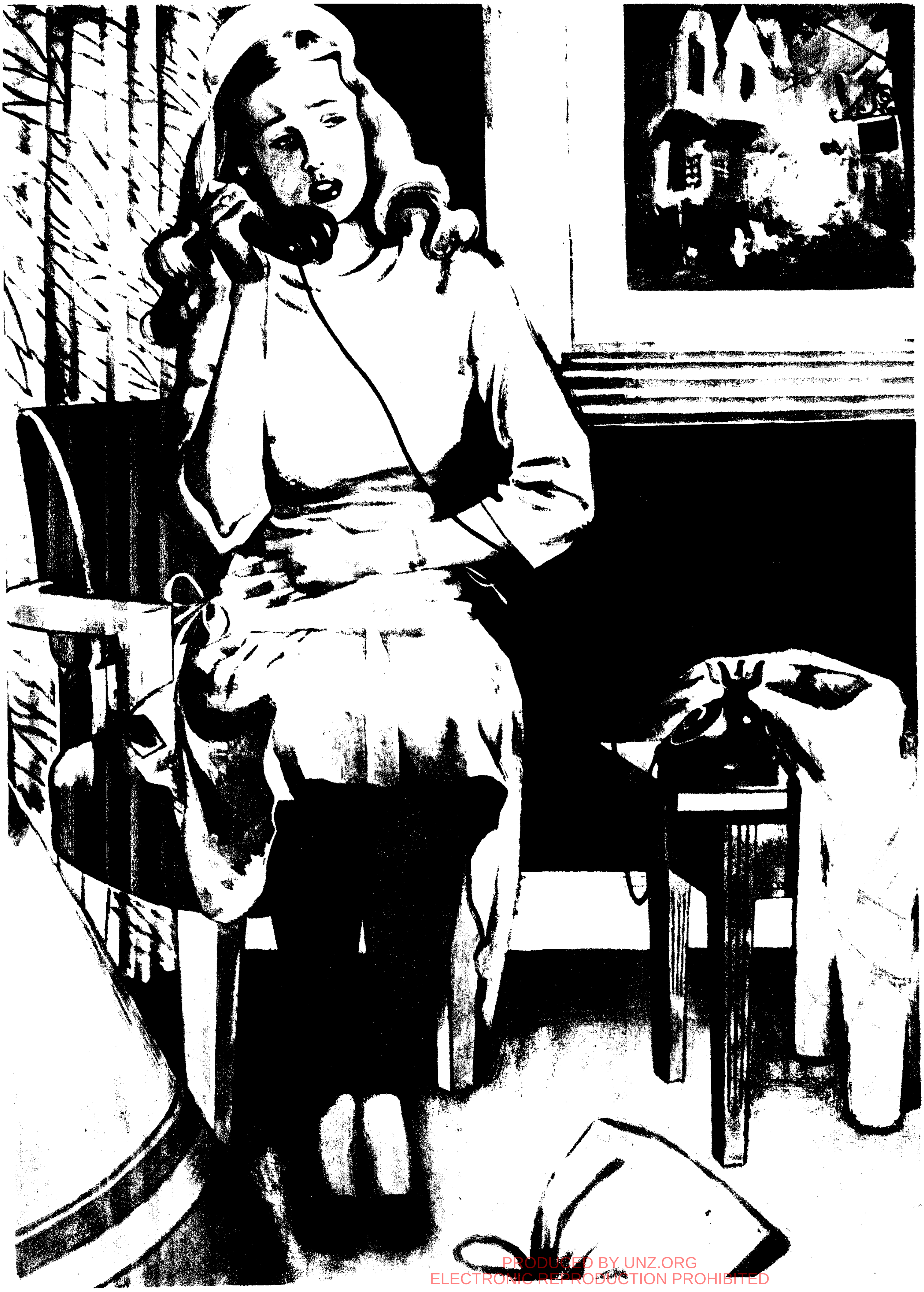
Cautiously, she swung herself onto the table. "Go easy, Doc," she said. "I mean it's tender."

"I'll be very gentle. You tell me where it hurts worst." He laid his hand on her abdomen, barely touching it, and slowly depressed the tips of his fingers.

"That's sore, but not so bad, Doc. More to the right."

"Here?" He felt her wince, heard the

(Continued on page 61)



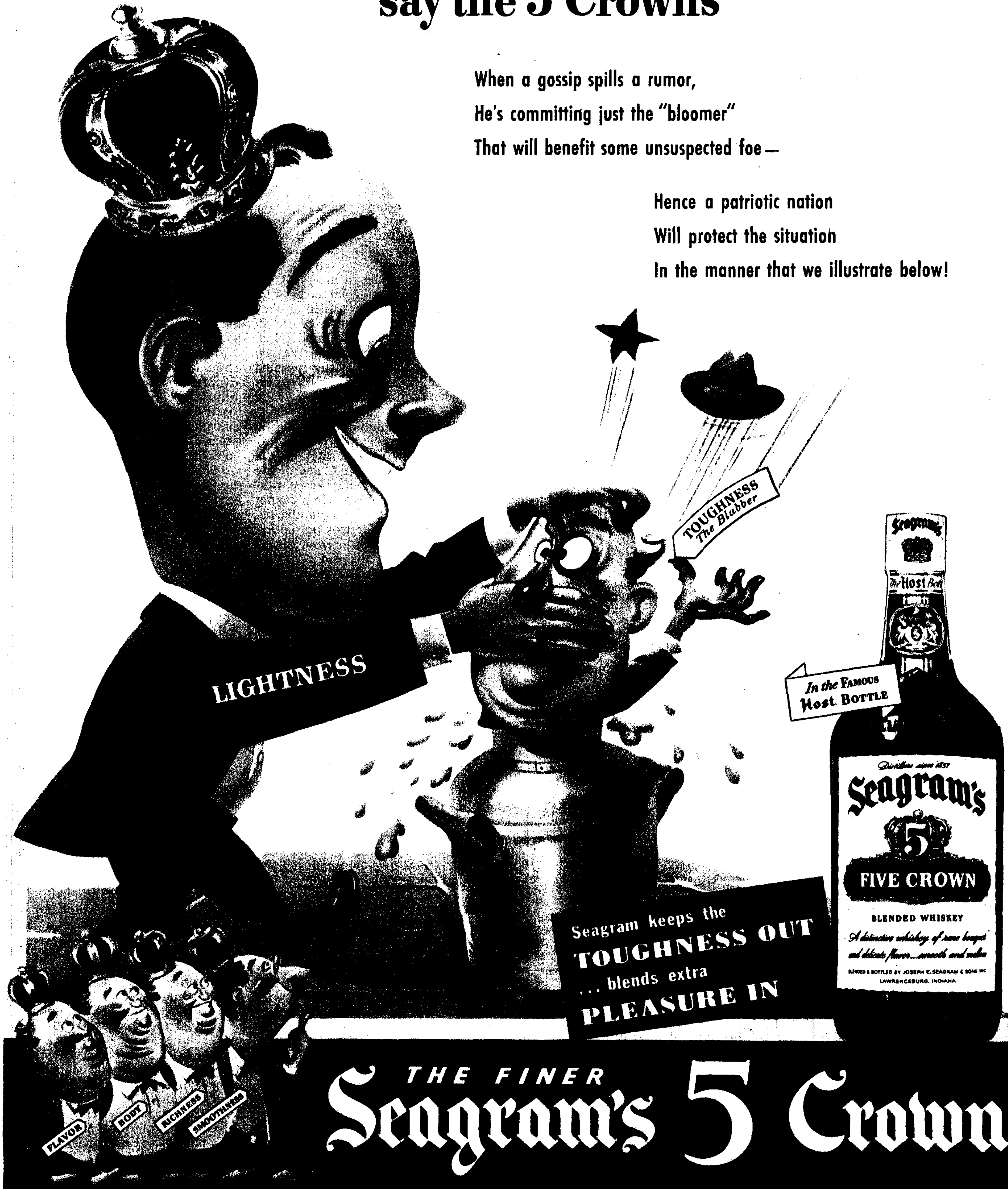
"I know I'm lucky," said Mary Lou. "But I think I ought to tell you, Doc, before I get back to bed and my ice pack—I feel kind of lousy right now, and that's a fact"

"SOME TONGUES SHOULD BE CANNED!"—

say the 5 Crowns

When a gossip spills a rumor,
He's committing just the "bloomer"
That will benefit some unsuspected foe—

Hence a patriotic nation
Will protect the situation
In the manner that we illustrate below!



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TOUGHNESS The Blabber
In the Famous Host Bottle
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
FLAVOR
BODY
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Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER

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I SAID I'M SORRY...BUT IT'S STILL TRUE!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT, NANCY! JOHN WOULD NEVER SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT ABOUT ME!
BUT HE DID, AUNTIE SUE! I HEARD HIM! HE SAID YOU OUGHTA GO TO THE DENTIST'S ON ACCOUNT HE SAID BAD BREATH WAS A—A REGULAR BUTZ TO BLISS!
AUNT SUE SEES HER DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN AN UNCLE?
NO, BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE, NANCY—IF YOUR AUNT SUE HERE WOULD ONLY SAY..."I DO!"
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

Revenge in Poland

Continued from page 20

was a very good trick, but after a while, even the Gestapo was not fooled by it.

It is also a habit of the underground to give warning in many cases, notifying an official that he will be sentenced to death unless he stops some particularly abominable practice. As a usual thing, there is a doubling and trebling of guards, but when precautions prove useless, a change for the better takes place.

In Skierniewice, for instance, Kreisfuehrer Buchholz refused to abate his cruelties, and was executed on June 2d. Ritter, his successor, also put his faith in the Gestapo, and perished on June 25th. The man now on the job is much more humane.

In another district, a certain Funk was warned to quit burning villages for the nondelivery of corn. He kept on, however, and met his death as did Vorblicher, another blustering bully. Schoene, the new man, is quite an improvement. Just before I left home, the members of the Warsaw chamber of commerce were warned that all would be killed if they did not stop their confiscation of Polish property. I hear it has had good effect. Geist, a brute in charge of the Warsaw labor exchange, was killed after repeated warnings. Keller, his successor, keeps his sadism under control.

A Race of Subhumans

Do you see now why we look on the Gestapo as a lot of stupid, degenerate gangsters? A pack of wild beasts without even animal cunning? They cannot protect their leaders from our punitive detachments, they cannot destroy our underground, they cannot keep us from getting arms for our soldiers, ink and paper for our weeklies, and food and clothing for more than 100,000 underground workers, although the Germans control every source of supply. They are cowards, too, afraid to move around except in gangs.

How do we do it? Well, sir, let's start off with weapons. The army picks up a considerable number of guns and small arms by raids on German outposts, or cutting off troops reckless enough to try drives into the woods and mountains where our men know every inch of the ground. Poles coming in from the outside also bring us Tommy guns, hand grenades and incendiary bombs. I would like to tell you how they do it, but that is something the Gestapo is still trying to find out.

Our chief source of supply, however, is German soldiers who desert from the Russian front. They hate the cold and the hunger and, most of all, they don't like the Red way of fighting. Notice the communiqués and you will see that while the Russians always give the number of killed, they make no mention of prisoners. One reason, perhaps, is their own lack of food and hospitals, but that isn't all of it by any means. After the break between Hitler and Stalin, when those two good friends fell out, the Germans refused to recognize Soviet commissars as prisoners of war, and fed several hundred a particularly unpleasant kind of poison. The Russians haven't forgotten.

In the first days, Poles killed German deserters, but our high command soon put a stop to it. Now, under strict orders, we meet them with open arms, give them refuge, feed them and treat them most sympathetically. As fugitives, you see, they are in our power, and getting their guns and uniforms is not the only use we make of them. Provided with forged work permits and identity cards, we scatter them around all over Poland. Living under the fear that we will tell the Gestapo about them, they become regular underground agents, stealing rifles and ammunition for us, and even acting as saboteurs. And how we love to crack the whip over them!

Supplies of all kinds present more of a problem, for they must be got from Germans. As a result, our Intelligence section is called on to make a close study of every merchant down to the smallest shopkeeper. Typing him, I think you call it. Is he a coward who can be frightened by threat of having his store blown up? Is he a greedy fellow who will leap at the chance of an enormous profit? Is he a chucklehead who can be fooled?

When definite conclusions have been reached, the underground swings into action, and by playing on his particular weakness, we get a German to sell us something. When he does, even if it is only needle and thread, we've *got* him! Under threat of reporting him to the Gestapo, he must sell us more and more—food, clothes, ink, paper and everything. Our demands grow larger and larger, and if the merchant doesn't happen to carry the goods himself, then he is ordered to go out and get them.

Money, of course, is always a difficulty. Thousands of our underground workers give full time to the organization and must have enough to keep body and soul together. To meet this need, the executive administrative branch puts out bond issues, asking subscriptions from such Poles as still have means. Oh, yes! Regular bond issues just as you have here in the United States. Not as handsome, to be sure, for we print them on small slips of tissue paper, but our people accept them gladly, confident that the government will redeem them at the war's end.

The army, fortunately, is able to live off the land. In the summer, there are berries and wild fruits in the woods, nuts and roots, and fish in the streams. In other seasons, the farmers help out with grain and potatoes, and on rare occasions, maybe a pig. The Germans commandeer all the crops, and death is the penalty for holding back grain and garden produce, but our people take the chance. No soldier gets fat, but it is surprising how little food is needed after the stomach shrinks.

The Barest Existence

In the cities and towns, conditions are bad, for the Germans have worked out rationing to a bare subsistence level. In many families, the old go without food, dying that the young may live. Lack of warm clothing adds to misery, for when Governor General Frank, at the outset of the Russian campaign, ordered the confiscation of furs and woolen clothing, Poles burned everything rather than hand it over to the Germans.

Notwithstanding, we are in fair shape as far as the physical side of resistance is concerned. We add regularly to our store of guns and small arms, and after four years, we are used to suffering. It is spiritual resistance that calls for all of our courage—the desperate, unending fight to keep from being beaten down to animalism by systematic degradations. It is the soul of Poland that the Nazis mean to destroy, for Hitler has announced that we must become hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Master Race. They have closed our ancient universities, our high schools, our technical schools, and destroyed our libraries. Education, according to Goebbels, is for *Herrenvolk* not *Knechte*.

Worse still, the swine have engaged in an organized campaign for the debauchery and defilement of our youth. A large percentage of the Germans in Poland are homosexuals. You may remember that Captain Ernst Roehm advocated this degeneracy in a book that was compulsory reading for his Storm Troops. In the cities, Black Shirts are under orders to abuse our boys, and the guards in concentration camps and labor camps, recruited from the slums of the Reich, practice perversions in every form on their young prisoners. Hoffman, the loathsome creature our death squad stabbed to death, was a leader in this campaign.

In every possible, horrible way, the Nazis try to deprave our youth. Goebbels, that foul cripple, floods the land with pornographic magazines, filled with lust and obscenity, and the only motion pictures shown in Poland are vile beyond description. Free brothels for the use of Polish boys are maintained in many places, and there is an increasing use of candies containing drugs. Another Hun activity is the operation of casinos in towns and villages, where youngsters are taught to gamble and drink.

War Against Viciousness

We fight back as best we can, but it is very difficult. Only yesterday I received a cable reporting that Hans Schillinger, head of the bureau running these casinos, had been executed in Warsaw by a punitive detachment. Our underground papers print the name of everyone seen entering a cinema or reading a German magazine, and sentence of ostracism is passed. In extreme cases, where we are convinced that a boy has been debauched beyond cure, and is a danger to his fellows, the court orders his elimination.

Considering everything, the number of such cases has been comparatively small. Not long ago, the Germans made a vigorous drive to organize a Hitler *Jugend,* and only eight Polish boys came forward to accept leadership posts. Our court, after full study of the cases, ordered the death of five, and while there is still a *Jugend* movement, no Pole belongs.

However, the problem persists, and to meet it, we have had to bring more and more young people into the underground. To guard both them and us as far as possible, we keep them in an outer circle, busy with what we call morale building. What do I mean by that? Well, we think it important to keep alive the memory of our great patriots and national heroes.

The Germans have torn down all our monuments—the statues of King Boleslav, Kosciusko, Chopin and John Kilinski—and so we let no national holiday pass without putting flowers where these bronzes were. There are also symbols and messages to be painted on dead walls, and German proclamations to be torn down. Little things, but they count. Youngsters are also used for switching road signs and damaging automobile tires.

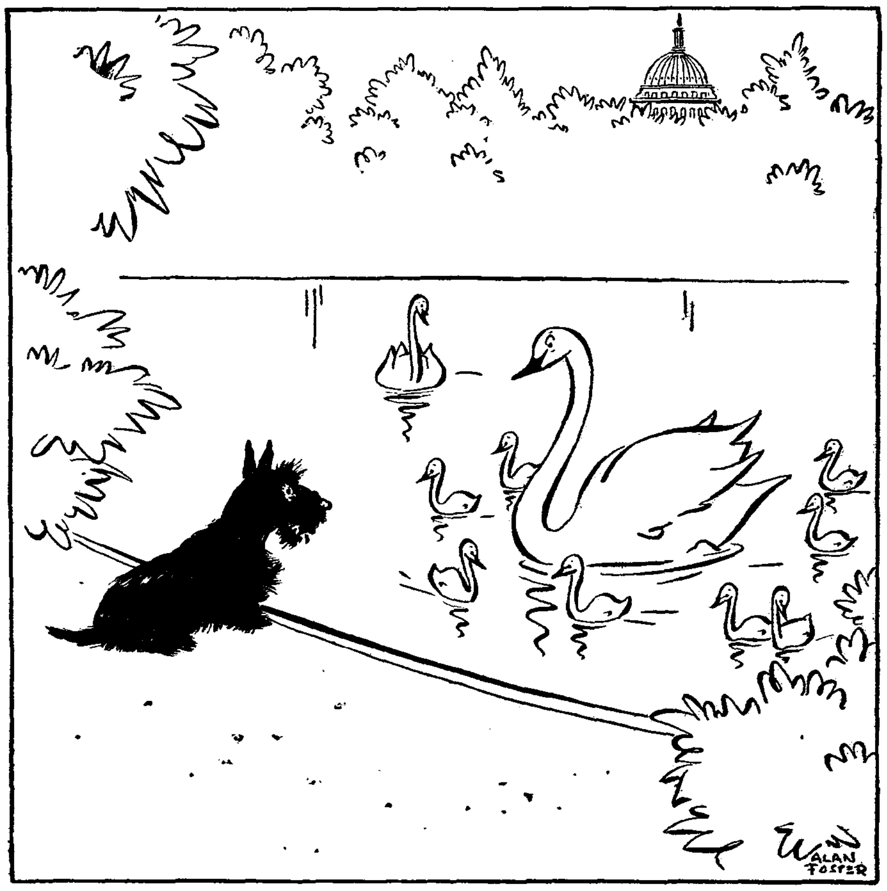
Even with every precaution, it is a dangerous business, for you cannot expect judgment, resourcefulness and discipline in girls and boys of thirteen and fourteen. Not many months ago, to give you an illustration, five youngsters had the brilliant idea of robbing a German merchant in order to get money for some patriotic purpose that they had in mind. Proceeding recklessly and without plan, they were caught and condemned to death. A most unfortunate business, for while public opinion demanded their release, the underground has an iron rule against rescues from jails or concentration camps.

Attacks on heavily guarded points not only involve heavy loss, but the reprisals are always out of proportion to any gain. The one standing exception to this rule is Stefan Starzynski, that indomitable mayor who defended Warsaw for twenty-five terrible days, only surrendering when the city was in ruins and all ammunition gone. Four years we have searched for him, and if we could find his prison, no loss would be too great to deliver him.

The Germans, however, gave the arrest and sentencing of the five boys wide publicity, and quite naturally every Pole took an impassioned interest in their fate. Under this pressure, the underground was forced to undertake their liberation.

On a certain morning, shortly before the date of execution, two officers, booted, monocled and in German uniform, drove

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



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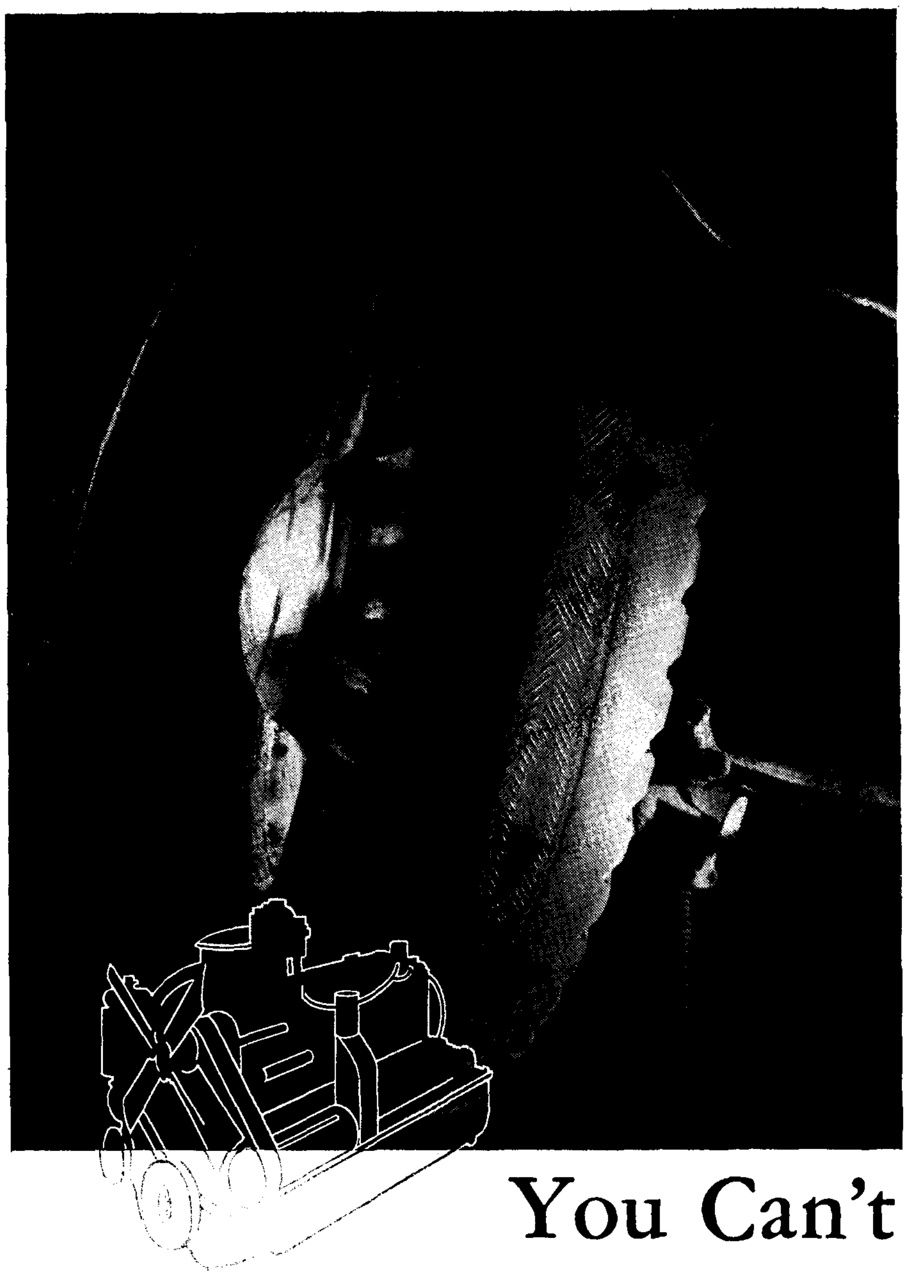

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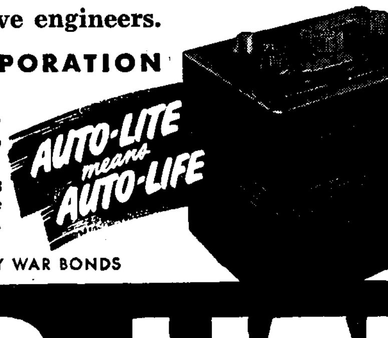

AUTO-LITE BATTERIES

up to the prison in a Gestapo car, and presented papers calling for the delivery of the prisoners. The boys, they explained, were to be taken to Gestapo headquarters for further questioning. Not only were their papers in perfect order, but when the youngsters were brought out, the officers slapped and kicked them in approved Gestapo fashion. The car, of course, was one that had been stolen, and the officers were Poles. The superintendent of the prison was disgraced as a *dumkopf,* and all Poland had an uplift of spirit.

Another rescue worth mentioning is that of the fifteen-year-old son of a colonel in the underground army. This boy, connected with an underground paper, was put to torture on two occasions, and not only did the Germans let it be known, but boasted that he would be kept alive until he turned informer. Here again public opinion compelled action, and while I may not give the details in this case, the boy is now abroad being fitted out with new teeth and a glass eye. Two more instances of Gestapo incapacity.

Rescued Through Ambush

As a usual thing, we rescue prisoners only when they are being sent to a concentration camp or moved from one prison to another. Let me give you an example. Last March, fourteen men and women, after being tortured at Gestapo headquarters in Warsaw, were taken to Pawiak prison. A punitive detachment, waiting until the truck entered a quiet block, fired from second-story windows, killing six guards and badly wounding four others. The prisoners were then rushed through the house and out the back way to another street where a moving van was ready for them, all fixed up with the proper papers and the driver in German uniform. Not a Pole was lost.

Individual initiative is not only discouraged but actually forbidden. The armed forces of the underground attack, harry and sabotage only under specific commands. Countless other thousands, working like moles to get rid of German domination, do not lift a finger or make a move until explicitly instructed.

When it is considered that one, two and three hundred Poles must pay with their lives for the death of every Nazi, and that the derailment of a train or the bombing of a factory means the burning of an entire village, you can see that there is no room for the daring exploits that make your Hollywood productions so very exciting.

In many ways, the struggle to keep education alive is our greatest and most heartbreaking battle, for the Germans are determined to drive us down to the beast level. Only children between seven and twelve are given any sort of instruction, and that merely to an extent that will fit them for nothing more than menial and unskilled labor. If you could only see what the Nazis have done to our great universities, our libraries and our museums! At Cracow, where Copernicus studied and taught, they pillaged the university, and 167 professors, many of them very old men, were taken away to suffer and die in concentration camps.

Many of our finest historians, mathematicians, engineers, chemists and teachers are dead, but those that live still carry on. And they rank with our military heroes, for every one risks torture and death. I may not give you the methods, but I can tell you that our boys and girls *are* being educated.

In Warsaw alone, we have two underground universities, and in September, 1942, 1,700 high-school degrees were given out, almost 50 per cent of the prewar number. Courses are being provided in medicine, surgery, law, engineering and other professions, and while classes and teachers may have to change meeting places as many as five or six times a day, the work continues. In addition to 120 weekly papers, the underground does a brisk publishing business, getting out every type of textbook for both the primary and advanced grades. And the Gestapo hasn't stopped *that.*

Do you know why we are so desperately resolved to protect and train our youth, putting it above every other underground activity? It is because we see what evil teaching has done to young Nazis. In accordance with the Hitler theory that the separation of children from their parents will make them "sons of the Reich," rendering all obedience to the Fuehrer, thousands of German boys are schooled in Poland, barracked like soldiers.

Believe me, sir, when I tell you that they are more cruel, more savage, than their elders. Governor General Frank has granted them the right to carry revolvers and rifles, and after school hours, it is their favorite sport to go into a ghetto and hunt the Jews as though they were rabbits in a warren. With my own eyes I have seen them shoot women down, and with my own ears I have heard them yell, "No, no, Hans, that one is mine. You had the last one."

Those are the horrors from which we mean to save our own youth at any cost. It is not only secular education that interests the underground, but also religious instruction. In the darkness of cellars and burrows, we maintain theological seminaries where priests, pastors and rabbis are being taught to take the places of the hundreds who have been hung, shot or tortured in concentration camps or Gestapo headquarters. The Nazi drive against religion, let me say, has been no less savage than the drive against education.

In Wilno, the venerable Archbishop Jalbrzykowski was arrested, and with him the canons of the cathedral and the professors and students of the local seminary. In the Archdioceses of Poznan and Gniezno, there were 828 priests in 1939, ministering to the religious needs of 2,000,000 people. Today there are 34. The rest have been murdered and imprisoned, and at Oswiecim, gray-haired prelates are cleaning latrines with their hands. The revered head of the Polish Protestant Church, eighty-year-old Doctor Julius Bursch, was sent to the hellhole of Dachau, where the Gestapo beat life out of his frail body. Of all the stately synagogues, none remains for Jewish worship. Such as have not been burned are now stables and storehouses.

Strength from the Spirit

In spite of it all—and this may seem strange to you—religion is the strongest force in Poland today. A whole people—Catholics, Protestants and Jews—have had a deepening of devotion that gives new steadfastness to heart and soul. Maybe it is because the closer one lives to death, the closer one lives to God.

I say this from my own experience, and from the talks I have had with hundreds of others in woods, mountains, caves and cellars. Men and women are doing a lot of thinking about the future, not meanly and selfishly, but nobly. A new and better Poland, and a new and better world!

It is in *faith* that the underground carries on—an abiding faith that God is not mocked, and that divine justice will yet prevail. Do you see now where we have gained the strength to do terrible, heartbreaking things—to decide on the killing of a German or the derailment of a train when we know that it means the death of a hundred innocent people? Or the burning of a village, leaving the wretched inhabitants to blow like leaves on a wind of misery?

THE END

YESTERDAY Firm in the minds of three million Plymouth owners is pride in Plymouth excellence. Yesterday's Plymouth models pioneered such advanced features in the low-price field as hydraulic brakes, floating power, amola steel, hypoid rear axle, superfinish — over 50 engineering "firsts." Translated into performance on streets and highways, this engineering distinction resulted in such long life, economy and comfort that Plymouth cars are sought eagerly today by second, third and fourth hand buyers. Present Plymouth owners reaffirm with each new mile the truth of the reputation: *"Plymouth Builds Great Cars!"*

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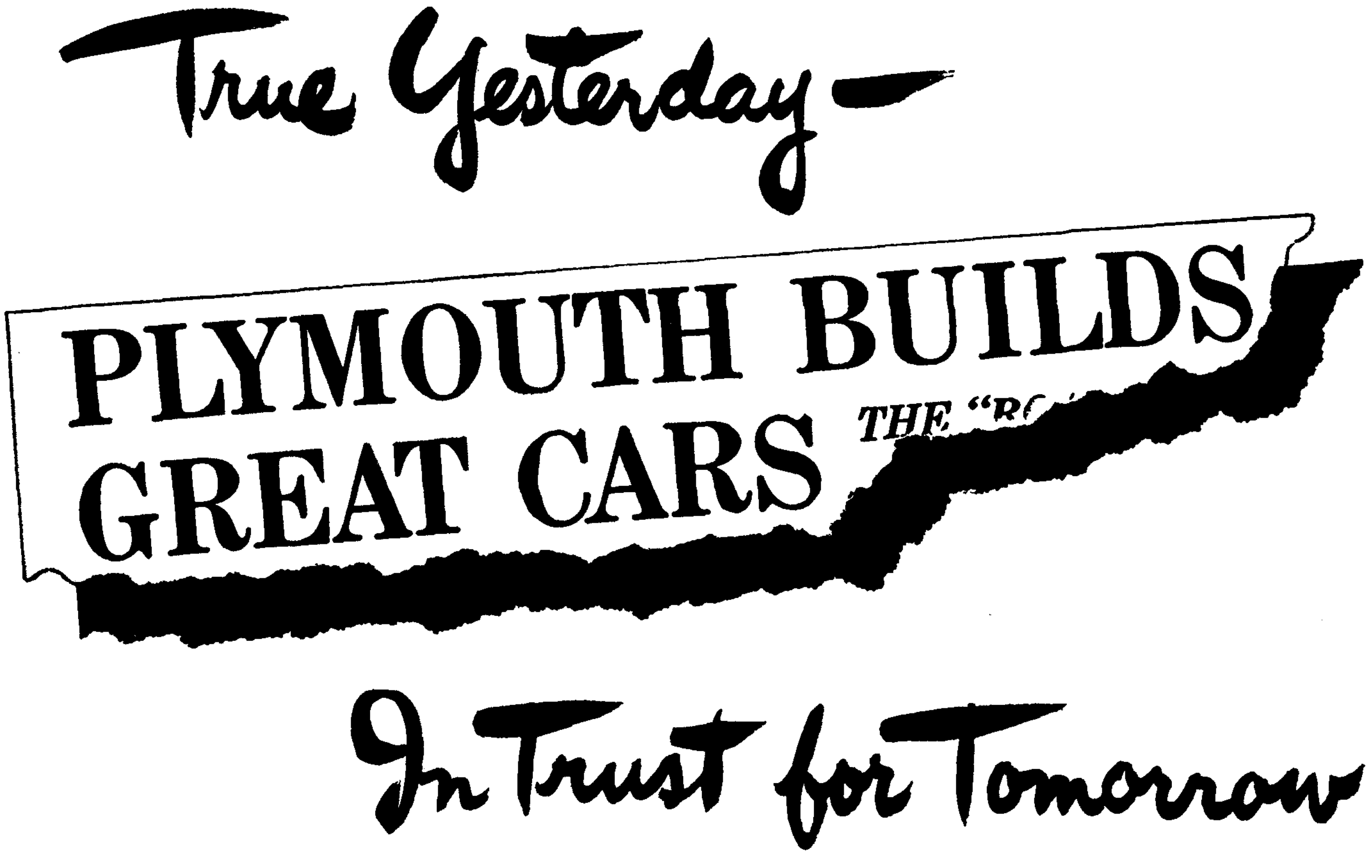


TOMORROW Because of its quality reputation, Plymouth is entrusted now with the manufacture of precision war materials in huge volume: on tank, cannon and airplane assemblies; fabricating numerous exact items from aluminum, bronze, magnesium, cannon steels. But on the part of all who drive, or service, or supply parts, or have sold or built the Plymouth car of yesterday, there is the conviction that Plymouth leadership will be continued and will grow. Their experiences point to an assured fact that the engineering ability and the resourcefulness for building Great Plymouth Cars are being competently held for them — *In Trust for Tomorrow.*

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation

Any Week

Continued from page 4

AND we have a somewhat baffling letter from Mr. Juneau La Trippe of Pasadena, California, informing us that we, as an individual, should pay a little attention to our "spiritual second front." That we haven't got it going is no news to us, but we've been keeping it secret. Or, at least, we thought it was our own secret. But Mr. La Trippe, who is Bishop of the World War II Tabernacle of the Universal Integrated Church of the Victory Evangel, was not fooled. "What are you doing?" demands he. "You have not even triumphed over your own soft underbelly. Until this victory is won you have no chance on the true second front. Send one dollar for . . ."

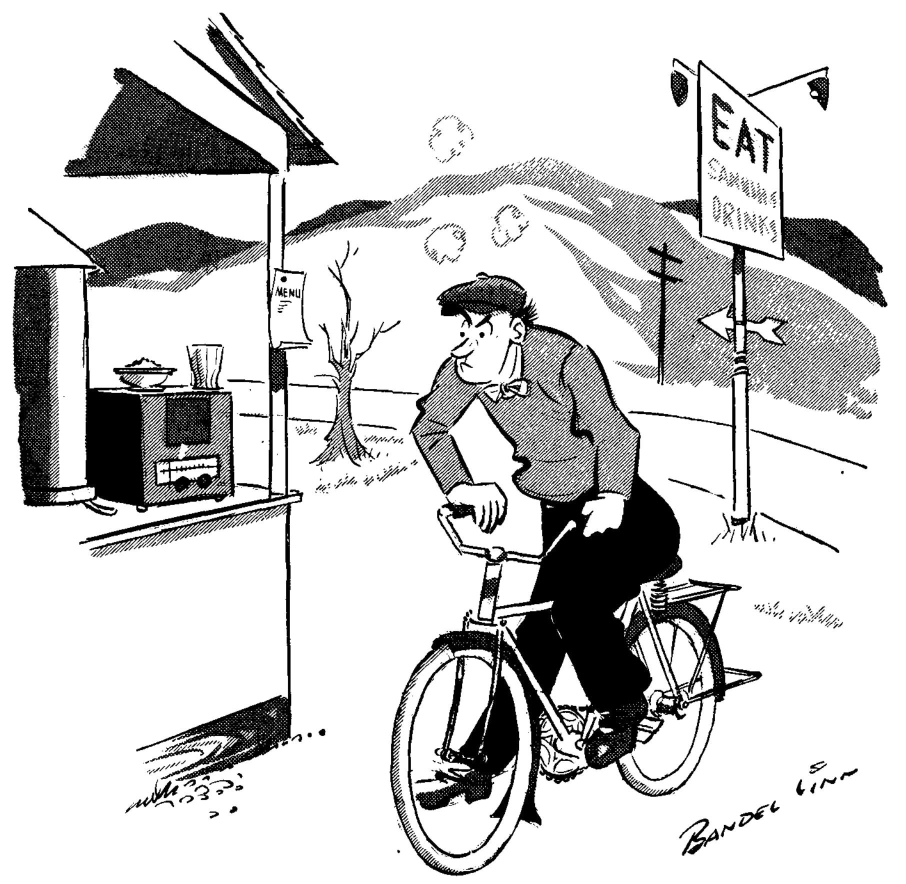
NO SOONER had Mr. Chester Bowles, front man for OPA, dismantled that beset bureau's legal department than we receive warning against gloating. Mr. Emery O'Shalle of Baltimore, Maryland, did the warning. "Remember this," said Mr. O'Shalle, "a lot of those 2,500 OPA lawyers may not find jobs in other government bureaus because of the lack of desk room. They will, therefore, have to go into private practice and that means that you will either have to support them by getting into more legal trouble oftener or find new places for them on the public pay roll."

HOWEVER, we're notified by Mr. William Brandon of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, that his part of the republic is still stanch. He and Mrs. Brandon, returning after a spell in New York, report that they didn't feel they were getting home until, on the St. Johnsbury bus, they heard a passenger ask the driver if the fare to Newport was still a dollar sixty-five. "Yep," said the driver. "I see you've drove with me before." Said the passenger: "Nope, never have. But my dad did once."

NEW HAMPSHIRE seems to be holding on pretty well, too. Or, at least, it was sometime last summer. It was ten in the morning, says Mrs. Laura McQuisten of Boston, Massachusetts, and the thermometer had hit ninety-two in the New Hampshire town of Keene. "Going to be a hot day," said Mrs. McQuisten to a panting native. He mopped his streaming face, took a stern look at the sun and then he replied, "All depends, ma'am."

TOO many of our readers have the delusion that we have a dollar. If we had five of them, we might purchase a lot of information about what is going on in the ranks of Brigadier General William J. Donovan's Cloak and Dagger boys and girls. General Donovan is the Director of the Offices of Strategic Services, a war agency which has made a hopeless mess of our imagination, stretching it all out of shape. Without sending the five dollars we've tried to get a hint of what this reader has to offer. Complete failure. And not being any too sure of the correct name of General Donovan's bureau, we telephoned the New York office. The lady answering their phone was tartly mysterious. "Tell your editor that we know absolutely nothing in this office," said she. "Try Washington." The only suggestion we have from the guy who wants to tell us about the Cloak and Dagger bureau for five dollars is his phrase: "There is not a ruler on earth who ain't in danger of losing his job.". . .

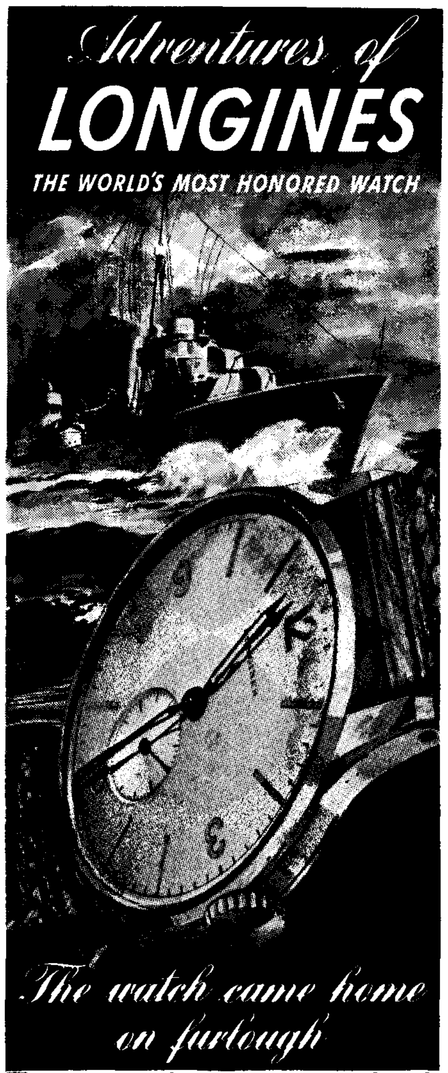
W. D.



NEWS

". . . while some official observers seem to think that the East will soon be getting practically an oversupply of gas! There are some things to be said in favor of this argument. However, we are in a war. Petroleum Administrator Ickes says that we can look for some developments soon. This may mean an end of all driving. Or it could mean that the Midwest will be cut to the bone. This is hardly likely. A source close to the White House intimates that drivers in all states east of the Wabash River will lose their A cards; but Senator Smudge told me today that we could soon expect . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The watch came home on furlough

The father held out the watch and said, simply, "It's my son's Longines watch. He's a radio man on a destroyer in the Pacific." It was a sorry looking watch. Case and dial stained, crystal missing, strap in tatters. ¶ The ship, the man, and the watch had cruised some 107,000 miles in the first year of the war. All had felt the hot dripping tropic air, the salt spray, the vibration of the ship, the shattering concussion of guns firing, the sickening impact of near misses from dive bombers. All lived history at Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, the Coral Sea, Savo Island. ¶ This Longines watch came home on furlough and is now almost new after an overhauling. Soon it will go back to the man who stayed out there. We return it to him with a prayer that both will soon be home to days of peace, for which men and watches were created.

Based on documents in our files

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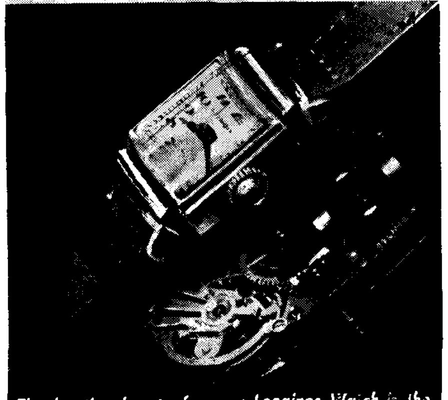

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SPECIALIZED MEDICATION

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When a miserable cold settles in your head, makes you sniffle, sneeze or stuffs you all up—put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. And enjoy the relief that comes so promptly. Va-tro-nol is specialized medication that shrinks swollen membranes—helps clear cold-clogged nasal passages—reduces irritation—and makes breathing easier. Follow the simple directions in folder.

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Why drive half blind—from wiper smear—in any storm? Smashed cars and broken bones today help only Hitler and the Japs. Your nation needs you and your car—both at your best—for Victory.

So—next time you buy gas—ask the man to change your dulled wiper blades to keen new RAIN-MASTERS. Ask him to show you too how sturdy RAIN-MASTER Arms hold your blades straight and true and snug against the glass—so they can give you the cleanest wipe.

for safer driving . . . install new Anco

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WINDSHIELD WIPER

Blades and Arms

Used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too.

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Action This Day

Continued from page 18

Archbishop Barlassina. He was pleased to see me, and invited me to officiate at the Holy Sepulcher services on Easter Saturday and Easter Sunday. I accepted this privilege with gratitude.

The original Cenacle—site of the Last Supper—no longer exists. But either on the site itself or near it are two buildings: a new one, the Franciscan Chapel of the Cenacle, and an ancient one, which is in the hands of the Moslems, and which Christians may visit only twice in the year.

The new Franciscan monastery is constructed either on or near the historic spot where Our Lord had the Last Supper with His Apostles and instituted the Blessed Sacrament. The chapel is in the "Upper Room" of the building. Offering Mass there gave me the same feeling I had when, as a seminarian, I received Holy Communion from the hands of Pope Benedict XV, and at my first Mass in Rome; a feeling which, despite a conscious restraint of going slowly through the preliminary parts of the Mass, carries one unconsciously, sweepingly, to the moment of Consecration when human lips pronounce the divine words: *"This is my body!"* Surely it is an ineffable experience to pronounce these words in the very place where Christ, the Great High Priest, uttered them for the first time!

On Thursday afternoon, I participated in the Holy Hour in the Church of the Garden of Gethsemane, a shrine built with offerings made on Good Friday by faithful from all over the world. The rock on which tradition says Christ suffered His agony rises out of the pavement of the church just before the sanctuary. The basilica is built on a ledge foundation, of which this protruding rock is a part.

On Good Friday morning, I visited Gethsemane again and saw the garden, the olive trees and the grotto, and in midmorning I led the Stations of the Cross for hundreds of soldiers, going from one station to another along the road of the Passion to the Mount of Calvary. Soldiers from every Allied country were in the pilgrimage; and all of us, I know, felt the tug of our homelands, and were strengthened to carry our own crosses.

A Visit to the Holy Land

I need not go into detail in regard to all the places that I visited in Jerusalem. They had been part and parcel of my life even though I had never seen them before. The first seeds of knowledge in my mind, the first things I learned at home, were backgrounded in this Holy Land. Easter Sunday morning was, of course, the culminating joy. The ceremonies were carried out with all the beauty of the liturgy of a Pontifical Mass, with a reverence and deep realization of its significance.

The American consul, Mr. Lowell W. Pinkerton, and Mrs. Pinkerton invited me and all American members of the Franciscan Order residing in Jerusalem to have luncheon with them. After an enjoyable family luncheon, I drove to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan, near the Mount of Christ's Temptation. I crossed the Jordan and went into Trans-Jordania toward the mountain from which Moses viewed the Promised Land. I returned to Jerusalem for an evening meal with the Patriarch, to whom I then bade farewell.

Monday morning at five o'clock, I celebrated Mass in the Chapel of the Nativity in Bethlehem. It was dark when we left Jerusalem for Bethlehem, and stars studded the sky. Neither Monsignor Oddi nor I said one word. I was thinking, as I am sure he was also, of that night, on yonder hillside, in that little village, when Christ was born. The Scriptures say, "The world knew Him not." Nor does the world know Him today.

Later, I visited the ruins of the Temple of Solomon, and the Wailing Wall, and then departed for Mount Tabor. Just before I left Jerusalem, I went to the roof of the Delegation, and spent some time looking over the city which I believe I was seeing for the last time. With Mount Zion and the Cenacle in the foreground, I followed in my vision and in my thought the line of the street down which Our Lord went to Gethsemane; I looked from the house of Caiaphas to the tower "Antonia," where Christ appeared before Pilate, and thence was led to the house of Herod and back to Pilate again where He was condemned to death. I followed Christ to Calvary once more, and, with my eyes fixed on the place of Crucifixion, I said a final prayer that God in His mercy would stop the swinging of the scythe of war.

Birthplace of the Scriptures

Tabor is a great mountain built by God in the vast sanctuary which is the world, and it is wonderful to gaze at the panorama which the eyes of our Blessed Lord Himself beheld. One sees the plain of Esdraelon and one thinks of our present Armageddon. Scripture was written among the hills and dales of all the countryside and may also be read here. For one says instinctively with the Apostles, before whom Christ was transfigured on Tabor: "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

The Franciscans in the monastery on the top of Tabor served luncheon for us. One of them is Brother Julian, of Westerly, Rhode Island. To him I was a breath from home, and he was a breath of sanctity to me. Together we went to the basilica church on the mountaintop. It is an unusual marble and alabaster church built only a few decades ago.

From Tabor, we went down the hill to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, where once more we stayed with the Franciscan Fathers. I received the warmest possible welcome not only from them but also from the Polish children who are refugees living in their school convent. It was late afternoon but I was anxious to take a ride on the lake. The Father Superior hired a little motorboat, and we went from Tiberias nearly to Capharnaum. I wanted to do nothing but think about the different scenes of the Gospel that took place on this lake. Jesus had walked along these shores. In the midst of a storm on these waters, He had said to His Apostles: "Be of good heart. It is I. Fear not!" In the dusk, we could see the Mount of the Beatitudes where He gave the only model of any charter of human rights and duties that will ever work.

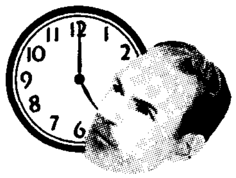
I wished to be at Nazareth on the following morning, but, because the Polish children wanted me to be with them, I attended Mass in the parish church and distributed Holy Communion to them. In Nazareth, in the Grotto of the Church of the Annunciation, on the altar on which was carved, "Here the Word was made flesh," I offered Mass.

It is wonderful to say the Hail Mary in the Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth. It is wonderful to say the Franciscan Rosary in the place where the Hail Mary means the most, at the Tomb of the Virgin near the Garden of Gethsemane, wonderful to say seventy-two Hail Marys in honor of our Blessed Mother, representing her traditional age. It is like a foretaste of heaven to offer Mass in the Grotto of the Nativity, where it is written, "Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born."

After leaving the Church of the An-

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS

AVOID '5 o'clock Shadow'



1. It's as Simple as That! Just stay face-neat and you'll never be lonely. Girls go for the man who avoids messy "5 o'clock Shadow"—who keeps chin-clean and cheek-smooth *all* the time.

2. Here's One for the Book . . . To get that well-groomed look, shave with a genuine Gem Singledge Blade. Gem's the durable blade with the super-keen edge. It gives you closer shaves that last longer, look better, feel better.

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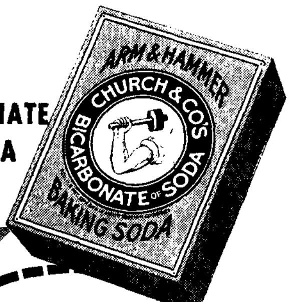

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nunciation in Nazareth, I went to the college of the Salesian Fathers where many Polish boys are quartered. They are orphans aged from twelve to eighteen and they are being taught the usual high-school subjects by Polish teachers. I spent an hour with them, and then returned to Galilee, stopping at Cana, where Our Lord wrought His first miracle.

There was a long journey before us, as we were on our way to Damascus, so, shortly after luncheon, we left by automobile, stopping at the Chapel of St. Peter. On this very spot Christ made Peter the head and the cornerstone of His Church. There we all said a prayer for our Holy Father. We had a frontier to cross from Palestine into Syria before we reached Damascus, the capital of Syria, believed to be the oldest city of the world that is still inhabited.

In every town we entered on the way to Damascus, French troops were drawn up in salute, and the automobile was escorted by cavalry. In Damascus, there was a squad of soldiers on camels, and the entire street near St. Joseph's Church, where I was to stop, was lined with soldiers at attention. I appreciated this consideration, but I was disturbed by it because I did not know how long they had been waiting. Since I did not know myself when I was going to arrive, I didn't see how anyone else could know, but I found out that word had been sent from the frontier.

Wednesday morning I spent in visiting places of interest in Damascus. It was somewhat of a task to persuade the guide to bring me to the places I wanted to see instead of to the places he wished me to see. But finally, despite my traditional meekness, I succeeded in going where I wanted to go and seeing what I wanted to see, including the spot where the conversion of Saint Paul took place, and the principal mosque in Damascus. Immediately after luncheon, we left Damascus for Beirut.

I wished to stop in Baalbek. Contemplating the vastness of the ruins of the Temple of Baal, and seeing the evidences of its former grandeur and magnificence fill one with awe. This Temple of Baal, in this old city of Heliopolis, is said to have taken over three hundred years to build. One of the stones is supposed to be the largest quarried stone in the world, weighing approximately eleven hundred tons. Any surface of it is larger than New York's largest slab in the west sidewalk of Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-first Street.

Reunion with Classmates

On the outskirts of Beirut we were met by the Vicar General of the Armenian diocese, Monsignor Kedidjian, who, like the Patriarch, was a student with me in Rome. I was surprised that they both remembered so many of their American associates.

The Patriarch himself, Gregory Peter XV, was a classmate, whose name in those days was Francis Agagianian. Despite his sorrows, his worries and cares, he looks much younger than I do. I noticed that the cross he wore is similar to one that Pius XI gave me when I was consecrated a Bishop. The Patriarch told me that Pius XI had given him his cross, also. I am now wearing daily the cross and chain of Pope Pius XII and the ring of Pope Pius XI.

Millions of Armenians have been slain or sent into exile during the past few decades, but the world does not seem to be aware of the martyrdom of this people. In the courtyard before the Patriarch's residence, there is a monument to the memory of those who were massacred in 1939.

There were so many people whom he wished me to visit, and so many things he wished to discuss, that he felt I should stay another day. I assured him that I could make all the visits and hear all that he wished to say to me, and still leave the next day as I had planned.

LIFEBOAT
a dramatic short story by
Alfred Hitchcock
and
Harry Sylvester
•
in next week's
Collier's

I had called on Mr. Wadsworth, the American consul, immediately on my arrival, April 28th. He was the American diplomatic official who received notice from Count Ciano that Italy had declared war on the United States. Mr. Wadsworth said he had told Ciano that he was "awfully sorry," and I told Mr. Wadsworth that I was sure that Ciano was sorrier today.

The next morning, I went up Mount Lebanon to the seminary and the shrine of the Madonna, and later was received by the president of Lebanon, Alfred Nakkache, Cardinal Tappouni, and the French ambassador, and the Apostolic Delegate. President Nakkache has been in America and greatly admires our country. Cardinal Tappouni is the only cardinal in the Orient. He is a Syrian and has lived many years in Rome.

Returning to Palestine from Lebanon, we went south along the Mediterranean, stopping briefly at Sidon and at Tyre. We crossed the frontier into Palestine, passing Acre, reminiscent of the Crusaders and of Napoleon, and going also through Haifa, a thriving port of Palestine, finally arriving at Mount Carmel just after sunset, where I had supper with the Carmelite Fathers.

Saturday, May 1st, we had an early morning start from Mount Carmel and coasted along the Mediterranean shore to the modern city of Tel Aviv, which is the Atlantic City of Palestine. Ten years ago, it was just a desert outside the old city of Jaffa. Now it is an ultramodern city inhabited permanently by refugees from Europe, and temporarily by convalescent soldiers and by American airmen on leave from their dangerous, nerve-fraying activities. There I met many officers and soldiers, and then drove to the British cemetery where some of our American boys are buried.

From Lydda, we took a plane for Cairo. We flew over the Suez Canal, circled above and around the pyramids, saw the Sphinx very clearly, and came down to the airport to remain in Cairo a few days before starting on another longer circuit from this crossroads city.

Sunday morning I had services for over one thousand soldiers at a general hospital and depot at Heliopolis, and afterward met them all. Later, I went to see the seriously sick in the hospital and I shall make the entire rounds from bed to bed as soon as I am able.

Poland's national holiday is May 3d, and I participated in the observance of it. Poland seems to be in difficulties again because a member of the Polish government asked the Red Cross to investigate the truth of the German allegations that the graves of eight thousand Polish officers have been found near Smolensk. These officers had been prisoners of the Russians and, according to the German tale, they were murdered. This request has angered the Soviets, and the Polish ambassador has been sent away from Russia.

Today is my fifty-fourth birthday. Father Hughes gave a tea at the Delegation and I had an opportunity of meeting many of my countrymen, members of the Armed Forces as well as British and Polish military and civilian officials. In honor of the occasion there was a cake with "54" written upon it in frosting.

After everyone had gone, I opened a package which Mr. Kirk left with me. I was surprised and happy to find twenty letters that had been following me. It was the best birthday present I could have received, for it is my first mail from home since I left you all three months ago.

ON BOARD THE TAURUS EXPRESS,
LEAVING TURKEY
May 19, 1943

My dear father: My days have been as busy as usual. Through the kindness of General Brereton and General Crawford, our American commanders in the Middle East, I visited all our installations in Egypt, spending several days in the Suez Canal area. I then planned my trip to Syria, Turkey, Iraq, Iran and return.

Sunday, May 9th, was Mother's Day. I made four different addresses and met hundreds of soldiers, some of whom I knew from the States. It was also convent visiting day, and I went to the institutions conducted by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Home Dinners for the Boys

The Franciscan Sisters have placed part of their school at the disposition of the soldiers. They invite them to "home dinners," which are certainly popular. The boys come not only from the States but from New Zealand, Australia, Canada, from all over the world. These meetings give them opportunities to become acquainted with and accustomed to one another. There are six hundred children in the school.

On Sunday evening, I had supper with General Patrick J. Hurley, President Roosevelt's personal representative in North Africa and the Middle East. He is from Oklahoma and was Secretary of War in President Hoover's Cabinet. He is tall and soldierly in appearance, and an extraordinarily interesting talker, whether his audience be one person or many.

The next noon, I left for Aleppo in Syria, where I met Lieutenant Tonkin, an Australian attached to the Royal Air Force, and Father Pauvot, the Superior of the Jesuits. They brought me to the convent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. I did not have good news for them, as I had heard only that morning that their convent in Algiers, near the Church of Our Lady of Africa, had been bombed, and that seventeen of the Sisters, including the Superior, had been killed. They were sad at the news but consoled to learn that the Sisters had been able, before the bombing, to place all the children under their care in a bomb shelter and that not one child had been injured.

I have always had the greatest admiration for the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. I have seen their work in many parts of the world, and they truly compose an organization of efficient, self-sacrificing, saintly women. Since so many of their institutions are in missionary countries, *Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 8 of a series, Signal Corps.*

Circuits of Victory!—that's what this lineman and his comrades in the Signal Corps are providing. They're building and keeping open the telephone lines that help to coordinate attack and defense in every battle zone. Mile after mile they'll push forward, often under fire, till their Circuits of Victory reach 'round the world!

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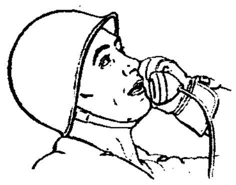

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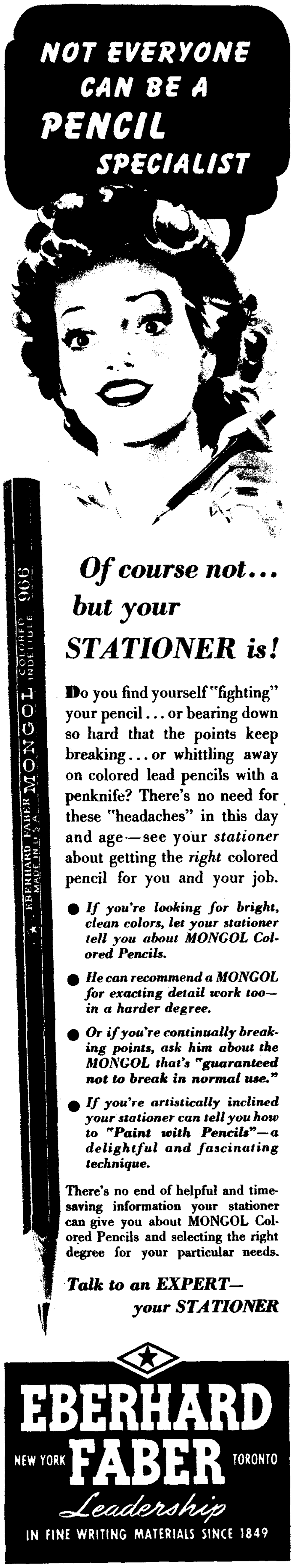

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these Sisters have been among the great victims of the war.

By its enemies, religion has been called a drug. It is a drug; and, furthermore, it is the only drug that will counteract the virus of hatred now flowing in the blood streams of men and nations. And these men and women of religion, whom I am meeting every day, labor in the midst of most discouraging circumstances, labor in fields that are parched and flinty, for a harvest of souls.

At the present time, neither civilian nor military planes are available for Turkey, so I took the Taurus Express from Aleppo to Istanbul, or rather to Scutari which is on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus.

The express was five hours late leaving Aleppo, but at last we were on our way. Once more, my formidable medical certificate stood me in good stead, for as soon as we had crossed the frontier from Syria into Turkey, a man with a long pin in his hand went from passenger to passenger, scarifying the skin of all those who could not produce a recent official vaccination certificate; then a small boy assistant rubbed a drop of vaccine into the abrasion.

This was the first *wagon-lit* train that I had been on for a good many years, and it recalled to mind my favorite European train, the Rome-Paris Express that I took around the middle of so many Decembers to enable me to reach Whitman for Christmas. In fact, this train was made up of the same cars that were formerly in operation from Rome to Paris.

The train ride afforded me the first opportunity of my trip to have time to read. For, short as the distance looks on the map and quick though the trip would be by air, it is a minimum of two days' train travel in each direction between Aleppo and Scutari. I read a book, some pamphlets that I have gathered and some American magazines and newspapers. I marvel that the newsmen over here keep the American public so accurately and thoroughly informed.

The express was due in Scutari Thursday night, May 13th, but it never arrives Thursday night. It generally reaches Scutari some time on Friday morning; but we did not get there until Friday afternoon, about fourteen hours late.

Turkey is in a very difficult position politically. Like every other country, she is concerned about her own interests. The whole Middle East presents very complicated problems. Every country is afraid of some other country. Turkey worries about both Germany and Russia; Syria and Lebanon worry about every country, and there are great numbers of people in the Middle East who no longer have any country. Turkey's policy over the years is to have Turkey for the Turks. It was to carry out this policy some few years ago that the great mass exchange of peoples took place between Turkey and Greece.

An Unexpected Meeting in Turkey

We reached Ankara, the modern capital of Turkey, late Thursday night. To my surprise, Mr. Laurence Steinhardt, the American ambassador to Turkey, and Mr. Kelley, the counselor of the Embassy, were at the station to meet me. We had a very pleasant visit for the half-hour that the train remained in the station; and with pleasure and gratitude I accepted Mr. Steinhardt's invitation to visit him and his wife in Ankara on my return from Istanbul. From Ankara we continued on to Scutari. En route, we passed close to Tarsus, the birthplace of Saint Paul, and we passed near the site of Caesar's famous victory over Pharnaces, where he uttered the famous expression: "I came, I saw, I conquered." We had a view of Gordium where Alexander the Great cut the Gordian Knot and near by were Nicaea and Chalcedon where the ancient councils of the Church were held, and where now there are hardly any Christians. Now and then I would stop reading, gaze out of the window and think back.

I did some thinking ahead, too, and the expression about Humpty Dumpty that had occurred to me in Palestine came to my mind again. Humpty Dumpty is not only broken and spattered, but he is charred by human greeds and hates. Injustice, poverty, disease and squalor are increasing and spreading in many ways. Cruelty is becoming normal, and sadism is as virulent and as contagious to the mind as typhus is to the body. Certainly, we must have a great faith in Faith, for only through that faith can we penetrate the mystery of life and death.

Formerly, statesmen tried for balances of power to keep peace among nations; now they have swung to the theory that monopolies of power and pressure are remedies and solutions. But, whatever the theory and practice, it would certainly be a mighty advance if human beings could regard other human beings, not as pawns in a game, but as individuals with sacred rights to life and liberty. It sounds like Utopia, and yet there would be enough of everything to go round if man could find a way in which to channel his efforts to construction instead of destruction.

Years ago, when I traveled in the Balkans, I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears about various factors that have made these countries a battleground for centuries. I think that the problems besetting the Balkans are not so difficult to adjust as are the clashes of interests in the Middle East.

We arrived in Scutari, which, as I said, is in Asia across the Bosporus from Istanbul, which is in Europe. Despite two days on the train, I have been on three continents in less than a week: Africa, Asia and Europe. The Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Roncalli, was at the station to meet me, together with the American consul, Mr. Berry. I was pleased to see also Monsignor Clarizio, whom I had met in Lisbon and who had traveled with me to Rome. I had known Monsignor Roncalli for many years, and it was good to see him again. We crossed on the ferry from Scutari to Istanbul, and then drove to the Delegation where I left my bag.

During my stay in Istanbul, I visited Mount Sinai Convent and also several churches. It is forbidden by Turkish law for any church to have an entrance directly on the street. Priests and nuns, with the exception of the Apostolic Delegate, are not permitted to wear religious garb outside of rectories, churches and convents. Naturally, as an American, I continued to wear mine.

On Sunday, May 16th, I preached brief sermons in English and Italian in the cathedral, which was filled to capacity and beyond it. On Sunday noon, all the prelates of Istanbul were present at a luncheon where I met two Armenians who had been in the university with me in Rome. That afternoon I left Istanbul on the boat for Scutari, to take the train to Ankara.

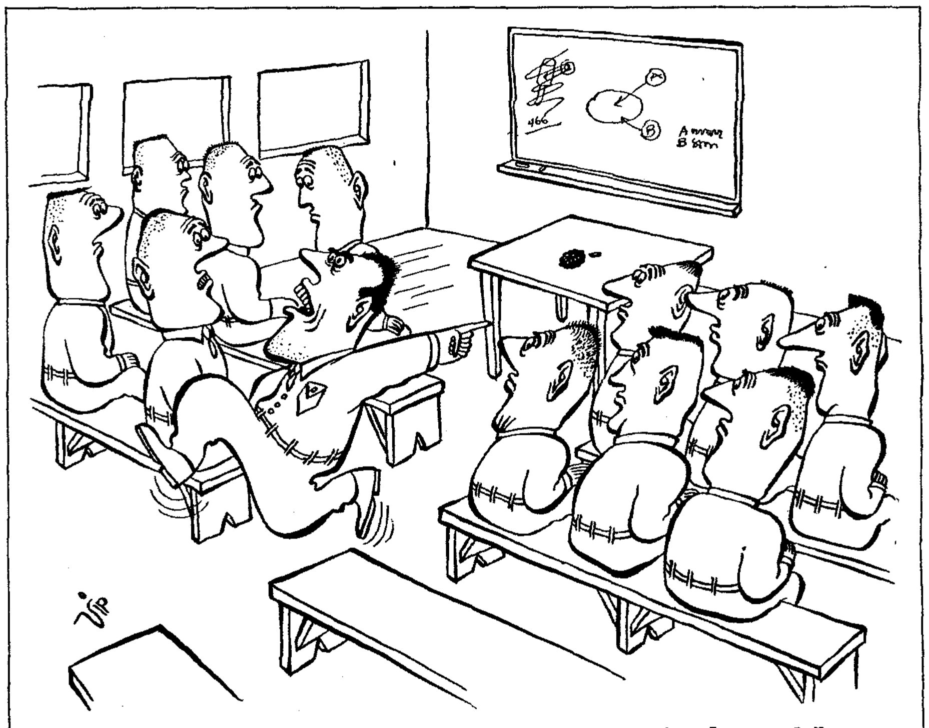
Reception at the Palace

In Ankara, President Ismet Inonu received me in his palace, a salmon-pink modern building on one of the city's hills. The ambassador was with me. One of the president's chief assistants, Mr. Sevki Berker and his secretary, Mr. Sureya Anderman, were with the president, and Mr. Anderman, who was a graduate of Columbia, acted as interpreter. President Inonu is a military man and was the commanding general of the Turkish army in the time of Ataturk. He is deliberate in speech, always thinking a moment before phrasing a question or giving an answer. All his inquiries I answered with frankness and to the best of my ability.

The president was dressed in formal clothes, and so were Mr. Steinhardt and the others. The protocol for reception by the president of Turkey is very strict concerning requirements for formal dress in audience. One of the embassy's staff had asked me what I would do about this, and I replied that both my formal and informal dress for every occasion were the clothes I had on, and that I was sure there would be no difficulty. And there wasn't.

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Steinhardt had the whole embassy staff and consulate, as well as the military attachés, present for dinner. Afterward, all were kind enough to come to the station and see me off. I shall now say goodby to Turkey and good night to you.

In the fifth installment, to be published next week, Archbishop Spellman continues his journey to visit American chaplains and American soldiers, and, after a stop in Iran, leaves Alexandria for the Kenya Colony, Uganda and the darker parts of Africa.



"And that, gentlemen, is how to pull the pin on a hand grenade"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

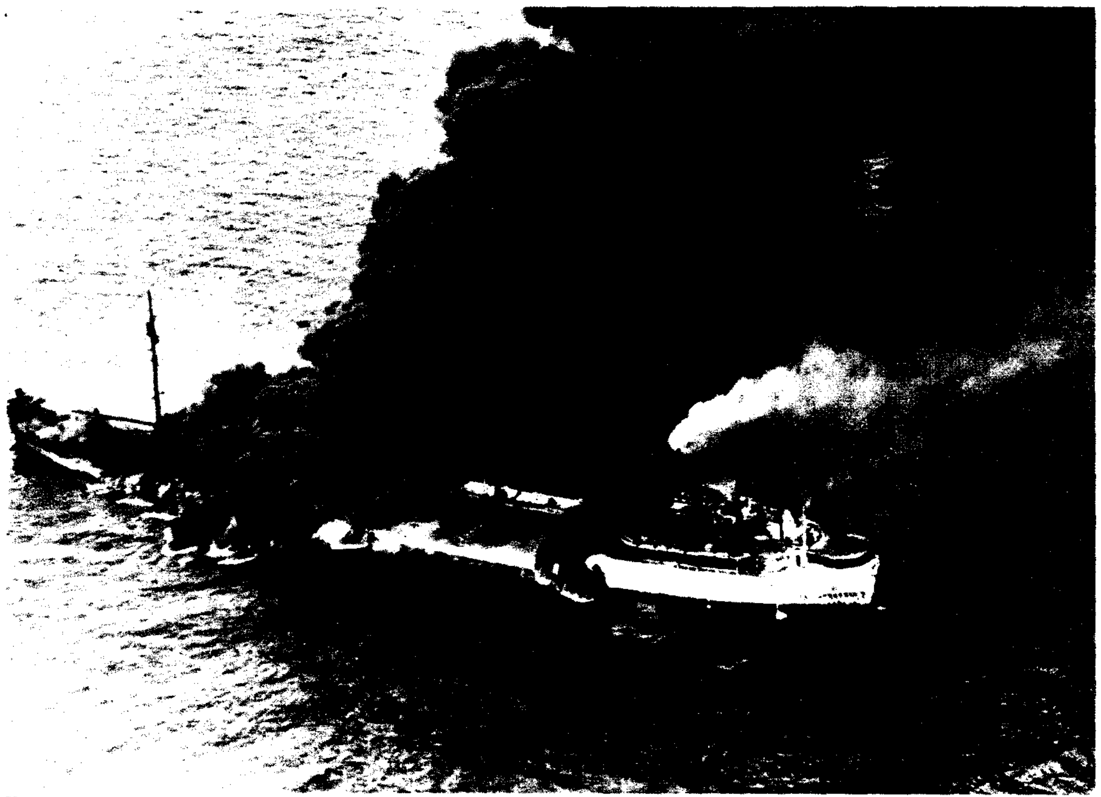
Idle words make busy subs!

1. IN MAINE A SHIPYARD WORKER SPOKE WITHOUT MUCH THOUGHT...(THE SHIP!).

2. IN FLORIDA A WAITER OVERHEARD SOME CARELESS TALK...(THE PORT!).

3. IN NEW YORK A SAILOR'S FRIEND GOT CONFIDENTIAL...(THE DATE!).

4. IN MICHIGAN AN OFFICE WORKER MADE A TOO-GOOD GUESS...(THE CARGO!).



5. AND A U-BOAT CAPTAIN EARNED AN IRON CROSS.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO—I. N. P.

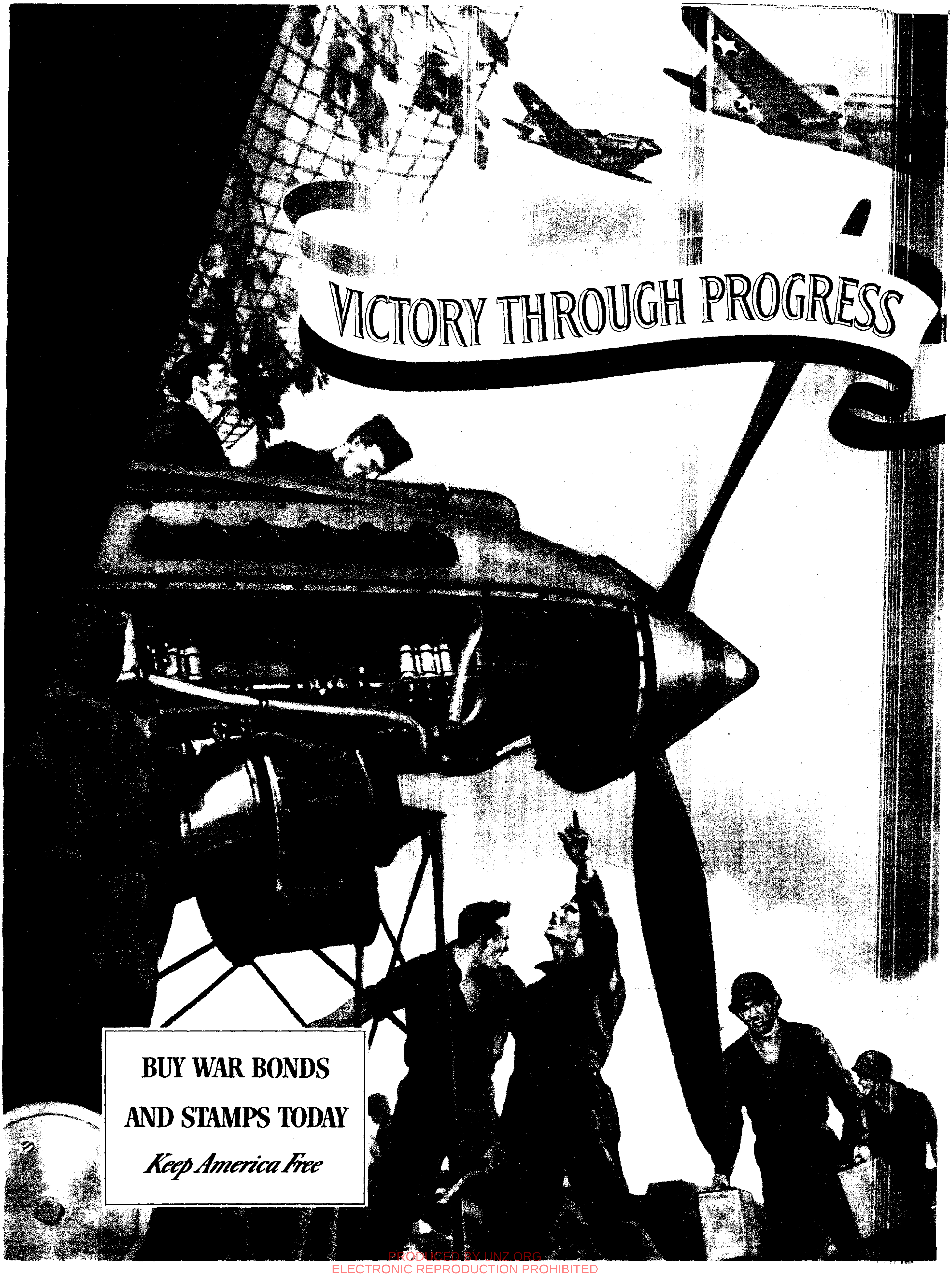
Remember, the enemy gathers most of its information in small quantities—little scraps of our careless talk—that can be pieced together into knowledge useful to them and dangerous to us. Help beat them with silence. Let our tanks do our talking.

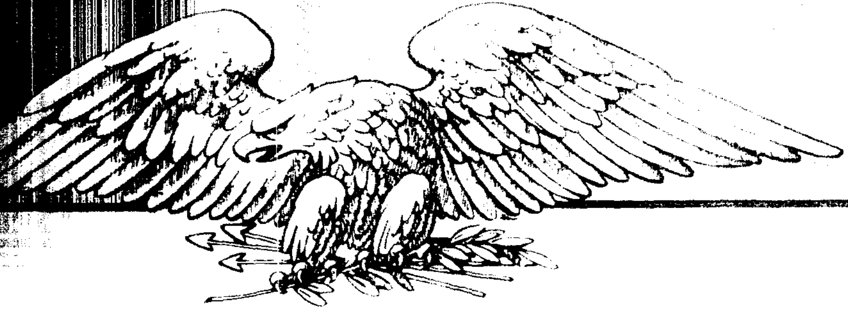
Idle Words Make Busy Subs!
Keep it under your STETSON
STETSON
KEEP IT UN

Stetson "Whippet"...bound edge, medium brim and a fine, medium tapered shape to the crown. Rich felt made light and springy by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt* process...$10.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keep it under your STETSON


VICTORY THROUGH PROGRESS
BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS TODAY
Keep America Free



SOMEBODY HAS TO "*keep 'em moving*"

MILITARY men long ago learned that it isn't the size of an army or the number of weapons that counts in battle, so much as the total of "effectives" available, among both men and machines.

So one of the major problems in winning victory is keeping complex battle equipment in good functioning trim despite inevitable damage and the toll of constant and grueling service.

At the start of the war, General Motors had a world-wide parts distribution system covering more than 100 countries. Amplifying this with new and improved methods of parts handling, it has placed invaluable help and experience at the command of the Army and Navy in keeping remote battle fronts supplied with vital replacement parts.

And by applying the lessons learned in developing efficient car-servicing organizations at home, it has cooperated with the armed forces in setting up a network of training schools where soldiers and sailors learn how to service GM-built war goods, and teach others to do likewise.

Thus General Motors follows its product virtually to the very front lines to help "keep 'em moving" with skillful servicing and good parts.

This illustrates the process by which General Motors "know-how" keeps its products up to Army and Navy standards and requirements, not only as to manufacture, but as to operation in the field. It is part of a wartime policy aimed at producing the most war goods of the highest merit with the most efficient use of available materials.

From such policy comes not only aid to speedier victory, but assurance of fresh progress once victory is won.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

PROGRESS THROUGH VICTORY

PORTIS HATS

You win admiration with a smart new Portis . . . splendidly fashioned of rich, luxurious felt—with exclusive *"Protek"* perspiration-proof interlining and "Swansback" water-repellent finish for *extra* wear . . . Styled in the Victory manner!

At the better stores everywhere

\$5 · \$5.50 · \$6.50 · \$7.50 · \$10

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO., CHICAGO

Hotel Berlin—1943

Continued from page 13

you say, it would be some sort of a decent exit—better than sitting in the lobby of this godforsaken hotel and playing solitaire and waiting for the final bomb to come down on it.

Look what we have here! he said to himself and turned his eyes toward the blacked-out revolving door. The alarm was still on and it was surprising that a guest should come in from the empty street. But the young flier who pushed through the door as if he were in a great hurry did not seem to be aware of the alarm at all. He marched up to the desk with a light, metallic clanking of his boots, a bit too rigid as if he were slightly drunk.

"Room with private bath—and don't tell me there's no hot water," he said to Ahlsen. He was very young, rather under middle size, and his waistline was small as a girl's. What drew the doctor's attention was his face; it would have been handsome in a childish, unfinished way but for the fact that his eyebrows and lashes were singed off and some whitish cream covered his left cheek and his chin. It made his face look obscenely naked and his eyes were polished to a bright glitter and yet were empty and almost white. With his left hand the young flier slapped his gloves impatiently against his boots; the right one was sloppily bandaged.

"MY DEEPEST regret, Herr Oberleutnant," said Ahlsen. "But alas, all rooms are taken. There is not an empty hotel room in all of Berlin, what with all the evacuees from the Ruhr—"

"Listen, you!" the flier said, leaning far over the desk and pushing his burned chin into Ahlsen's gray slick face. "I want a room with bath, you understand? I'm Oberleutnant Otto Kauders, in case you don't remember me. Now step on it."

Oberleutnant Otto Kauders had been mentioned in the papers for downing a great number of enemy planes. He was decorated with the Iron Cross. "Yes, Herr Oberleutnant. I'll see what can be done—at once," Ahlsen said, intimidated, while Kliebert, muttering greetings, came from his cubicle.

"Herr Oberleutnant had Number 36, third floor, the last time," said Schmidt, fishing the information from his unfailing memory. "Monsieur Rougier has it now, but we could put him in the monkey cage on the fifth—"

There was on each floor one completely graceless room, squeezed in between the elevator on one side and the men's toilet on the other; the hotel called them the monkey cages.

"There—that's better," Kauders said, pacified, as Ahlsen handed him the key and Schmidt picked up the small suitcase. He looked around with his glazed white eyes and whistled. "Say—what's the matter with this place?" he asked. "It's as dead as Tutankhamen's tomb."

"That's on account of the air raid," Ahlsen said.

"On account of *what?"*

"The air raid, sir."

Kauders opened his mouth to a wide gap and then he threw himself over the desk and began to laugh. Doctor Otternschlag left his corner and approached the desk, sizing up the young flier's condition. Shock, he thought; nerves shot to pieces but doesn't know it. They never know it. Heroes never know anything. "An air raid!" Kauders cried, sobbing with breathless laughter. "So that's what you call an air raid! Why don't you wrap your air raid in pink tissue paper so that I can take it back with me to where I come from!"

"Where, then, do you come from, Herr Oberleutnant?" Herr Kliebert asked respectfully.

"None of your business, Papi," the flier said rudely and stopped laughing. "But I can tell you one thing. Where I come from we have air raids that are air raids."

"It's not a raid; it's only an alarm," Ahlsen said. "We turned them back tonight."

"*You* did? Well, that's fine," Kauders said brusquely. "Bar open?" he asked the janitor. "Any girls around this hole? You know the one I mean—forgot her name—gay as a skylark—blond and oho," he said, molding some curves in the air.

"That's Fräulein Tilli, Herr Oberleutnant," Schmidt said as if Kauders had shown him a passport photo of her. "Sure, Herr Oberleutnant, she'll be around as soon as they come up from the shelter, Herr Oberleutnant."

"Tilli—that's it. Wonderful girl. The fun we had last time I was on leave!" Gesticulating, he hit his bandaged hand against the edge of the desk. "Damnation!" he swore, staring at the painful object as if surprised to find it still there.

THE doctor had once more arrived at the desk. "Let me take care of this, Herr Oberleutnant," he said. "Your bandage is coming off. I'm the doctor around here, but I'm expecting to be called into service any moment now. I was in the last war, as you can see by the souvenir they gave me. Does it hurt?"

"It's nothing," the flier said, but he turned white under his tan as the doctor loosened the bandage from the burns.

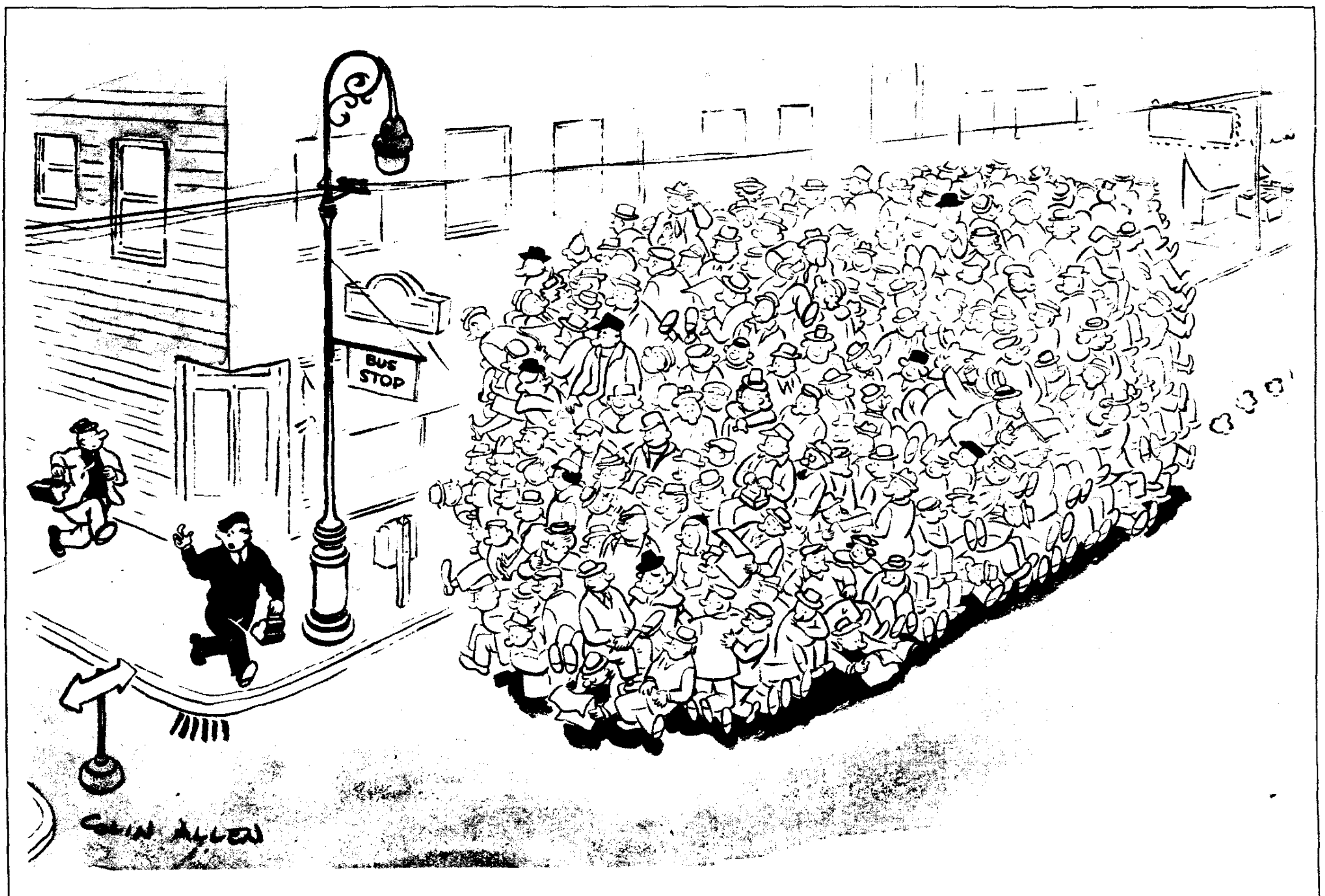
"Like some sedative? A sleeping powder perhaps, to get over it?"

"Sleeping powder—hell! I have no time to be sleepy. Three days leave! That's not much time, Doctor," he said and looked suddenly like a very small, very hungry boy—"I want to *live* these three days! Not sleep."

"Aren't you tired?" the doctor asked, with his fingers unobtrusively on the boy's pulse; it went irregularly, Tack, Tack, Tack,—Tchk.

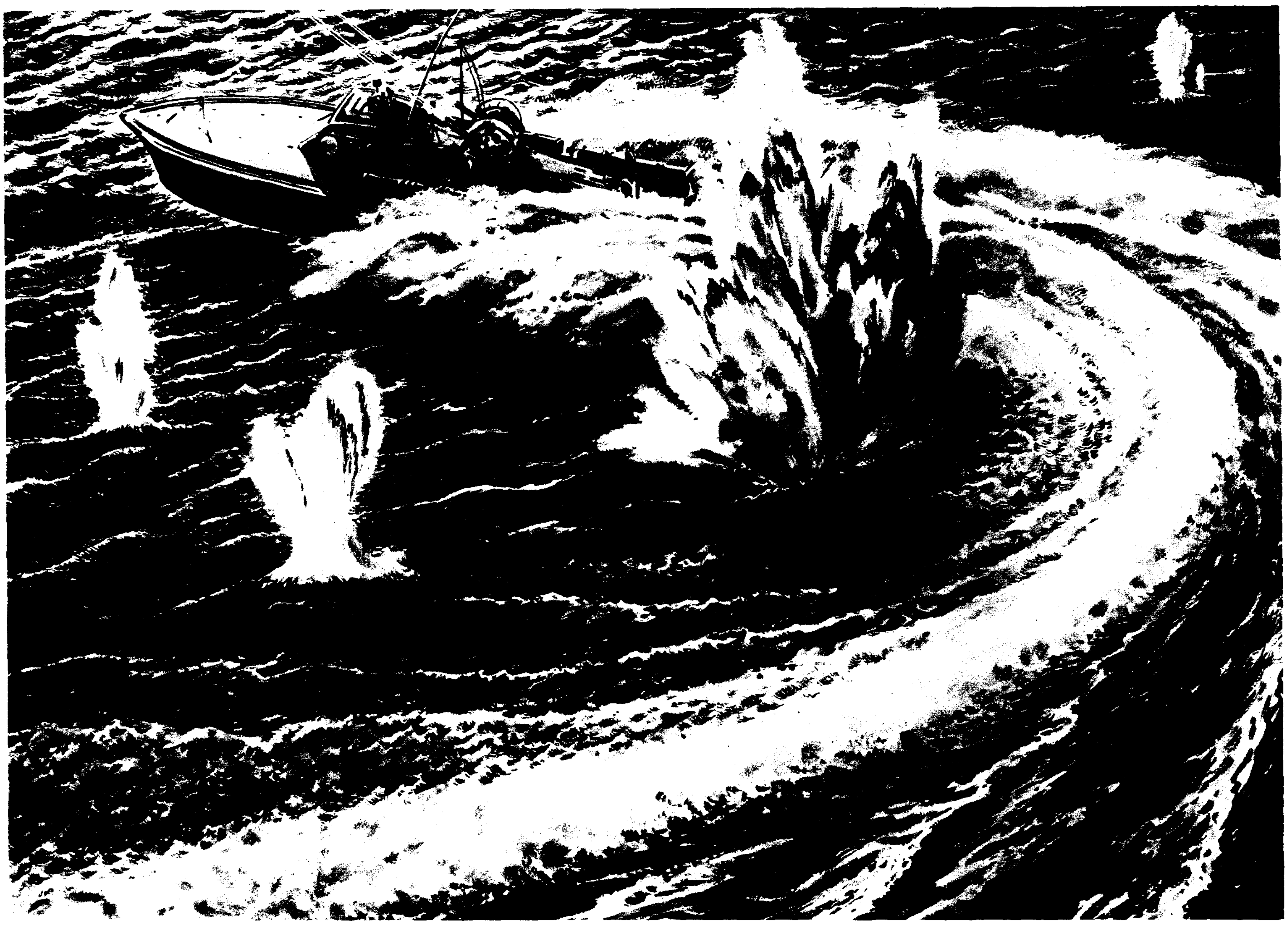
"Certainly I'm tired. Everyone is—at least everyone I know. Listen, doctor, I don't need a sedative. I need some Pervitine or something. I used up my ration."

"Well—" the doctor said, stalling. All these youngsters were given Pervitine, benzedrine, all sorts of drugs to keep them alert and aggressive during combat. Afterward came the deep depressions, the indigo moods, the bottomless fatigue. But



"Hurry, Hugo! Here's the bus!"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN



11 men against 500

The time: one night, not long ago. *The place:* somewhere in the South Pacific.

A U. S. Navy PT boat, out on patrol, sighted a column of seven Japanese warships. With engines muffled, the skipper stealthily slipped up to within 1200 yards of the leading ship—a light cruiser.

Then, rushing in for the kill, the tiny PT unleashed four torpedoes. Each deadly fish found its mark. The PT streaked into a tight U turn at full throttle and thundered out to sea again. And another Jap cruiser went to the bottom.

To the 11 men on this PT boat, going up against such terrific odds is all in the day's work. Fighting teams such as theirs, expertly trained in PT hit-and-run tactics, have been consistently rolling up David-and-Goliath box scores—not only in the South Pacific, but off the Aleutians, in the English Channel, along our own coasts, and in the Mediterranean. (*What a job they did at Messina!*)

And every daring PT exploit—every communique about another blasted enemy ship—is music to the ears of Packard men and women.

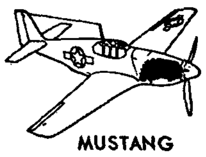
For these men and women build the Packard marine engines—marvels of power and precision—that give this lightning-fast seagoing slugger its incredible speed and maneuverability.

The kind of craftsmanship that goes into these Packard marine engines—and into Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines for the famous warplanes shown below—clearly points to even finer peacetime Packard cars. But that's talking future. Right now, we're sticking to the task of building better fighting engines, and more of them.

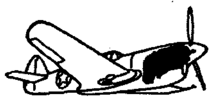
Ask The Man Who Owns One

PACKARD

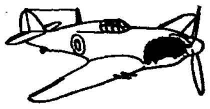
Precision-Built Power



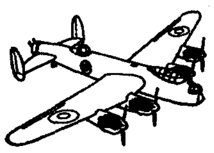
MUSTANG
fighter



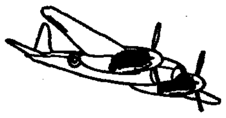
WARHAWK
fighter



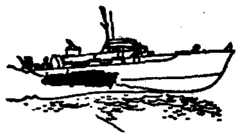
HURRICANE
fighter



LANCASTER
bomber



MOSQUITO
fighter-bomber



NAVY
PT boats

Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth

"Don't these guys ever eat anything but Baby Ruth?"

Well, Soldier, anywhere and anytime you do "fatigue" duty, you'll think the same . . .

Because wherever our fighters go, Baby Ruth goes too. And so do many other fine foods produced and packaged by Curtiss Candy Company.

Our big food plants are working day and night to keep pace with the demands of the Armed Forces . . . and the home front as well.

Active, hard-working people realize that Baby Ruth and Butterfinger are *great* candy bars, rich in dextrose sugar, providing real food energy to help folks fight fatigue, to carry on their work and play.

While we are not always able to keep all dealers supplied with Baby Ruth and Butterfinger, we promise you our best efforts to produce both the quantity you demand and the quality you expect of these great American Candy Bars.

**BUY U. S.
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**

When you don't find
BABY RUTH
on the candy counter, remember . . . Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • *Producers of Fine Foods* • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS who am I to spoil his three days' leave? the doctor thought as he poured a few white pills into the flier's sound hand. Suddenly Kauders straightened up; with one sharp reflex he braced up, left hand at the trouser seam, the bandaged right one clumsily saluting, heels clicking, eyes straight ahead. For, coming from the staircase and approaching the desk was the imposing figure of General Arnim von Dahnwitz, the Victor of Kharkov.

THE general carried himself with the ease of a well-trained athlete, which made him appear taller than he actually was; his head, completely shaved, rested on the crimson collar of his tunic and his face was lined and yet ageless. From his collar dangled the two highest decorations the country had to offer: the *Pour le mérite* from the last war and the Knight's Cross with Oak Leaf of the Third Reich. The faint little sound of the two decorations clicking together accompanied each of the general's movements.

In the arrogant, high arch of his right eye sat the monocle, as if it were part of his face. Kauders stared at it with envy. Secretly the young flier had tried to wear a monocle too, but the plebeian frame of his head did not lend itself to it and it had been a failure. To the general, on the other hand, the monocle had become a minor nuisance. His eyes had begun to go back on him since he had passed fifty, and looking at the world with one eye sharpened by the lens while the other saw everything blurred and vague, gave him occasional headaches and a generally distorted view of things. But only in the seclusion of his own room, when not even his aide was around, did the general permit himself the untidy comfort of a pair of eyeglasses. He would as soon have worn his bedroom slippers with his uniform as wear glasses in public. This was one little symptom of his daily fight not to give in. Not to let down. Not to admit even to himself that he was a tired, middle-aged man.

"Fräulein Dorn has not yet returned from the theater?" the general asked with an unexpectedly gentle voice, and Herr Kliebert, pushing Ahlsen aside, assured him eagerly that Fräulein Dorn hadn't returned yet, that in all probability she had been delayed by the alarm and that he would notify his excellency at once when Fräulein Dorn arrived.

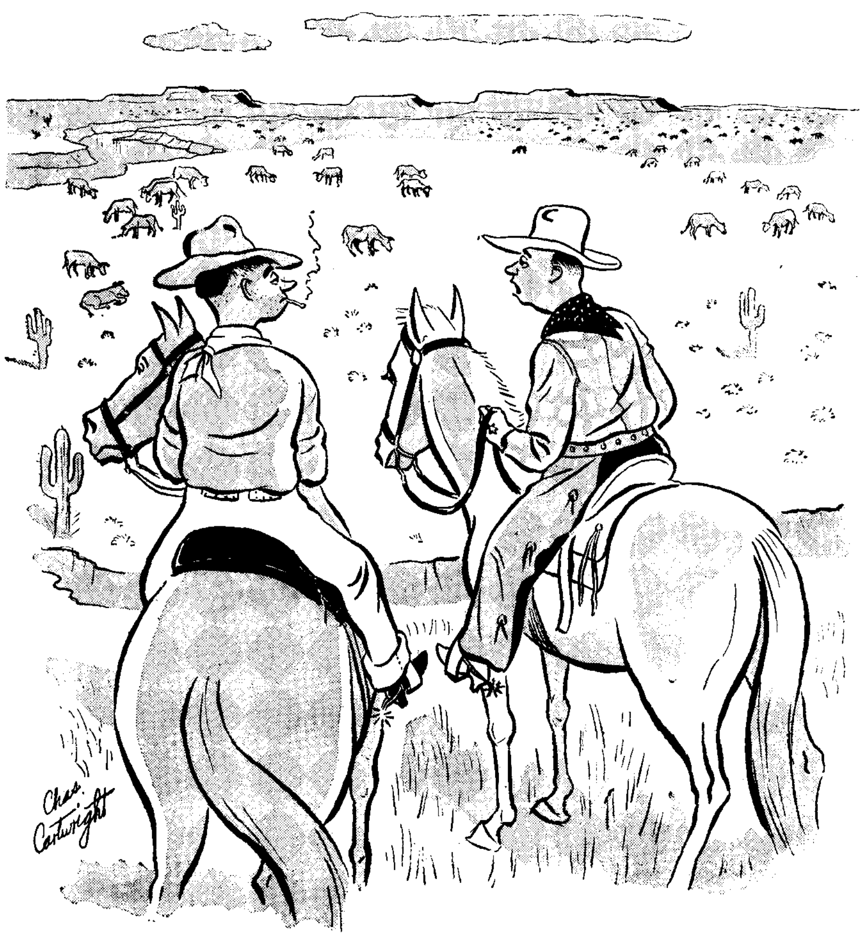
"Thank you. That's very good of you," the general said, scattering a few grains of charm around. "But don't tell her that I am here. It's a surprise, you understand?"

The general's gentle charm was proverbial in the army—except for the brief moments when he was overcome by attacks of a black, stormy anger which left him and everyone around him weak and trembling. "It's the Tatar in him," his mother used to say, referring to the marriage of a certain Joachim von Dahnwitz who had been ambassador to the Russian court from 1765 to 1772 and had brought a Russian wife back home to the Dahnwitz estate of Elgede near Hannover. Actually, there was something Mongolian in the shape of the general's round skull, the slant of his eyes, the sensual pleasure he took in women, his passion for horses and the spasmodic outbreaks of his dark, tempestuous anger; but it was all chained down and sharply controlled by the inheritance of his North German ancestors, by the laws of his caste and the unrelenting strictness of his upbringing.

TURNING away from the desk the general discovered the young flier, still saluting rigidly. "At ease, Oberleutnant," he said, raising two slack fingers to his cap, and Kauders relaxed respectfully and reported his name, rank and troop.

"Jagdstaffel Luetzow? Did you happen to know my son, Captain von Dahnwitz?" the general asked. At which Kauders replied that he had indeed known the captain and had had the honor of making a few sorties with him as leader. He was, however, slightly taken aback by the general's question. The mentioning of dead fliers was taboo and he wondered why the general had broken the rules.

"Yes, Arnim was a fine boy. Well, he did no more than his duty," the general said in the prescribed tone of voice. "No



COLLIER'S "Remember the good old days when we used to ride the range in a station wagon?" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

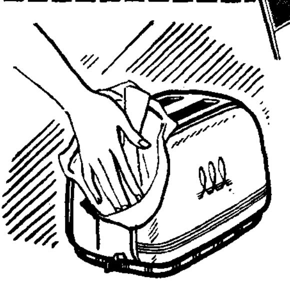
"OF COURSE THEY'RE ONLY LENDING IT"

Perhaps doting parents conditionally surrendered *their* priceless *Toastmaster* toaster. Anyway . . . here's to a shipshape breakfast nook, with the toast-galley popping up the perfect slices—and no watching, turning, or burning!

Toastmaster toast makes breakfasts heartier, as well as more appetizing. It's bread in its most digestible form; a favorite "breakfast cereal," rich in protein and carbohydrate. And what a touch it adds to *other* meals—as an ideal extender of scarce or rationed foods. Serve them on toast!

Naturally, you can't buy such a luxury as a new *Toastmaster* toaster now. Today our factory is a *war* factory—proudly flying the Army-Navy "E." . . . Also, today, *War Bonds* are a better buy than the finest toaster ever made!

ARMY E NAVY



SIMPLE CARE . . . FOR YEARS OF WEAR

Even a long-enduring *Toastmaster** toaster lasts longer and toasts better if well treated. Remove crumbs often. Don't risk damaging the heating elements by prying inside with a fork. Don't jerk the cord or coil it around the toaster while hot. Oil occasionally, unless you have one of our latest models. And see your dealer for repairs.

TOASTMASTER *Toasters*
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An "Apple" shape Kaywoodie, $3.50.

"I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

I can't imagine how things would be if I didn't have my Kaywoodie Pipe.

As I sit and watch the smoke curl upwards, I bless the smell of it—a fragrance rare and fine, not sweet and not strong either.

I never had the same taste from other pipes, even when I use the same tobacco.

There are pictures in the smoke—of home, of girls I've known and places I've been. It's a big help.

I think how the briar in this pipe—from the Mediterranean—is older than I am. It always stays good-tempered and mild. If I were going to choose another pipe, I'd certainly pick another Kaywoodie—there's sweetness and flavor in the wood.

Kaywoodie Co., New York and London

In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

BUY
WAR
BONDS

more than his duty. I see that you got wounded."

"It's nothing. A few blisters, Herr General."

"And where did you get these blisters?"

"Over Muelheim. My plane caught fire and I had to bail out, Herr General."

The general was not listening. He kept his glance on the revolving door through which Lisa Dorn was to enter any moment now. The impatience with which he waited for her, sweet and painful, made him feel very young.

"Well, there goes the 'All Clear'," he said. "Good hunting, Oberleutnant Kauders."

All of a sudden the lobby came to life and was a bright, glamorous, elegant place again. The lights were turned on, people streamed back from the shelter, chatting and laughing. Telephones rang and the radio played the Einzugsmarsch from Tannhäuser, pageboys in their impractical sky-blue uniforms flitted to and fro and the desk was in a lather of activity. The sign "Closed" disappeared from the high double doors to the bar which swung open and let a volley of thirsty customers in. There were uniforms of every description—not only the grayish-green of the Germans, but also French and Italian and even Spanish ones, not to mention the all-too-decorative get-up of the Rumanian Military Mission and the sober field gray of a lonely Finnish brigadier general. In great part the crowd consisted of members of the Central European Trade Commission in whose honor a reception was being given tonight. There were ladies too, some very pretty and very smartly dressed and some heavy, ugly, the stamp *hausfrâu* indelibly imprinted upon them. The heaviest, fattest, shrillest, most overdressed one was Frau Plottke, wife of Gauleiter Heinrich Plottke. Plottke himself, an obnoxious fellow with rust-colored hair, eyes, and freckles, his soft, flabby flesh stuffed tightly into a brown SA uniform, had buttonholed Mynheer Vanderstraaten who represented the Vanderstraaten Commerz Bank in Amsterdam. Plottke did not like his wife; nobody did. But she belonged to the early guard of fawning Hitler admirers—the sort of females to whom the old Party horses referred as the Varicose Vein Brigade—and therefore she had the Fuehrer's ear and was useful to be married to.

"Are you staying in town tonight?" asked Gestapo Commissar Joachim Helm in passing him; he was thin-lipped, baldheaded, tall and soft-spoken, a permanent smile fixed on his face.

"I planned to drive out to Karinsee and stay there over Sunday; why?"

"I recommend that you stay in Berlin. I have to see you tomorrow at eleven-fifteen."

AND who are you to give me orders? Plottke thought angrily but did not have the nerve to say it aloud. Helm scanned his furious face with obvious scorn and walked away from him toward Baron von Stetten.

"I'll take care of Plottke for you if you can arrange the affair Dahnwitz satisfactorily," Helm muttered without stopping as he went on toward the stairs.

Baron von Stetten, the host of the evening, slim and smart in the gray Foreign Office uniform with the swanky white lapels, wandered from one of his guests to the other, urging them to return to the banquet room. He was responsible for the success of the reception and it was a stroke of ill luck that it had been interrupted by the alarm.

"Ah, here you are, Dahnwitz," he said as he perceived the general hovering near the revolving door. "How is your toothache now?"

"Thanks. Fischer opened the abscess this afternoon—he said it was high time. Our dentist at headquarters seems to have bungled the job from A to Z. It's ridiculous to have to leave the front for such nonsense—but then, generals with toothaches don't win battles."

"Napoleon did," said Plottke who put his foot in his mouth whenever he opened it.

"Don't forget that I must see you after the reception," said Stetten and flitted on. I wonder if he really left the front on account of this silly toothache of his; or if he knows what's in store for him and feels safer in Berlin . . . ? he thought, frowning at the unpleasant task before him.

THERE came a blast of trumpets from the loud-speaker of the radio. They snapped to attention and automatically raised their right arms in abrupt unison. The voice of the radio announcer fervently demanded attention for a special communiqué. The guests at the reception stopped on their way to the banquet hall, the chatter and talk subsided. The pageboys froze in their tracks and the old French waiter, Gaston, balancing a tray with bottles and glasses high overhead, became motionless like a figure in a halted film. "Attention, please. Attention for a special communiqué from our Eastern Front," the radio commanded.

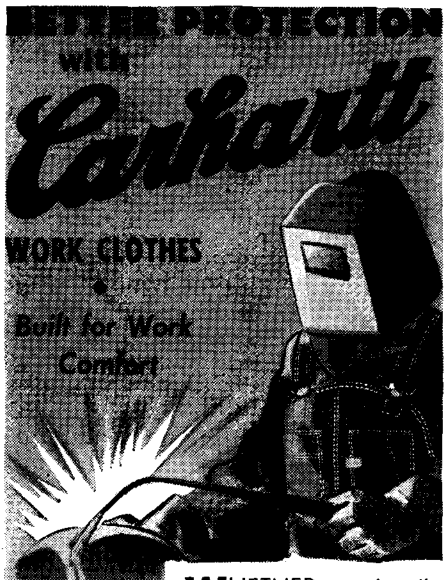
Everybody stood at attention and listened, their bodies drawn up rigidly but their faces rather apathetic. There were exceptions, of course; Gauleiter Plottke listened with ostentatious rapture and Assistant Clerk Ahlsen pushed out a determined chin, his eyes filled with loyalty for this victorious Third Reich. Some of the foreign guests, too, exhibited signs of enthusiasm. Maybe they did not dare not to exhibit them. As the communiqué ended, there came another fanfare of trumpets and the radio burst into the Horst Wessel song. All right arms flew up in the Hitler salute and all faces turned automatically to the Fuehrer's picture while three staccato *Sieg-Heils* were dutifully pronounced. After that the radio went into *Deutschland über Alles*, verse after verse, and the people had to listen, respectfully, uncomfortably, as people listen to national anthems all over the world.

It was at that moment, while the crowd in the lobby were still frozen in their poses like the chorus at the curtain of a musical comedy, that Lisa Dorn was blown in through the revolving door.

She was very young and very beautiful and it was no wonder the whole country was in love with her. Her forehead was smooth, delicately rounded, leaving a wide space between her blond eyebrows that always seemed to express surprise. Her hair was the color of freshly hewn pinewood; her eyelashes, too, were very light; it was a face such as the innocent, primitive Rhenish masters of the fifteenth century gave to their childlike and capricious Madonnas.

Lisa's body was small and so weightless that she always seemed to be blown by a gust of wind. Being an actress, and a very good actress at that, she was aware of this effect and emphasized it with every trick at her command. Right now her smallness was accentuated by the massive body and heavy leonine head of a white-haired man who had entered behind her and now let his watery blue eyes pass with a trace of irony over the people and their raised arms. This was Johannes Koenig, the poet.

Lisa Dorn, measuring with quick perception the scene into which she had blown, stood arrested, lifting up her hand which looked very small and helpless and fastening her eyes adoringly upon the Fuehrer's picture. It was the pose she had used in the fade-outs of several movies and she fell into it quite naturally. But even before she did so, her surprised glance had picked out the general among the



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crowd and she had given him a swift, gleaming shooting star of a smile.

Dahnwitz had been the first to notice her entrance, for which, indeed, he had waited with so much impatience. He began to edge toward her and with the last strains of the anthem he had come to stand almost behind her.

"Good evening, child. Good evening, my love," he whispered.

"Oh, Arnim! What a surprise! You should feel my heart. It goes like the big drum in a circus. Boom-boom-boom. When did you arrive? Why are you here?"

"I wanted to see you. I haven't seen you for more than two months. That's too long for any man."

"Nonsense, Arnim. And who takes care of your war while you're here?"

"The war takes care of itself."

The radio finished with another burst of trumpets and then glided abruptly into a waltz. The arms came down, the marionettes moved again. Gaston, the old waiter, proceeded with his tray balanced on his fingertips. Near the potted palm that Herr Kliebert had placed over a hole in the carpet he brushed past another old Frenchman; this was Philippe, the cellar master. The big key to the wine cellar was tied on a chain around his neck and he was carrying a bottle of Burgundy in a cradle toward a table in the background. In passing, the two old men exchanged a few words in French.

"Everything in order in your cellar, *mon vieux?*"

"Perfectly."

"Nobody trying to break in?"

"Nobody. The cellar is safe—so far." "*Bon, très bon.*" And old Gaston went on with his tray.

"I LEAVE you the center of the stage," whispered Johannes Koenig to Lisa and set a course toward the table, his table, where Philippe deposited the Burgundy. Lisa, with her inborn sense of the dramatic, played her next little scene with the general, leaning against the Venetian fountain in the center of the lobby, with the crowd surging around her, smiling at her, curiously watching her; they almost applauded.

"You look even lovelier than I remembered you, child," the general said, kissing her hand. "Yes, lovelier." He had a habit of repeating points he wanted to drive home, a habit acquired through the lifelong necessity of impressing upon his staff important details in orders.

"You like me in this outfit? I bought it in Paris," said Lisa, sketching a little pirouette and flipping the skirt of the silver-gray Shantung suit; she always wore silvery colors, fine, misty shades that enhanced the pastel quality of her beauty. "Oh, Arnim, it's wonderful to have you here," she said. "I worry so much about you. Sometimes I worry so that I can't sleep all night long. Tell me—is it dangerous for you?" But she did not look at all worried.

THE general smiled down at her. With Lisa at his side he always felt a few inches taller than otherwise, which was a most pleasant and flattering sensation. Lisa, for her part, was keenly conscious of the effect she made in the general's company. It gave her a very good entrance and made her look and feel twice as small and helpless as usual. She also knew that it was this very helplessness of her person, the contrast to the sturdy, cowlike quality bred and drilled into the average Nazi woman, that made everyone love her. To be loved by everyone was as necessary to her as air and light. She put her arm through his and pulled him away from the crowd.

"Dangerous? No, child," the general said. "All the world knows that generals die in bed."

"In *whose* bed?" she asked with a quick, mischievous urchin's grin. Suddenly she dropped her gaiety completely and summoned up a sad, wide-eyed expression. "Oh, Arnim," she said softly. "I was so unhappy when I heard about your son. I wrote you a letter—and then I didn't send it. Words are such poor little things, aren't they? But you must know how I felt—you do know, don't you?" Without any effort the tears had sprung to her eyes and her lower lip quivered a little. The general saw it with horror; to see Lisa cry made him feel like a lump of butter on a hot stove.

"Don't let's talk about it," he said, very Prussian. "He did his duty. That's all. Only his duty."

The crowd around them began pressing closer; on its periphery there was a fringe of reporters, foreign correspondents and press photographers, cynics all of them. "Why isn't the general at the front just when our offensive begins rolling?" Plottke asked Helm.

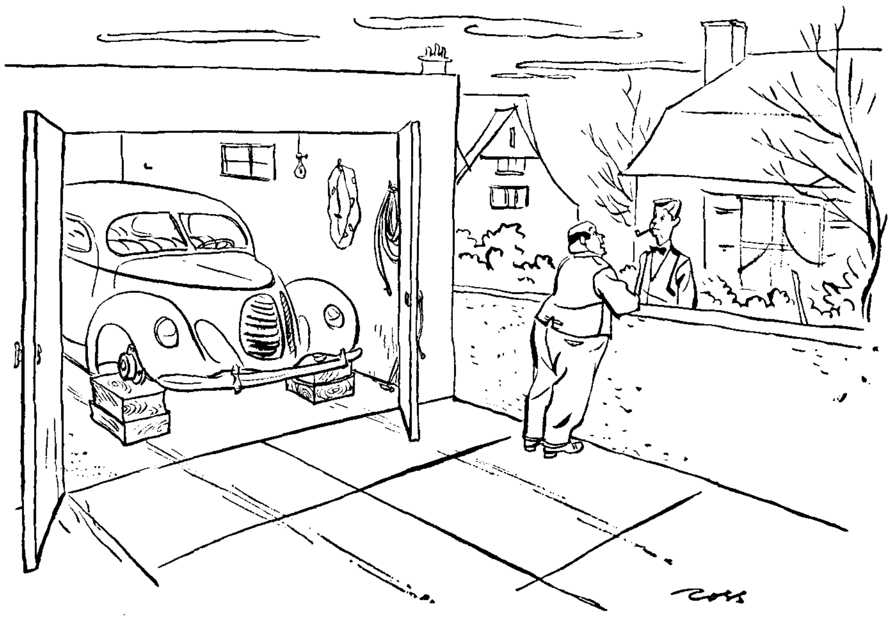
"He has a toothache," Helm answered with open scorn.

"It is said that people can die of a toothache," Plottke said conversationally.

"Yes; especially generals. But Gauleiters are susceptible to all sorts of ailments too," Helm said and walked away.

"Hello, Schnucki—" a voice said to Plottke as he was still glaring at Helm's receding black uniform. He turned around and faced the girl who was plucking at his sleeve.

This was Tilli. This was the gayest of



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the gay butterflies who hung around the bar and lounged in the lobby of the Hotel Berlin. She was not quite as young as she tried to appear and her prettiness was a bit too obvious. Tilli had sex on tap and could turn it off and on at will. She turned it on now for Heinrich Plottke. "Schnucki," she whispered, letting a warm wave of perfume sweep over him. "You didn't forget your little girl, did you?"

"'l Hitler," Plottke said with an officious flip of his hand to his shoulder. "How do?"

"How do you like my new hair-do, Schnucki?" she asked, lifting her arms and crossing her hands at the back of her head, odalisque fashion. The movement brought her breasts directly under the Gauleiter's eyes.

"This is hardly the place and time to tell you," he said; she watched the blood bring a flush to the yellow sick-looking fat of his cheeks.

"How about the thing you promised me?" she said, giving him her best smile.

"I didn't promise you anything."

"Oh yes, you did. You promised to get me new shoes; it's urgent. I need them, and you know it."

"Oh—that," the Gauleiter said. "Well, I've other worries than to think of your shoes."

"Oh, you have, have you?" Tilli said, getting ugly. "Well, if the Herr Gauleiter had to run around with no soles on his last pair of shoes he wouldn't forget. Listen, you," she said, getting angrier and angrier, "you've stalled about these shoes now for six weeks and I'm fed up with it. I need new shoes and you're going to get me some."

PLOTTKE, too, got angry now. "The nerve," he said. "If you were working in a factory, as is the duty of every patriotic German woman, you wouldn't ask for the sort of shoes you need for the sort of life you're leading—"

"Look here, Schnucki," Tilli said sweetly. "Do you want me to make trouble for you with your wife? I can go over right now and tell her a thing or two."

"Go on, go and make trouble," the Gauleiter said and the yellow fat on his cheeks quivered with suppressed fury. "Go and make trouble for me. And then wait and see what sort of trouble I'll make for you."

At which Tilli crumbled and shrank and said no more. Where will I get shoes now? she thought in despair. Maybe Helm would get me some. Next time he needs some little information from me I won't take money for it, I'll demand new shoes. For Tilli the whole world had been blotted out by the urgent necessity for a pair of shoes. Let there be war, let there be an offensive in Russia, let Sicily be invaded, the Ruhr bombed to pieces—it didn't concern her. What concerned her and hurt her and tortured her were those sloppy old shoes of hers whose soles she would soon have to tie to her feet with paper string if she couldn't get a new pair.

"Hurrah, I found you! I bet a month's wages with myself that I'd find you, and I've won!" somebody shouted at her. She turned around and encountered the young flier, slobbering at her like a hungry dog—or so, at least, she phrased it to herself. But she put two fingers to her forehead in a smart salute, her humorous way of greeting all officers. "Hurrah, Schnucki is back from the war! How are you, Schnucki!" she cried gaily. Calling all males Schnucki simplified her life and protected her against embarrassing slips.

"You remember me, don't you? Didn't we have fun last time; didn't we just!"

"Do I remember you! Why, I thought of you day and night, Schnucki!" cried Tilli who did not remember him at all. "Did we have fun! Boy, oh boy, did we have fun!"

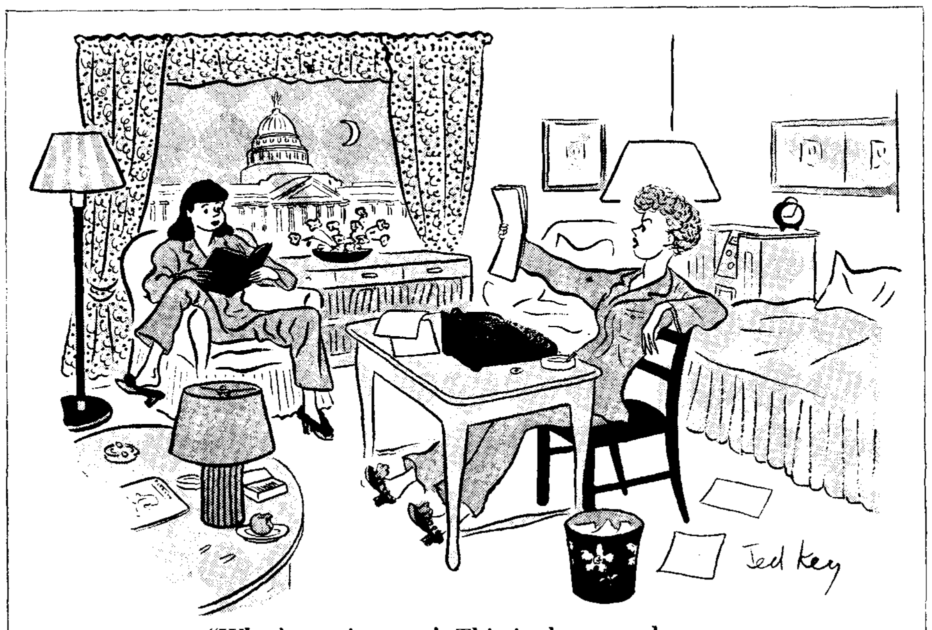
"But that's nothing to the fun we're going to have tonight, my girl. I've got it all briefed and you'll be surprised at the fireworks I have in store for you!"

"At your command, Oberleutnant," Tilli said, saluting again. "Let's begin with a drink at the bar, no?"

"Suggestion accepted," Kauders said with a Prussian snap in his squashy Saxonian voice. The little pills had pepped him up considerably, but also had increased his sensibility and he could feel his burns.

"Who's that dame they're making all the fuss about?" he asked, coming up against a wall of people, all turned toward the girl in the center.

"That? That's her. Lisa Dorn," Tilli said bitterly. She was jealous of Lisa and for many good reasons. Because Lisa was as young as she would have liked to be; because Lisa Dorn had success and money and influential friends and all the advantages that the right connections could get you in this Third Reich. Lisa Dorn could go to Paris with a *billet de couturier* and buy herself all the new creations she wanted, while Tilli had to change and patch and fix her two old dresses over and over. Lisa Dorn had all the cigarettes she wanted and all the food, even milk and oranges and tomatoes, to keep her skin fresh and her hair shining. While Tilli had to paste bad grease paint over her gray, anemic, vitamin-hungry skin and to struggle with her bleached hair that was brittle for lack of nutrition. But most bitterly did Tilli hate Lisa Dorn because Lisa had all the shoes she might ever want and did not have to lie sleep-



COLLIER'S

"What's got into me! This is the second personal letter I've written in triplicate today!"

TED KEY

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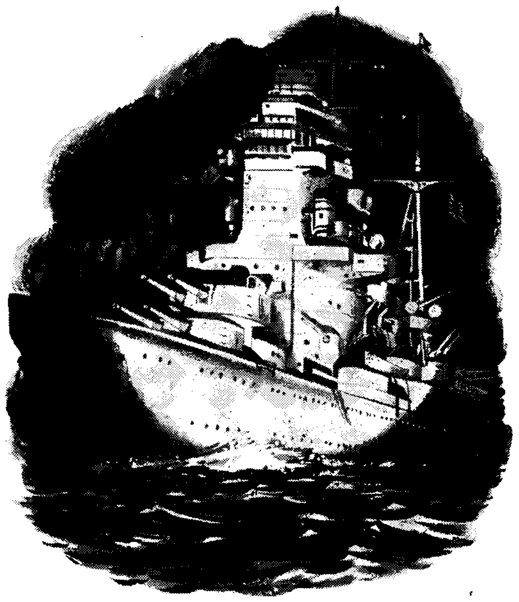

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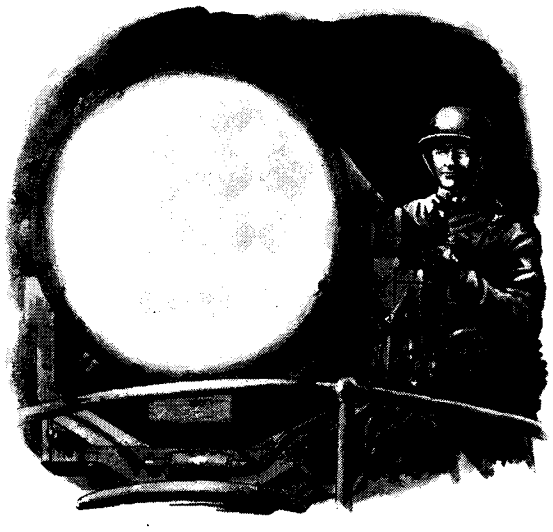

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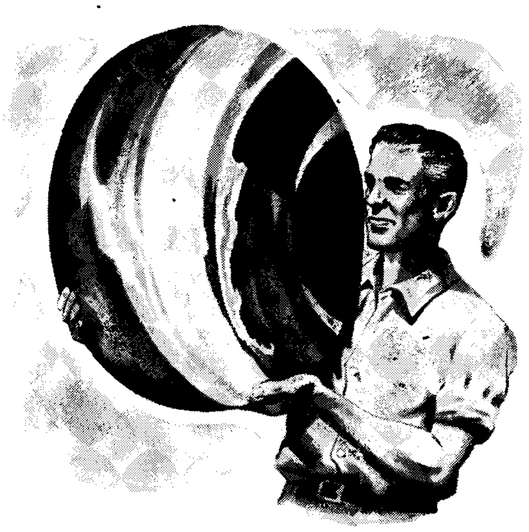

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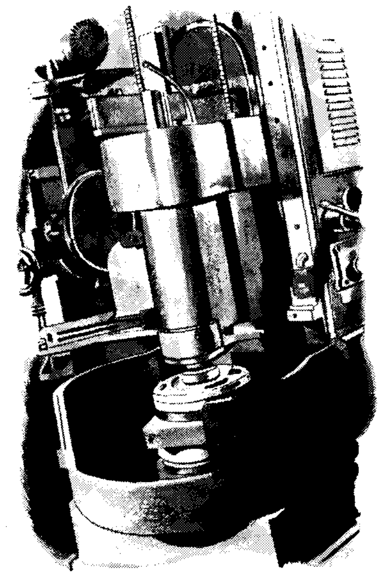

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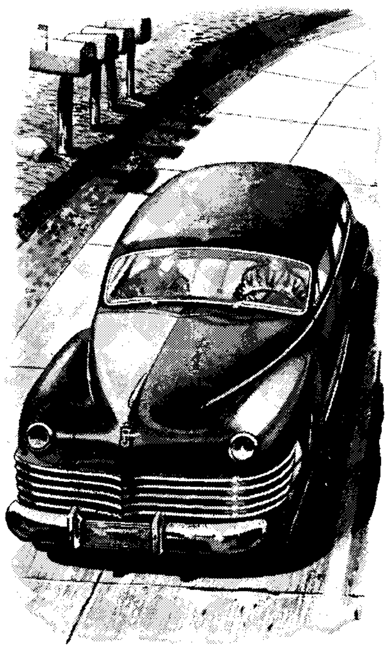

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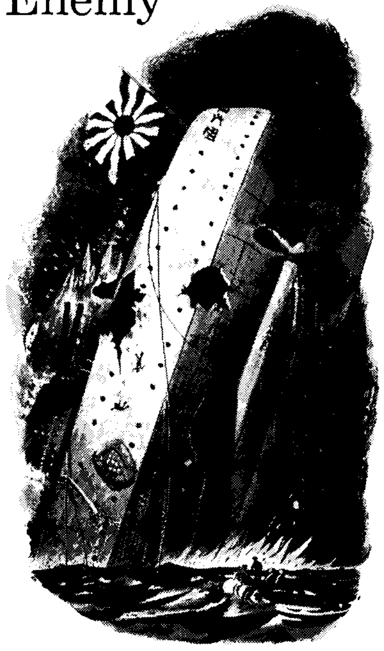

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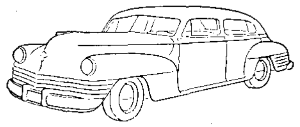

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less at night, thinking up complicated and humiliating schemes for getting one pair—just one single pair—of decent shoes.

"Really? The star? The one and only Lisa Dorn? Just imagine! I'd like to meet her," the oberleutnant said, his schoolboy's heart deeply impressed.

"She wouldn't even look at you, Schatzi; she likes old men, can't you see? Old men and rich men and men high up in the Party who can give her anything she wants. As for me, I like them young."

"WHAT did you say?" asked the oberleutnant. He was staring fascinatedly at the actress.

"I said give me a young flier any day, Schnucki, a sweet one like you," Tilli said, snuggling up to him. He shook off her soft, clinging curves and cut his way through the crowd until he arrived at the general's side. Dahnwitz met the imploring glance of the flier's glassy eyes and decided to be magnanimous.

"My dear, may I present Oberleutnant Kauders. He was a comrade of Arnim," he introduced him, and Kauders bowed from the waist and clicked his heels.

"I'm delighted, Oberleutnant Kauders," said Lisa and gave him the morale-building smile reserved for her tours to camps and hospitals. She held out her hand and he grasped it; a joyful little tingling went through him, and feeling very much of a Don Juan he bent down and kissed that famous, small, warm hand.

"You are on leave, Oberleutnant?"

"Yes; for three days; not much but better than nothing."

"Oh, I'm certain you can do a lot of mischief in three days," she said.

"You bet, Fräulein," he answered.

Wait till I tell the boys that I met Lisa Dorn, Kauders thought elatedly. He had the definite impression that he had made a conquest. Sometimes he felt like that. That he could have any woman he wanted. Especially after a few drinks and a few of the little white pills he felt like that.

The eddy of people around Lisa receded slowly as von Stetten urged his guests back into the banquet room.

"Won't you join us, Lisa?" he asked her with perfunctory politeness. Actually this was an official reception and he didn't want pretty actresses around; she would only distract the men's minds and make the women jealous. He felt relieved when she answered: "No, thank you, Baron. I had promised myself a nice, quiet evening. I still have to study my part for tomorrow's rehearsal. Merchant of Venice."

"May I call you up after the reception, then?" Dahnwitz asked formally. "This is a confounded nuisance, but orders are orders. Stetten insists that I stay to the bitter end."

He bent over her hand to kiss it and she looked down at his sunburned neck with its network of fine wrinkles. A few minutes before she had looked down at the smooth skin of the young flier. Funny —she thought all of a sudden. I don't know any young men. I've never been kissed by a young man. I suppose young men are crude and stupid.

"I'm afraid after the reception it will be too late and we will be tired—both of us. Till tomorrow then," she heard herself say and her eyebrows went up in surprise at her own words. The general clicked his heels and Lisa gave him an apologetic smile, blew a kiss to Johannes Koenig who had settled down behind his Burgundy bottle, and went up the stairs.

IT WAS twenty minutes to nine; the Gypsy band was playing in the banquet room, the champagne bottles popped, the Central European Trade Commission toasted the New Order, the glorious future of Europe and the ties of friendship that linked their countries to the Third Reich. The people in the Hotel Berlin, this crude, flashy new aristocracy of Hitler's creation, were well-fed, well-dressed, well-behaved. But outside there was a town full of desperate, tired, exhausted people, people with gray faces, decaying teeth, minds poisoned by worry and fear and hatred. Outside of this island of purposeful lies and pretensions, there was sheer, naked misery everywhere; all over the country, all over Europe. There was confusion, panic, terror and the taste of doom, everywhere. But in the Hotel Berlin they ate their last reserves of *pâté de foie gras* and washed it down with champagne, the Hungarian Gypsy band fiddled and the Fuehrer's picture looked heroically down from the crumbling wall.

And in the wine cellar, crouching behind the iron door Philippe had locked with his big cellar master's key, Martin Richter was hiding—the student who had escaped from the Gestapo the day before his execution was to have taken place. . . .

It was cold down there, and the carefully prepared chill that hung under the high vaults poured shudder after shudder down Martin's back. For a while he concentrated his mind on fixing a certain address in his memory. Rittergasse 39, Berlin N, second stairway, fourth floor, apartment 78. Ask for Walter. Rittergasse 39, Berlin N, second stairway, fourth floor, apartment 78. Ask for Walter. That was the address the two old Frenchmen had told him to remember; that's where he was to go in the morning.

"You're safe down here now; tomorrow morning we'll smuggle you out on the garbage truck and Walter will help you on from there. The route is well organized; we never had anything go wrong. You're safe now."

Martin did not believe in safety and he hardly cared for it. Safety, after all, was something very relative and unimportant. It was not fear for his own safety that made his teeth chatter and his back tremble with chills. They did not break me, he thought, and there was a great, bitter pride in it. He crouched down in the corner next to the door again and waited for morning. . . .

IMMEDIATELY on his arrival that afternoon, the general had bought the last bunch of roses from the florist in the lobby and sent them to Lisa's room. Their scent, a little acrid and tired by now, leaped up to meet her from the dark as she opened the door. She put down her handbag, switched on the light and took their heavy, nodding heads in her hands. "Poor darlings," she said to the flowers. "You poor darlings, so sleepy? Thirsty too, aren't you?"

Lisa constantly carried on conversations with inanimate objects which, to her, were vividly alive and had faces and personalities of their own. The truth was that this great actress, this famous star, this enormously popular Lisa Dorn, had never had time to grow up and still lived in the fairy-tale world of her childhood, as if the sweet downy years of growing up had been stolen out of her life.

She had been a gray mouse of a little girl, one of a poor schoolteacher's five children, living in a drab, industrial section of Vienna, and the only outlet for her drama-hungry little soul had been the conspiratory secret and romantic doings of the Ostmark-Youth to which she belonged.

Then there had come the intoxicating days of the Anschluss, roaring of planes, waving of flags, the roll of drums, the never-ending rhythm of marching feet, the fantastic sight of tanks and guns, trumpets and speeches and cheers, the whole frenzy of liberation; climaxing in the triumph of that one dizzy, piercing moment when the Fuehrer's car stopped and he bent down to receive a bunch of flowers from her moist, trembling hands. The

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Zigzagging convoys find their port accurately—thanks in part to the Hamilton Chronometer and the Chronometer Watch (illustrated above). Their high precision will be reflected in your postwar Hamilton.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

Fuehrer's smile, his voice, cameras, flash bulbs, the crowd tearing at her: "What did he say to you? You lucky girl!" Her picture in the papers with the sun on her hair and the Fuehrer smiling down at her, her picture in the newsreels, her picture on a poster, her first movie contract.

Then Johannes Koenig had discovered her, had taught her in great haste how to walk, to talk, to laugh, to dress, to read, to act, to make love, to cry. Only three months after the Fuehrer's victorious entrance into Vienna, Lisa found herself on the stage of the celebrated State Theater in Berlin, playing the leading part in a revival of Koenig's drama, Valiant Heart. The Fuehrer was in his box, he applauded her, and next morning Lisa Dorn woke up, the toast of the town. . . .

The general's photo, standing in a silver frame on her night table, seemed to be watching her coldly. No doubt she had been pleased by his unexpected visit from the front, because she was very fond of him. "Yes, I'm very fond of you," she told the photo with some violence as if it had questioned the sincerity of her emotions. But her first reaction on seeing the general in the lobby had been: There goes my nice, quiet evening! And only after pushing away this untoward thought, had she begun to smile and be radiant for him.

IT WAS early yet, hardly nine o'clock. Since air raids had become more frequent, the theaters had several matinees a week and were closed at night. Lisa had not yet been able to readjust her nerves to the new schedule, because she was a nocturnal creature and began to live and vibrate only in the evening.

She pushed back the sliding doors of the wardrobe that took up one whole wall and dived happily into the lovely, lovely abundance that fell in folds, floated, glittered, cascaded from the hangers. Silk and velvet and laces and chiffon. At last she chose a negligee the color of hydrangeas and carried a blue chiffon nightgown to the broad bed in the alcove. She crumpled it in her hands and held it hungrily up to her face as if she wanted to eat it. She was madly in love with silk and chiffons, with very sheer stockings and caressing lingerie. Nothing gave her such peculiar gladness as the touch of fine materials. "Lisa is a fetishist," Johannes Koenig said of her. "Other women live with their hearts or their minds or their eyes. Lisa lives with the tips of her fingers. She is braille-reading life." "What do you know about me?" she had answered teasingly. Certainly he didn't know what it meant to grow up in poverty, sleep on a lumpy, creaking divan together with a pushy little sister. Share one limp, old, soiled towel with that sister and make it last a week. Wear the ugly hand-me-downs her mother patched up for her after the two older girls of the family were through with them. Have one's skin fight scratchy cotton stockings and horrible, gray, hostile underwear all the time, and dream of finer things, beautiful, lovely, spider-webbed dreams.

Suddenly Lisa remembered the part she had wanted to learn during this nice quiet evening of hers. Hastily she pushed all her new dresses back into the wardrobe and slammed the door shut to get them out of sight. A frown appeared in the broad space between her eyes as she reached for the small salmon-colored, paper-bound book on her secretary and put a finger between the pages that had so far refused to become a part of her.

One half of me is yours, the other half
yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then
yours,
And so all yours! Oh, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their
rights!
And so, though yours, not yours.

Damn these lines! They had a way of getting tangled up in themselves. Lisa kicked off her shoes and began padding up and down the room.

One half of me is yours, the other half yours— There was too much coyness in it, it was disgusting, cloying—

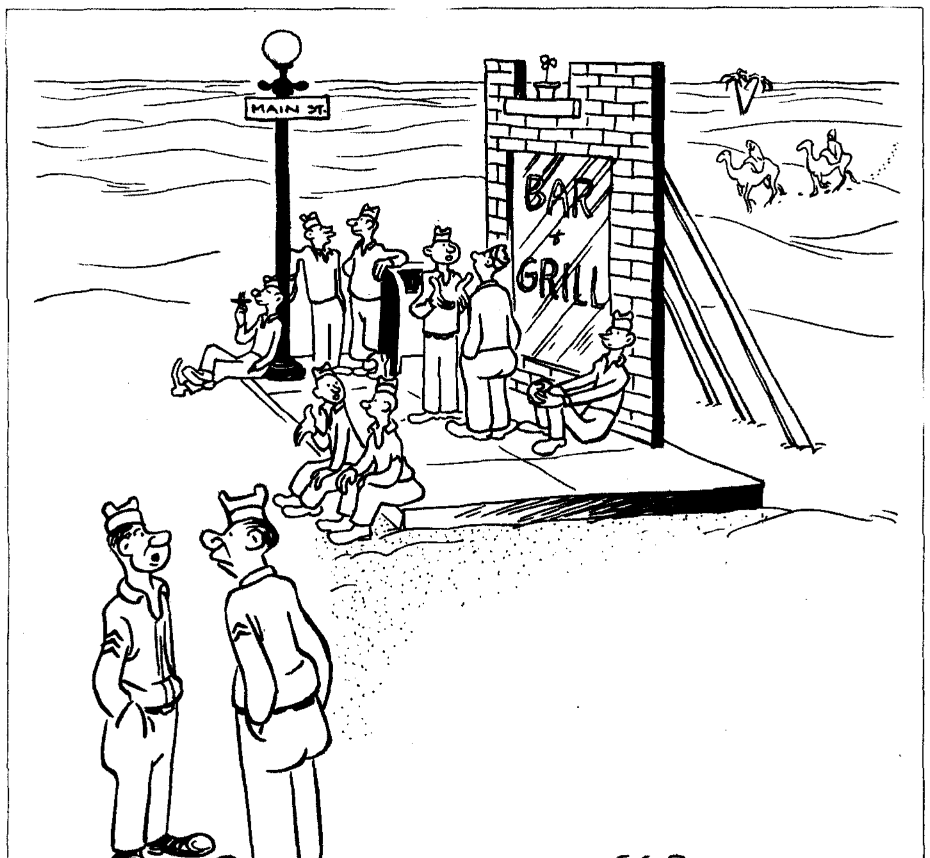
Still memorizing she picked up the telephone and called room service.

. . . happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;

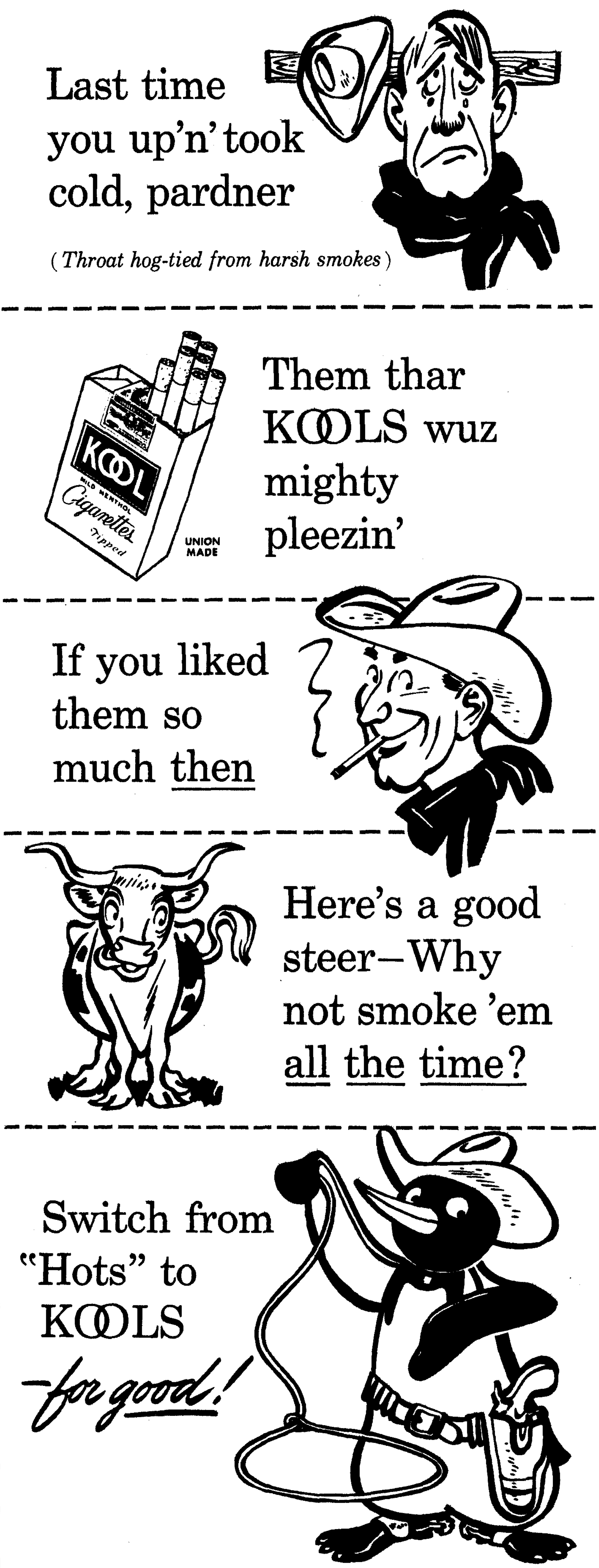
"Hello? Room service? Yes, will you please tell Gaston that he can bring up my supper now? Yes, whatever you have. No oranges? It doesn't matter, really."

. . . her gentle spirit
Commits itself to be directed.

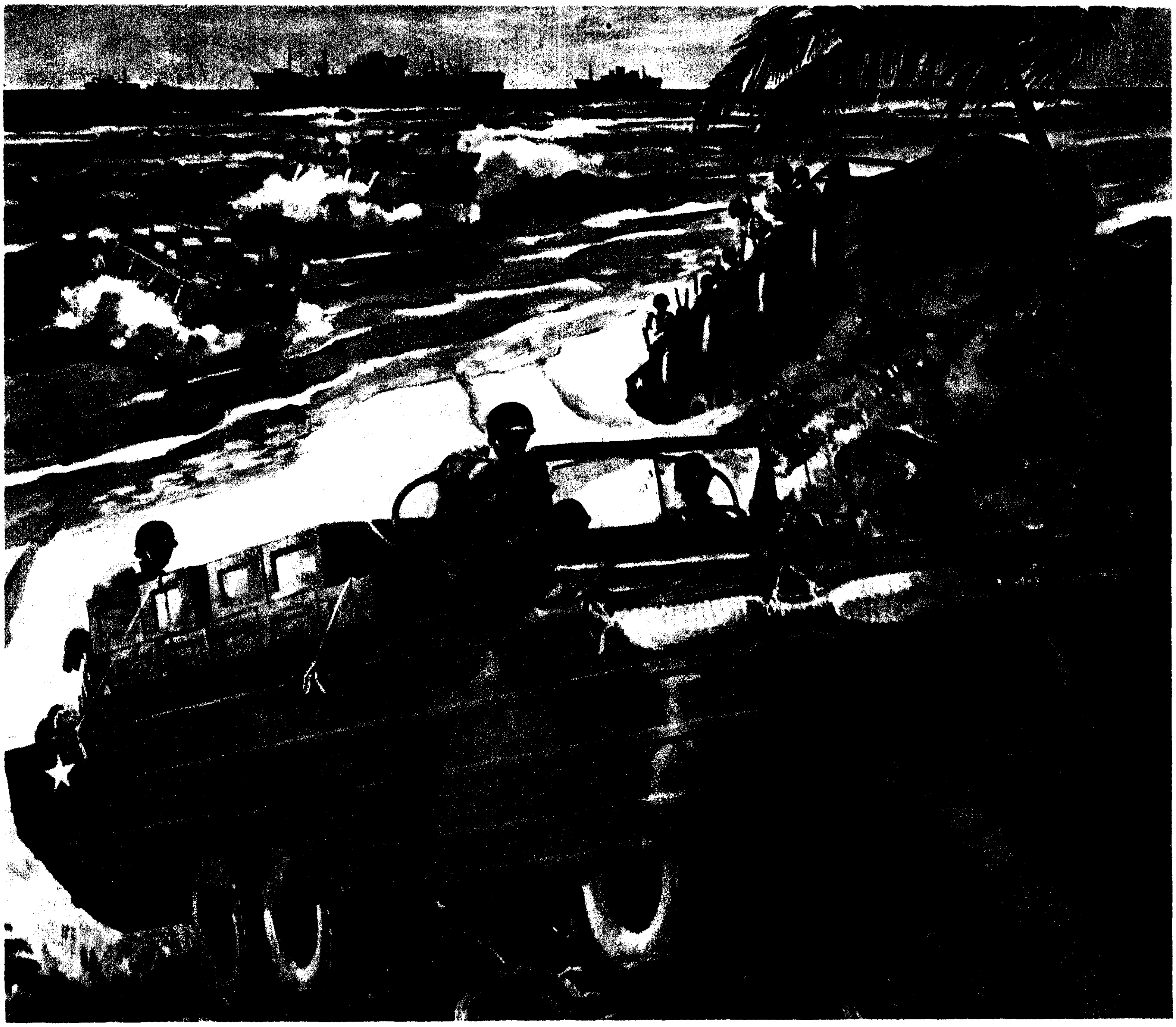
This was the root from which to de-



COLLIER'S "It gives them a place to go on their off hours" SGT. GEORGE BAKER



Last time you up'n' took cold, pardner
(Throat hog-tied from harsh smokes)
Them thar KOOLS wuz mighty pleezin'
KOOL Mild Menthol Cigarettes Tipped
UNION MADE
If you liked them so much then
Here's a good steer—Why not smoke 'em all the time?
Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS —for good!



No wonder they call it *The "Duck"*

Amphibious action is playing an ever increasing part in World War II. And the 2½-ton Amphibian truck, now in volume production at General Motors Truck and Coach factories, is giving American Armies an ever increasing advantage over the Axis. In the water, it has all the qualities of a large landing boat, *plus* the ability to keep going when it reaches shoals and shore line. On land, it provides performance comparable to a GMC "six by six" army truck, *plus* the ability to swim lakes and streams. Carrying cargoes from ocean freighter to inland supply depot . . . establishing beach heads and bridge heads . . . unloading ships where no harbor facilities are available . . . aiding in reconnaissance work where no roads or bridges exist . . . carrying or pulling cannon and howitzers . . . transporting scores of troops or tons of equipment . . . are all in a day's work for this sturdy, seagoing truck. No wonder the GMC workers helping to build it, and the soldiers using it, both call it the "Duck." It's one of America's most vital and versatile military vehicles!

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches . . . Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces

velop Portia's character. Her gentle spirit. No nonsense of a strident emancipation, even if she disguised herself as a man. How sweet and *innig* these Shakespeare women were. Not English at all. Englishwomen had enormous feet and buck teeth. Also, Lisa had heard that the English hardly knew who Shakespeare was, while in Germany every school child knew his plays by heart. But then, she had recently read a book in which it was proved that Shakespeare belonged by blood and heritage to the Teutonic race.

. . . her gentle spirit
Commits itself to be directed—

SHE murmured happily and let herself plump into the bathtub. Tonight the water was really warm and on the glass shelf there were bottles of eau de cologne and perfume and bath salts; there was even a precious piece of French soap. It was part of the loot she had brought from Paris. She sighed with pleasure. She was always happy to be alive and to be alive in the greatest time Germany had ever experienced; but rarely had the world seemed to her as perfect as just now.

Voom-voom came the Gypsy bass through the walls. Lisa was just playing that her knees were icebergs and she was sailing around them adventurously with the soap dish, when she heard the waiter roll the supper table into her room and there was the pleasant clinking of glass and china. Suddenly she felt enormously hungry.

"Wait a moment, Gaston," she called through the door. "I have something for you!" There was no answer and she laughed softly to herself. Quickly she emerged from the tub, dried herself carelessly and slipped on the new negligee. "Now I have seen your Paris, Gaston," she said happily. "And I didn't forget you. Guess what I brought you—"

She took a little parcel from the shelf and held it out to the waiter as she came into the room. "Oh!" she said, startled, and stopped in her tracks. "I thought it was Gaston."

She had never seen the young waiter who was bent attentively over the covered dish under which he was trying to light the burner. The negligee clung to her moist body and she felt suddenly and unaccountably nude. Even her toes felt nude and embarrassed. It was different with Gaston; Gaston was an old man who served her every evening, and she was used to him. Disappointed, she put the parcel down. It contained an album of views of Paris and a certain French patent medicine for which Gaston had lamented several times.

"Where's Gaston?" she asked the waiter.

He moistened his lips before answering: "Gaston has to help serve downstairs. There's a reception—"

"Yes, I know. Are you new here?" Lisa asked when he struck the third match without success.

"Yes, Madame. I'm only helping out tonight," he said without lifting his head.

"Are you French, too?"

The waiter shook his head. All she could see of him was his coarse dark hair and his nervous fingers struggling with the match.

"Let me do it," she said, taking the match from him and lighting the burner. "There. And roll the table over to the window, please."

The blackout curtains were drawn together, but the window was open and she was hungry for some air. Just as the waiter dropped a spoon, there was a timid knock at the door.

That's the general, she thought (for even in her thoughts she seldom felt intimate enough with him to call him by name) and there was a slight disappointment in her voice as she said, "Come in." There goes my nice, quiet evening, after all, she thought.

The door opened hesitantly, and there stood two men in uniform. Lisa got up.

"If the Fräulein will excuse us. We're the police," one of them said.

"Police?" Lisa said, astonished. "What do you want?"

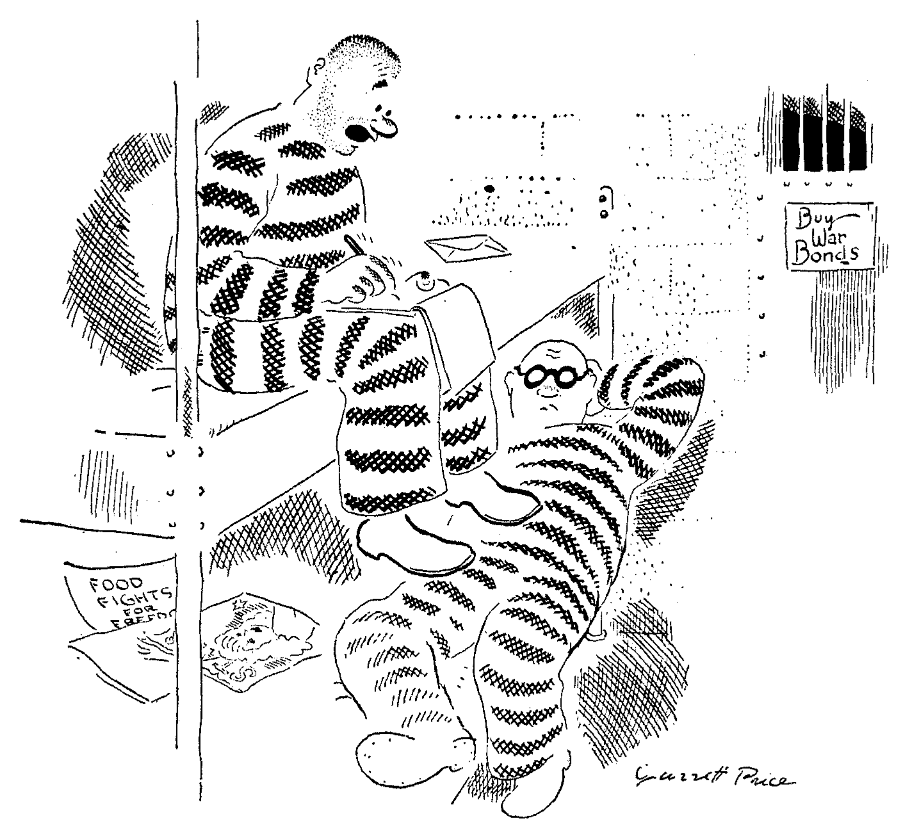
"We're sorry to disturb the Fräulein," the taller one said, "but orders are orders. We have to search every room in the hotel."

"Naturally, in your case it's only a routine, Fräulein Dorn," the other added.

"Well—make yourselves at home, gentlemen," Lisa said, rather amused by the obvious embarrassment of the policemen. "Do you mind if I eat my supper before it gets cold? Maybe you'd like a cigarette?"

"Thank you, Fräulein," said the taller one.

"Thank you, Fräulein," said the shorter one, as they helped themselves greedily from the gold cigarette case. "Excuse us," they said in unison, and began to walk around the room.



"Sometimes it's hard to write cheerfully to the boys overseas"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Lisa watched them while she held her cup out for the waiter to pour into it the brown liquid that was called coffee. This was as good as a show on the stage. The taller one approached the bed in the alcove as if it might explode in his face at any moment. He had not much control over his bulging eyes as he inspected the blue chiffon nightgown.

THE other man got lost somewhere in the depths of the wardrobe among her new dresses, throwing curious side glances at her all the while. They took a perfunctory peep at the balcony and then marched into the bathroom. It all took barely two minutes.

"Excuse us," they said, popping up again.

The shorter one took heart and expressed what was on his mind. "I didn't dream I would have the honor of making the personal acquaintance of Lisa Dorn," he said. "Will my wife be surprised when I tell her! And my little girl! Would it be asking too much if I begged you for an autograph? My girl collects them. Thank you most obediently, Fräulein Dorn. You're very kind."

"I saw you in Love on a String, Fräulein Dorn," said the other. "I don't see many pictures, but I certainly enjoyed that one."

Suddenly Lisa had had enough of them. "Good night, gentlemen," she said. "I hope you'll find whatever it is you're looking for."

"Excuse us," they chorused, stumbling over each other to the door. "We're only doing our duty. Heil Hitler!"

As the door closed behind them, Lisa was struck by an unpleasant idea. She rushed into the bathroom. Her precious perfumed soap was still there, thank heaven! But the small gray piece of rationed soap had disappeared from the washbasin. While she was still wondering whether to laugh or be angry, there came a dull thud from her room. She pushed the door open.

The waiter had fainted.

For a few confused moments, Lisa did not know what to do. Everything she had learned in her Red Cross training had left her altogether. Kneeling down, she lifted his head from the floor, poured water on her napkin and washed his face. She slapped his cheeks and rubbed his wrists.

AT LAST she remembered to loosen his collar and open his shirt. She broke her nail in the attempt and stared helplessly at the unfamiliar object. Suddenly the shirt became independent and opened with a snap. It was nothing but a stiff white shirt front with a black tie and a washable white collar grown to it. Lisa stared amazed at the comical contraption; she had always thought such shirt fronts were used only in slapstick comedies.

Hesitatingly, she put her hand upon the man's bare chest to feel for his heart. His skin was hot and damp. Her reluctant fingers encountered a strange, dark, dry, crusty pad near his left shoulder, and as she moved it, a thin, red line began to run down over his chest and disappeared into the crumpled black tail coat.

On the stage and in pictures, Lisa had experienced innumerable strange situations which had solved themselves according to the strict and effective laws of drama, but now she was seized by panic. She pushed the waiter's head from her lap, so that it hit the floor with a thump. Stumbling over the hem of her new negligee, she rushed to the alcove, grabbed the phone and shouted hoarsely for the operator.

"Put that phone down," the man on the floor said suddenly. It was as if the dead

HELP!
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7896
It's BOUND to happen when you neglect the vital cooling system

It's not smoke and flame fire. It's RUST fire—steadily oxidizing and "burning up" metal cooling system parts you can't replace in wartime. It will lead to costly motor damage . . . it will cripple your car . . . unless you stop it.

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KEEPIN
UCKS AND CARS ROLLI
WAR EFFOR

The Week's Work

YOU can tell by the way he writes of the desolation of Italy that Frank Gervasi is speaking of a land he loves (p. 14). His parents were born there, and in the course of his journalistic career, he himself has lived and worked there more than four years.

Since he joined Collier's staff in 1939, Gervasi has written thousands of prewar words deploring the dictatorial course Mussolini pursued, and thousands more wartime words reporting the painful but victorious course of the war, out of which he hopes may emerge "a democratic republican Italy."

You could not accuse Gervasi of being an "objective" reporter, nor would he care for that description. He is too passionately concerned with the fate of America, of Italy, of all mankind. "Who can be objective in these times?" he asks.

Gervasi, whom Hugh Walpole called "one of the best journalists in the world," gravitated to his profession in spite of a contrary intent to be an engineer. He was born in Baltimore, Md., February 5, 1906, the son of an Italian-born mechanical engineer. After what he says was an unhappy childhood ("for social and economic reasons"), and after a scattered sort of schooling, he became a sports writer for the Philadelphia Inquirer, continuing this work through one year in the Drexel Institute of Technology and one year at Pennsylvania University. He left Drexel "when I saw I never could make my peace with mathematics or physics," and he left Pennsylvania "when I saw it was interfering with (1) a good education, (2) my marrying that vivid little Irish gal, Kathryn McGuigan, and (3) my newspaper career."

He worked with the Associated Press in New York, where he says he got the most valuable experience he ever had, "learning to take a pile of 350,000 words and edit it down to 50,000, learning what is news and what isn't, and how to write at high speed." But he fretted at the job because he wanted to be a foreign correspondent. International News Service gave him his chance, in Spain, in London and in Rome. He won a scoop for INS on the death of Pope Pius XI, and another on the election of Pius XII, both achieved "by low cunning and a thorough knowledge of communications."

A terrible lot of traveling has been his fate—some 50,000 miles during the first year of the war, 36,000 the second, and he's still on the road. He has reported and analyzed events in England, India, Spain, China, as well as Italy.

He "watched the dictators lay the groundwork for the demolition of civilization." He was on a plane between Horta and Lisbon on September 3, 1939, when war broke out. "It came with a sense of relief," he says. "I had watched it coming for five years. When it came at last, it was as though I had found the correct answer to a problem in differential calculus. I went to sleep."

Gervasi's wife, Kathryn, used to travel around the world with him before the war, but now she and their two children stay at their suburban home in Bronxville, N. Y., and welcome him between journeys.

She does not take seriously his threat to settle down on "a farm with a white picket fence."

"It's just a vague notion he gets sometimes," she says. "Besides, farms don't have picket fences around them."

Frank Gervasi

IF YOU'D like to know how the people of Berlin feel now, this moment, read Vicki Baum's Hotel Berlin—1943, beginning in this issue (p. 11).

Although Miss Baum has not been in that city lately, she writes with assurance of present-day conditions. As a native of Austria and a former Berlin resident, she has friends who have found Berlin too hot to stay in. These friends, many of them underground workers, are frequent visitors at her Pasadena home and, through them, she has learned intimate details of wartime living in Germany.

The idea for Hotel Berlin came to her while she lunched with Collier's fiction editor, Denver Lindley. She mentioned several story ideas, and Lindley said, "But what about a German story? You know Germany so well, and . . ."

Hotel Berlin—1943 is a sort of sequel to Grand Hotel, which brought Miss Baum fame and wealth via book, play and movie. It's exciting, it's dramatic, it's—well, inevitably, it's on its way to being a play and a movie, too. You'll see.

Miss Baum has accomplished a most difficult feat, learning to think and to write in a language she was not born to. Grand Hotel was a translation from the German, but Hotel Berlin was thought out and written in English.

Her two violently anti-Nazi sons, Wolfgang and Peter Lert, both are serving the country their mother and father have adopted. Wolfgang, after an honorable discharge from the Army, works for the OWI, and Peter is stationed at Fort Riley. Richard Lert, their father, is a California orchestra conductor.

Vicki Baum

A CHECK for $1,000 fluttered out of a letter to the editor. James Carey Martin, of Miami, signer of both letter and check explained, "This money says that Max Werner is wrong about the war in Europe being over three months from now. . . . I believe that Werner should back up his remarks with his money." Collier's, unfortunately, is not making book, and so returned the check with the suggestion that any wagers would have to be privately arranged. A. P.

began to speak. Lisa gasped. *"Put that phone down!"* he said.

Lisa stared at him, the phone poised in her hand, her heart fluttering with fear. He had come to a sitting position but was rocking with dizziness. To Lisa, all this was like one of those dreams where she was standing on the stage and acting in a play she had never heard of, playing a part of which she did not know a single line.

In the second it took her to regain a little of her composure, the man flung himself across the length of the room and yanked the phone plug from the wall. This suddenly seemed familiar—River People, second act, scene three—and her mind opened up and produced a cue.

"If you make another move, I'll shoot!" she said, with a voice gone small and miserable.

"All right! Shoot! Go on and shoot! I don't care," Martin whispered. He was so weak, so spent, that for a moment he was willing to give up the struggle. Close his eyes, give up the struggle and be done with it.

Lisa did not shoot. She had no gun, in the first place, and she wouldn't have known how to use one in any case. Her panic subsided and she felt curiously sorry for the intruder. He looked so thin and desperate. He had a tanned, badly-shaven face, but his lips were almost white now. He had burning blue eyes, set into the black shadows of deep sockets and heavy black brows. He also looked funny with his bare chest sticking out of the formal tail coat. The blood had stopped running.

"Who are you? What do you want here? You frightened me," she said petulantly.

Martin tried to focus his eyes on her, but everything was still blurred and wavery as though he were swimming under water. At last the dizziness ebbed away, and he could see her clearly. She was sitting on her bed, her knees pulled up to her chin; she was small and expensive and rich and shameless; she smelled of perfume, and he hated every inch of her.

"Give me a cigarette," he demanded.

She pointed to the table where her golden cigarette case was lying. There was only a single cigarette left. With the automatic reaction of a front-line soldier, he broke it in two, put one half between his lips and held the other out to her.

"Thanks," she said, keeping her eyes on him.

AS SOON as the bitter smoke streamed into his lungs, Martin realized that the peak of danger had passed. "I'm very sorry I frightened you, Fräulein," he said, trying to sound plausible. "I'm subject to these fainting spells and I didn't want you to make a big fuss about it. I didn't want to lose my job, you see," he added with a wan smile.

"Are you sick?" Lisa asked.

"Not sick exactly. A little damaged maybe. Got a bullet in my chest. In Stalingrad, that was. They stitched me up and collapsed the lung; did a good job of it, the Russians did. When I got away and home, they gave me my Iron Cross First Class and an honorable discharge. But that's a long story." Keep on talking, he told himself. Stall for time. Make her ask questions, make her feel sorry for you.

"Your mother must be very proud of you," Lisa said. *"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."*

Where did you get that blab, Fräulein Dorn? he thought. Aloud he said, "My mother is dead."

Lisa kept on looking at him speculatively. On the whole, she was not displeased with the situation. It was a diversion. The dramatic quality in it appealed to her and she felt safe now. She decided to play with it a little longer and end it whenever she chose.

"What did you do that the police should be looking for you?" she asked him.

"The police aren't after me! Believe me, Fräulein Dorn—"

"You seem to think me more stupid than I am. It's obvious that you are not a waiter and that they are after you."

"If that is what you think, why don't you hand me over to them?" Martin said. I can still get away by the balcony and over the roof, he thought, but he didn't believe it.

"I'm not a Gestapo agent," Lisa said, after a silence. She put her bare feet on the floor, folded her hands in her lap and smiled at him. Martin went over to the small supper table and began to pile up the empty dishes. Lisa watched him intently.

"If the Fräulein has finished her supper, I shall take the table out now," he said politely.

HER eyes followed him as he rolled the little contraption to the door. He held the door open with his foot and looked out, up and down the corridor. An SS man was loitering near the hall desk, not one of the two police agents who had searched the room.

Martin quickly ducked back. I'm trapped, he thought in despair. That's the end. They've got me after all. Wheel this table past the guard—and what then? Wheel it where?

He had known he was trapped when Gaston had whisked him out of the cellar and in a panic had forced him into this clumsy disguise and pushed him into this perfumed room, just as the Gestapo men were coming up the stairs. Now there were guards posted outside, on every corridor, every staircase, at every door and every exit.

"If you give me away, I'll kill you," he whispered desperately. His mouth had gone dry again and he could hardly speak. This was another line Lisa knew from the stage and therefore it didn't frighten her at all.

On the contrary, she had to smile as she said, not without sympathy, "Why are you so scared of me? I'm as quiet as a mouse."

The tension suddenly went out of him and left him limp. "You were right," he said. "They're after me. I'm trapped. If you give me away, my head will be under the ax tomorrow."

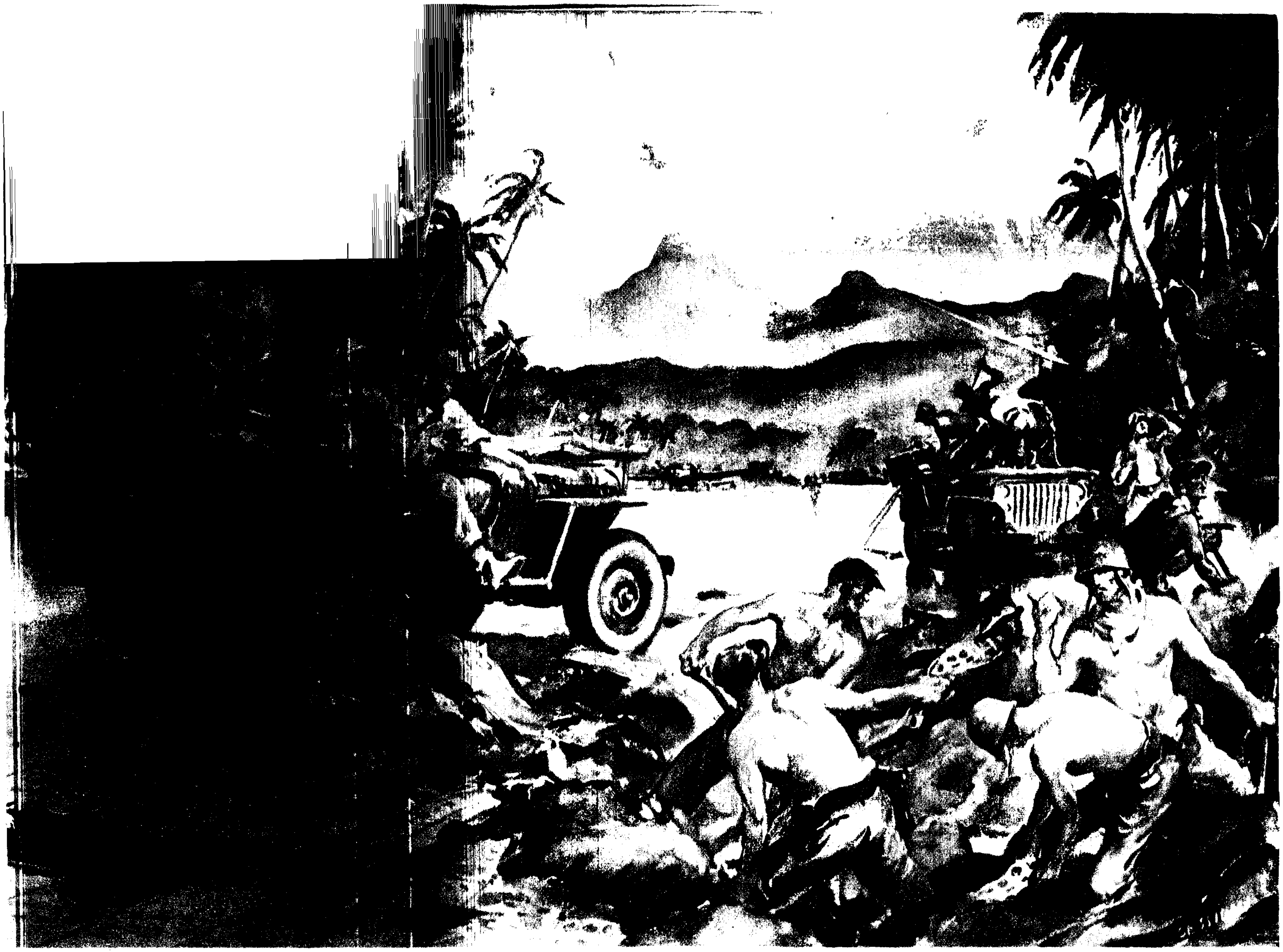
It is doubtful if Lisa understood the full import of these words, because she was used to a world of make-believe dangers and rhetorical passions without reality; she kept on smiling as if he had spoken his line well. I'd better tie her up and gag her, Martin thought, while she seemed to consider her answer. The voom-voom of the Gypsy band pounded in the silence.

There had never been a conflict in Lisa's life. Her career had been swift and without hardship; her colleagues liked her, audiences adored her. The simple people on the street, the truck drivers, the soldiers in the camps called her "Our Lisa." She was completely and innocently and ignorantly a child of the Third Reich and believed without a qualm or doubt in the gospel of the New Order.

It had been dinned into her ears that it was Germany's solemn mission to spread this New Order to the rest of the world; if she ever thought about that at all, it made her happy to know that some day the whole world would partake of its blessings. Her perception of this outside world was one of chaos and disorder, of selfish avarice and barbaric cruelty.

As for the enemies of the Reich, all those Bolsheviks, Americans, Jews and democrats, she had fashioned them after the image of propaganda posters; they were deformed, crippled, cross-eyed, hook-nosed, utterly repulsive and cowardly, ripe only for annihilation.

There had never been a conflict in



THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

A JEEP'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SEABEES IN ACTION

A true incident from the Battle of the South Pacific—(with JEEPS from WILLYS-OVERLAND)

IN the essential and dangerous *work* of war, the Navy Seabees—those busy, buzzing worker-fighters—are writing heroic history today.

The incident illustrated here is typical of war as the Seabees find it, and as a Seabee whose buddy made the supreme sacrifice, actually saw it:—

★ ★ ★

"We had occupied this little island in the Solomons a few days before. All our equipment—our cranes, steam shovels, graders, bulldozers, trucks, a fleet of Jeeps, guns, materials, tools—everything needed to do our job—had been put ashore without opposition.

"In fact, we had the runway of the new air field leveled off, and about a third of the steel mat laid, before anything happened. It was really beginning to *get* us—just waiting.

"Then one day hell broke loose. An 'alert' brought us to our feet with a jerk. We could hear the roar of low-level Jap bombers. It had been raining and they were coming over the air field right out of the glare of the sun. Bombs began falling and machine guns popping. Then there was a crash and we could see that a direct hit had blasted a big hole right in the middle of our steel matting.

"That was bad. It would keep our own fighters from going aloft to intercept the Japs. Larry—that's my buddy—and some more of us, piled into a couple of Jeeps with our repair stuff, and tore for the still smoking crater.

"Just as we got there we heard the Japs coming back. We were caught flat-footed—all but Larry. He dove into a nearby machine gun pit. Two Zeros with their machine guns blazing were headed straight for him. He could have ducked, but he didn't. He just trained his gun on the lowest of the Japs and let her go. We could see his bullets cutting a pattern in the Jap's fuselage. Then there was a puff of black smoke, a burst of red hot flame, and the Zero crumpled, and crashed in the cocoanut palms at the end of the runway.

"Larry saved our hides that day. We made the repair, our planes were able to go up and control the sky, and the base was completed in record time.

"But they got Larry a few days later when they bombed a pontoon barge loaded with gasoline, on which he was working. *He* had what we call 'Seabee guts'!"

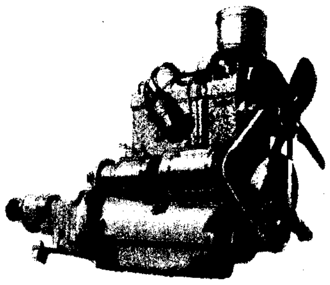
★ ★ ★

The records show that "Larry,"............, Seaman Second Class, in recognition of conspicuous gallantry above and beyond the call of regular duty, was posthumously awarded the Silver Star Medal. He was the first Seabee to receive this citation.

It is a great satisfaction to us that Willys-built Jeeps are considered an essential part of the equipment of the Seabees (Construction Battalion). These courageous men—the newest branch of Navy service—contribute their skill and experience as surveyors, electricians, carpenters, iron workers, masons, riveters, welders, plumbers, etc., etc., etc. and risk their lives day after day, to ***build, maintain,*** and ***protect*** when necessary, air bases, docks, barracks, roads, etc., for our fighting forces—anywhere. Our hats are off to these courageous builders—these "busy bees of the Seven Seas."

WILLYS

JEEPS, MOTOR CARS AND TRUCKS



The heart of every fighting Jeep in the world—and the source of its amazing power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy—is the Willys "Go-Devil" Engine, the design of which was perfected and is owned exclusively by Willys-Overland.

"SAVE" LEFTOVERS WITH A WELL-SEASONED SAUCE

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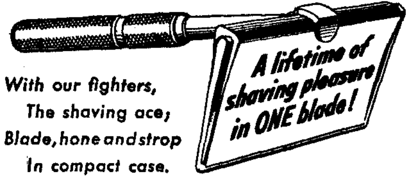
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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Clean out car radiators thoroughly before adding anti-freeze. Use

Sani-Flush *10c and 25c sizes Directions on can*

Lisa's life and there was no conflict now. Not for a second did she question how to act in this situation. She had never known of a play in which the heroine delivered a fugitive to the henchmen. It would, indeed, have made for a very bad play and a very bad part. Also, while Lisa's mind was warped and twisted by Nazi preachings, her immature heart had remained intact.

"Don't be scared," she said again, and there was a trace of mockery mixed with her pity. "If things are as bad as all that you may stay here for a few minutes."

"Thanks," Martin said, watching her with his burning, seared eyes. He was not sure he could trust her.

"Go in the bathroom, wash yourself and take off this ridiculous getup of yours," she said with a little laughter deep down in her throat. She seemed to take it all as a joke.

He hesitated a moment and then he went into the bathroom, but left the door open and kept watching her in the mirror. If she tried to plug in the phone, if she tried to call the guards. . . .

But she did nothing of the kind. She leaned back on the bed, crossed her arms behind her head and hummed a little tune.

He loosened the blood-crusted pad he had made of his socks and examined the wound on his shoulder. It was a nasty wound with jagged, gaping edges, and there was an ugly throb in it. He had forgotten about the girl for a few seconds, but when he looked at her once more in the mirror, she was still lying on her bed, smiling up at the ceiling as if she had no idea that it was dangerous to hide him. He found a bottle of iodine in the cabinet over the basin and, sucking in his breath, he painted the wound. The shoulder was wrenched, besides.

AS HE put back the iodine he came across a little gem of a razor. He turned the tiny thing in his fingers. Then he proceeded in great concentration to rub some soap on his face and shave his stubble. He felt better now. He felt much better. He flung a wet towel over his shoulders and returned to the room. Lisa acknowledged the metamorphosis with a quick glance of amusement.

"Sit down," she said. "You look tired. And what is the matter with your shoulder?"

"I cut it on a rock. The police truck was doing eighty kilometers when I jumped off, and my hands were tied. It makes one clumsy."

Lisa digested this bit of information. "Now tell me why they're after you," she asked. "You don't look like a criminal."

"You don't have to be a criminal to have the Gestapo after you, or don't you know that, Fräulein Dorn? It's the other way round. The criminals are with the Gestapo."

Lisa remembered that the general in one of his rages had shouted something to the same effect; but it had made no impression on her at the time.

"How do you expect me to help you if you don't tell me who you are?" she asked, almost timidly.

Martin surveyed all the possibilities and decided that telling the truth might be the best.

"I am Martin Richter," he said.

"Yes? And who is Martin Richter?" she asked, unimpressed. "I never heard his name."

"No. You wouldn't have heard of me—nor of the others—of my friends, of my sister. Not you," he said bitterly.

It stung Lisa. Here she was helping him but he seemed neither grateful nor humble.

"I may be ignorant, but I'm always willing to learn," she said, a little angry. (. . . An unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed; happy in this, she is not yet so old but she may learn. . . . The line from Portia's part sprung up in her mind, uninvited.)

"What's the use? If I were to tell you the truth you wouldn't believe me. Good. I'll tell you. One of the party bosses treated my sister like a prostitute, and I defended her. That's all it amounts to. *That's my capital crime.*"

"Did you kill him?" asked Lisa, who had been reared on Schiller's dramas.

He gave a grim little laugh. "Kill him? No. I wish I had. It didn't occur to our class of good little medical students that we could kill a *Gauleiter*. All we did was to boo at him. It has cost fourteen of us our heads so far, and mine isn't too steady either. Now I know we were just playing at being revolutionaries. A little print shop and a little pamphlet and a little demonstration and a little protest and a little riot—and fourteen of us dead. We didn't think of killing, but we are learning fast. If I get out of this alive, I will know better what must be done."

Lisa watched the excited boy in silence. She was a bit afraid of him now, but not much. It was a prickling, exhilarating sensation which she had never before experienced in life, but only in climax scenes on the stage. *I can call for help whenever I have had enough of this,* she said to herself.

Martin had begun to circle the room on soundless feet, making himself acquainted with the locale, as had become second nature to him during the Russian campaign. Carefully he checked in his mind all the possibilities of attack and defense.

"Where does the balcony go?" he asked.

"It's over the main entrance, toward the street."

"The window in the bathroom?"

"Toward the courtyard."

"What's next door to the bathroom?"

"Nothing. I think the men's room, if you don't mind."

Martin examined the bathroom. There was no second exit. He turned off the light and raised the black blind and the small window. The courtyard was blacked out, but in the gleam of the rising moon he could see that the bottom of it consisted of a glass roof. This, too, was blacked out with some paint but Martin assumed that it covered the lobby. The music from the banquet room became a little louder. He also discerned faintly some crisscross along the walls, as if of kitchen balconies or fire escapes. At the worst there might be a toe hold on one of these, he noted, groping out into the dark and feeling along the edge of the window. He left the bathroom dark and the window open and returned to the other room.

"What's next to the men's room?"

"I don't know. I didn't build this hotel. I think it's where that sick English writer lives. Geoffrey Nichols. He's a sort of war prisoner, you know."

Martin pushed back the sliding doors of the wardrobe. He thrust his hand through the rustling of the dresses and touched the wall in back. No exit there, but in an emergency it was deep enough to serve as a hiding place. There were four sliding panels and one that only looked like one.

"What's this here?" he asked.

"A door. It's locked."

"Who lives in the next room?"

"There is no room. It gives on the little landing of the service elevator."

"Where's the key?"

"I don't know. I never use that door. It's for the chambermaids."

MARTIN went over to the table where Lisa had put down the key. It was a clumsy thing chained to a big wooden disk. Number 69. He tried it on the second door and after some coaxing it worked. Lisa watched him with bright, interested eyes.

"Why do you want this door open?"

"In case I have to get out."

"If you can get out, so can anyone get in," she said.

He gave her a quick grin that changed his face completely. But it was gone like a flash of lightning.

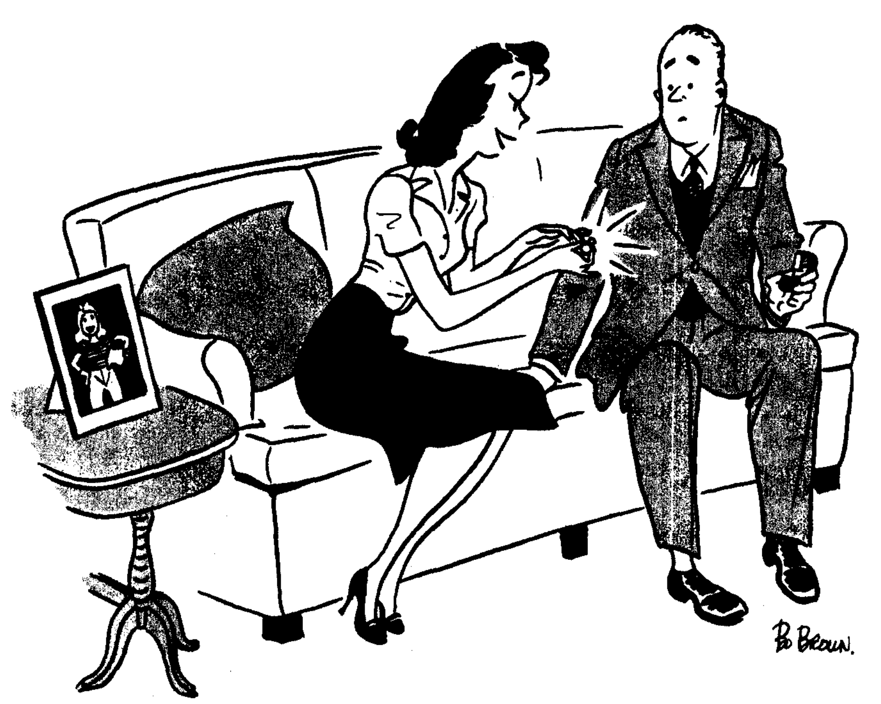
"You're clever, Fräulein Dorn," he said, as he locked both doors and kept the key in his fingers.

"Better lock the bolt if you want to be on the safe side," Lisa said with a chuckle. She had suddenly remembered that the general had a key to her room and might walk in on the idyl any moment. But there was still the music, louder now that the bathroom window was open, reassuring her that the banquet was not yet over. Martin pushed the bolts of both doors and then, leaning against the wall, he gave her a speculative and surprised glance.

"You are not afraid of me?"

"Not half as afraid as you are of me, I assure you," Lisa said archly. "Now stop prowling like a caged tiger, sit down and get hold of your nerves. Breathe deeply; that's what I do when I have stage fright."

(To be continued next week)



"It's beautiful, Arnold, but they haven't allowed enough clearance. Get them to ream out about another three ten-thousandths of an inch!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

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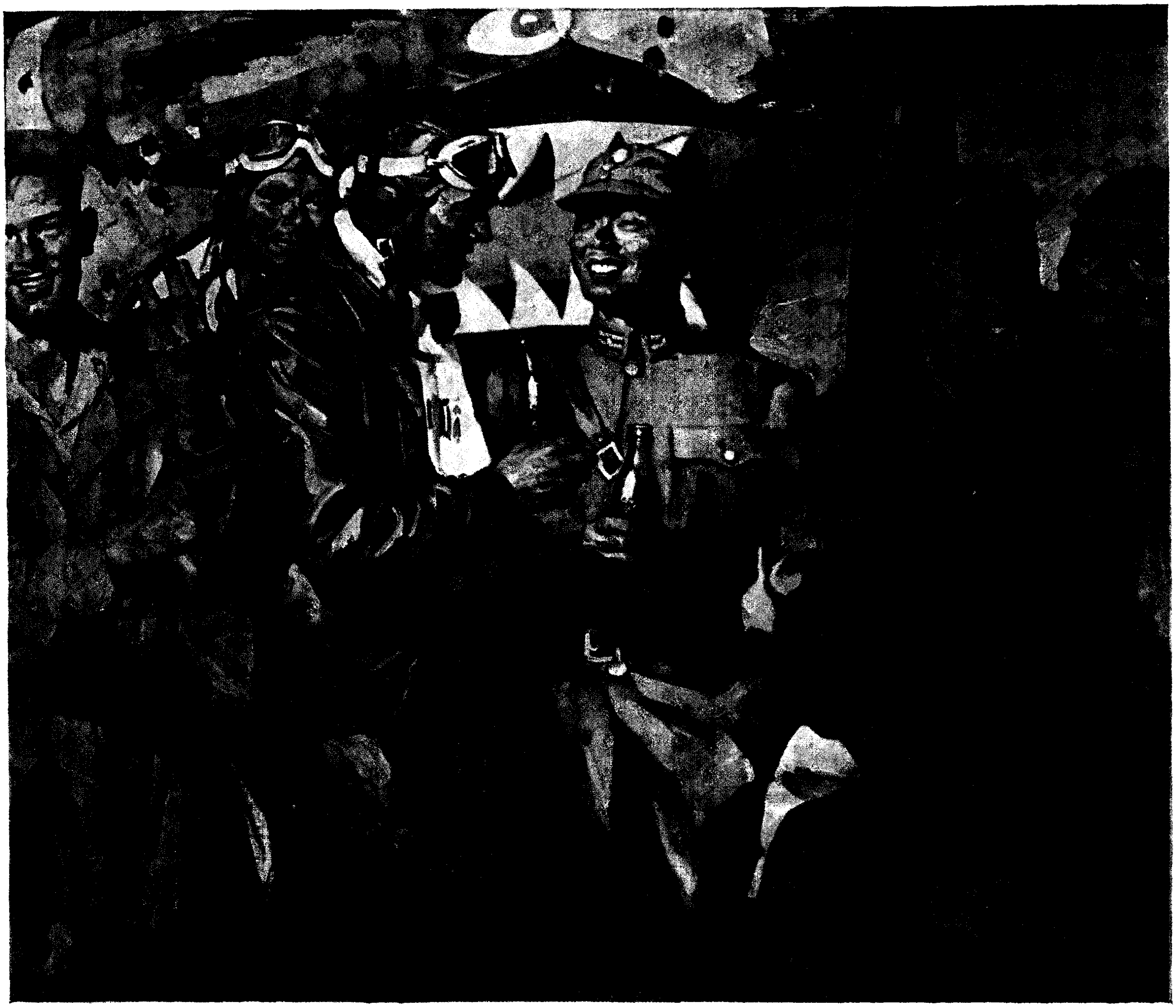

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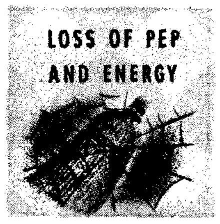

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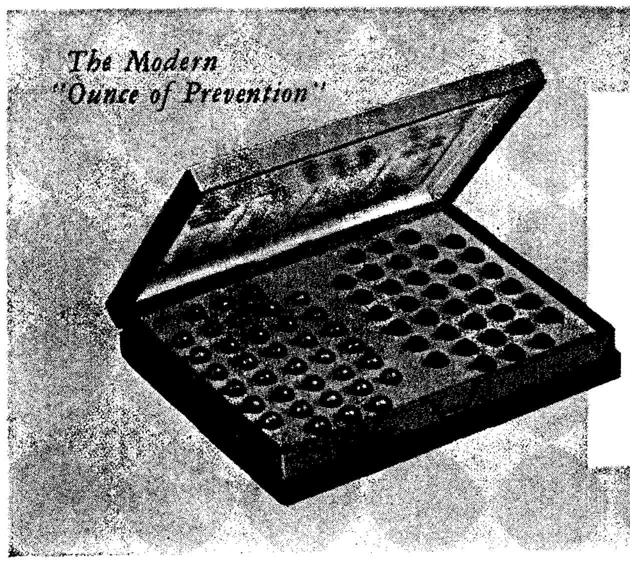
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Recommended by the Makers of Vicks VapoRub

The Juke-Box Generation

Continued from page 30

sharp intake of breath. The lower right quadrant was like stiff pasteboard under his hand.

"Now you're in the groove," said Mary Lou. "What gives, Doc?"

"You have the three cardinal symptoms of acute appendicitis," said Dr. Brewer, "pain, tenderness, and rigidity—all in the right places."

"Appendicitis?" Mary Lou said in a hushed voice. "That's what Mother said, but she's always worrying about something. . . . Are you sure, Doc?"

"No. Not positive. But after we run a blood count, I will be."

"And then what?"

"Oh, a nice comfortable bed in the hospital, ice packs, and then, when all the signs are right, a little operation."

MARY LOU sat up so suddenly that the pain made her face whiten for a moment. "Now, you mean? Right away?" she demanded.

"The quicker the better."

Dr. Brewer took the blood he needed, while Mary Lou watched with sullen, rebellious eyes.

"I'm not going to the hospital," she said. "I can have ice packs at home. And I'm not going to have any fool operation right away, either. I know a lot of people who have had attacks like this, and fought them out."

"Very true. And quite often they get away with it. But frequently—all too frequently—they do not."

"You mean they lose out?"

"I mean that a fulminating appendix, or one which perforates into the peritoneal cavity, has a damned bad prognosis," Dr. Brewer said testily.

"Why, Doc!" grinned Mary Lou impishly. "Did I hear you swear?"

"You did. And 'damned bad' is putting it mildly. Shall I call the hospital and engage a room for you?"

"No. I'm going home. Mother can keep ice packs on me as well as any nurse—better."

"Very well, Mary Lou," Dr. Brewer said grimly. "I'll phone your mother and give her instructions. I'll also tell her you are refusing to follow my orders."

"Don't upset the poor darling," Mary Lou said, fluffing her hair before a mirror. "She worries *so* easily. And I'll be good, honest, Doc; it's just that I don't want to go to the hospital right now."

Dr. Brewer shrugged.

"No one ever wants to go to the hospital," he observed. "But sensible people go, just the same."

He called Mary Lou's mother before he saw his next patient, and gave her detailed instructions. Mrs. Henson repeated them in a flustered, tearful voice.

"I'll do everything you've ordered," she wailed when he had finished, "but I do wish she'd gone to the hospital. Mary Lou is *so* headstrong, though, and when her mind is made up . . ."

"Well, don't let her kill herself," Dr. Brewer said with that degree of brutality which was sometimes so necessary and so effective. "And if you get into trouble, call me."

He shook his head as he hung up, and sighed as he opened the door into the crowded waiting room.

DR. BREWER called Mrs. Henson again that evening.

"The blood count confirms the original diagnosis rather definitely," he said. "How is our patient coming along?"

"Oh, just grand, Doctor. She seems in quite good spirits, and she says there's almost no pain now."

"She's staying in bed—keeping the ice pack in place?" Dr. Brewer asked suspiciously.

"Yes, she is. She came right in and undressed and went to bed. I've had the pack on her ever since."

"Fine. She's not being bothered by company, I trust?"

"She's not seeing a soul, Doctor. She told me to say she had to work this evening, if anyone phoned or came by. Including Preston, even."

"Who's Preston?"

"Her . . . boy friend," Mrs. Henson said archly. "My, doesn't time fly, Dr. Brewer? My little girl practically engaged—it doesn't seem possible, does it?"

"At nineteen, it's very possible," Dr. Brewer said, chuckling. "You weren't much older than that when Mary Lou was born. Well, keep her quiet, and don't hesitate to call me if you should need me. I'll drop by around eleven in the morning."

By then, Mary Lou was feeling swell. She said so herself.

"Rest and ice packs agree with me, Doc," she grinned up at him. "I feel swell. I think I won't be carved on, after all."

"You mean you wouldn't mind being locked up in a cage with a tiger if he were taking a nap at the moment—is that it?"

"Oh, it's not that bad, Doc; you know it isn't."

Mrs. Henson fluttered around the room making small, distressed, incompetent noises.

"Mary Lou, darling, you mustn't argue with Dr. Brewer. He knows best. . . . It's a very simple operation, isn't it, Doctor? . . . Why, it'll be over and forgotten before you know it, Mary Lou; really it will. I remember when I had my operation. . . ."

"You're doing very nicely, Mary Lou," Dr. Brewer said when he left. "You keep on being a good little girl, and I'll let you have your appendix in a bottle—where it will do you a lot more good than it will where it is now."

"Don't worry about me, Doc," said Mary Lou. "I'll do the smart thing."

There were no calls from Mrs. Henson that afternoon or evening, and Dr. Brewer, snowed under with office calls, forgot all about Mary Lou.

Shortly after seven he was called to the hospital on an accident case, and before he finished with that there was a frantic call from Ed Hillier. Ed was about the best friend Dr. Brewer had—they had fished together every summer for the last ten or fifteen years—and Nora Hillier was about to have her first baby, at the age of thirty-nine.

Dr. Brewer grumbled to himself as he drove the four miles out into the country; Nora should have come to the hospital to have her baby, but she didn't want to, and her mother, who had come to stay with her, didn't want her to, and Ed—well, Ed was so fussed at the idea of having an heir after all these years that he wouldn't argue with Nora about anything.

FOR the next two hours and a half Dr. Brewer was a very busy man.

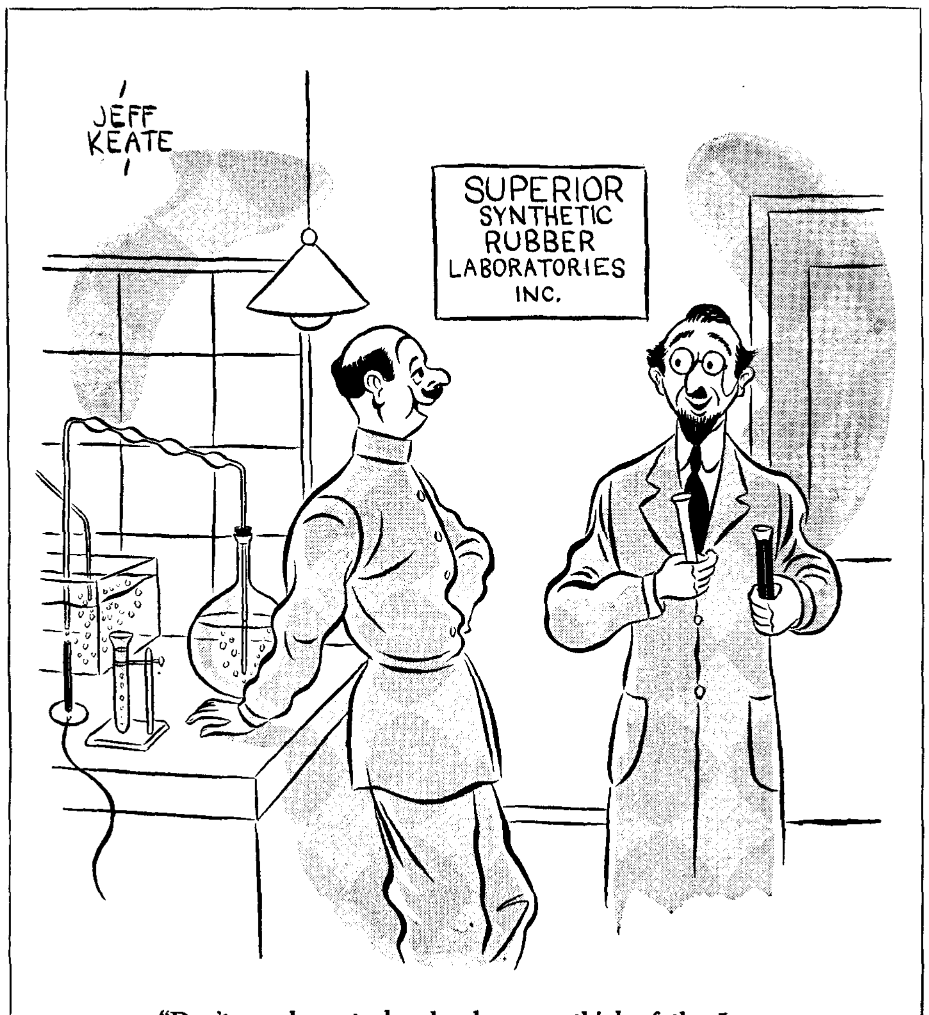
When he came out into the living room, Ed looked sicker than Nora—and Nora had not had an easy time of it.

"It's a boy, you lucky devil," said Dr. Brewer. "And Nora is okay, so quit gasping like a wall-eye in the bottom of the boat. He's a perfect specimen: six pounds nine ounces, and full of hell. Want to see him?"

"I want to see *her*," Ed said hoarsely. "Gosh, Doc, I—"

The phone rang just then, and Ed answered it.

"Who?" he said. "No, you have the—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"Don't you have to laugh when you think of the Japs stuck with all that kind of rubber you get from trees?"

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Oh, sure; he's here. I forgot. I've just had a baby and I wasn't thinking. . . . It's for you, Doc."

It was Mrs. Henson on the wire. "Oh, Doctor!" she wailed. "I've been trying everywhere to locate you. I'm just about crazy with—"

"What's the matter?" snapped Dr. Brewer. "What's happened?"

"Mary Lou's gone! I talked to her, pleaded with her, but it didn't do any good. She said she felt fine. She fixed herself up and put on her new dress and about eight-thirty Preston came by for her—they had a date, she said—and she went out with him."

"I see," Dr. Brewer said grimly. "And you didn't speak to this young man—tell him the circumstances?"

"I was going to," sobbed Mrs. Henson, "but Mary Lou said if I did she'd never forgive me the longest day she lived. And she meant it. She said she couldn't argue with me then, but she wouldn't be late, and when she came in she—"

"I'll be leaving here in a few minutes," interrupted Dr. Brewer. "Call me at home when she gets back—or when you hear from her or of her."

He hung up with a bang. Mothers like Mrs. Henson shouldn't have daughters like Mary Lou. No one, as a matter of fact, should have willful, brainless daughters like Mary Lou. There ought to be a law . . .

He found Ed kneeling beside Nora's bed, holding her hand against his cheek. The baby was squalling its head off, and Nora's mother was smiling down at it as if it were the most beautiful thing in the world. Nora was smiling, too; a tired sort of smile, but a genuine smile, nevertheless.

"What a family!" Dr. Brewer said fondly.

"DID you have a hard day, dear?" Marta Brewer asked.

"Hard enough." Dr. Brewer sighed, and dropped into the disreputable chair in the corner, the chair that had been his pride and joy and unfailing haven for twenty-odd years. "Nora had a bad time of it, but she's all right now, and she has a fine son for Ed. He's simply maudlin. But that's not what has me down."

"No?"

"No. I had a girl with an appendix that could blow up in her face any minute. I wanted her to go to the hospital, but she wouldn't have it that way. So I sent her home for rest and ice packs—and tonight, just because she had a date with her boy friend, she got up, dressed, and she's out stepping right now.

"That's this juke-box generation for you, Marta. No sense at all. No responsibility. You gotta go, you gotta go. Don't worry about a little thing like an appendix; if anything happens, good old Doc Brewer will take care of it for you. I tell you, Marta, I feel like—"

The phone rang, and Marta glanced at her husband inquiringly.

"If it's urgent," he nodded wearily.

Marta was back in a few seconds. "It's Mary Lou Henson; she said you left word to call you here."

"That's right." Dr. Brewer was on his feet instantly. "Did she . . . sound all right?"

"Quite," nodded Marta.

Dr. Brewer snatched up the instrument. "Yes?"

"This is Mary Lou, Doc. Mother said I should phone you. I just got in."

"You're lucky," said Dr. Brewer, "to get in at all."

"I know," said Mary Lou. "But I think I ought to tell you, Doc, before I get back to bed and my ice pack—I feel kind of lousy right now, and that's a fact."

"Get into bed now, and talk later," ordered Dr. Brewer.

"One sec, Doc," Mary Lou said serenely. "Maybe I was a sucker to do it, but Pres has a date with a bunch of Japs and he's shoving off tonight. For the duration.

"He's a big, ugly brute with red hair and freckles, and you probably wouldn't call him any bargain, but I kind of love the guy and he doesn't exactly hate me. In fact, he slipped me a ring . . ." The voice, for a moment, was not quite steady. "Anyway, I couldn't let the hero go worrying about a little thing like an appendix and an operation. He's got stuff of his own to fret about, if you know what I mean. So I went down to the station to see him off. And that's the how-come of it.

"Now I'm going to bed because, pal, that lower right quadrant you were talking about feels like hell just about now."

She hung up before Dr. Brewer could speak. He hung up, too, and went back into the living room.

"I've got a call to make, Marta," he said. "The silly little fool. . . ."

"The juke-box generation again?"

Dr. Brewer selected a cigar from the humidor and bit off the end.

"They're not so bad," he said briskly. "I mean, you can't expect kids to have the wisdom of the ages, can you?"

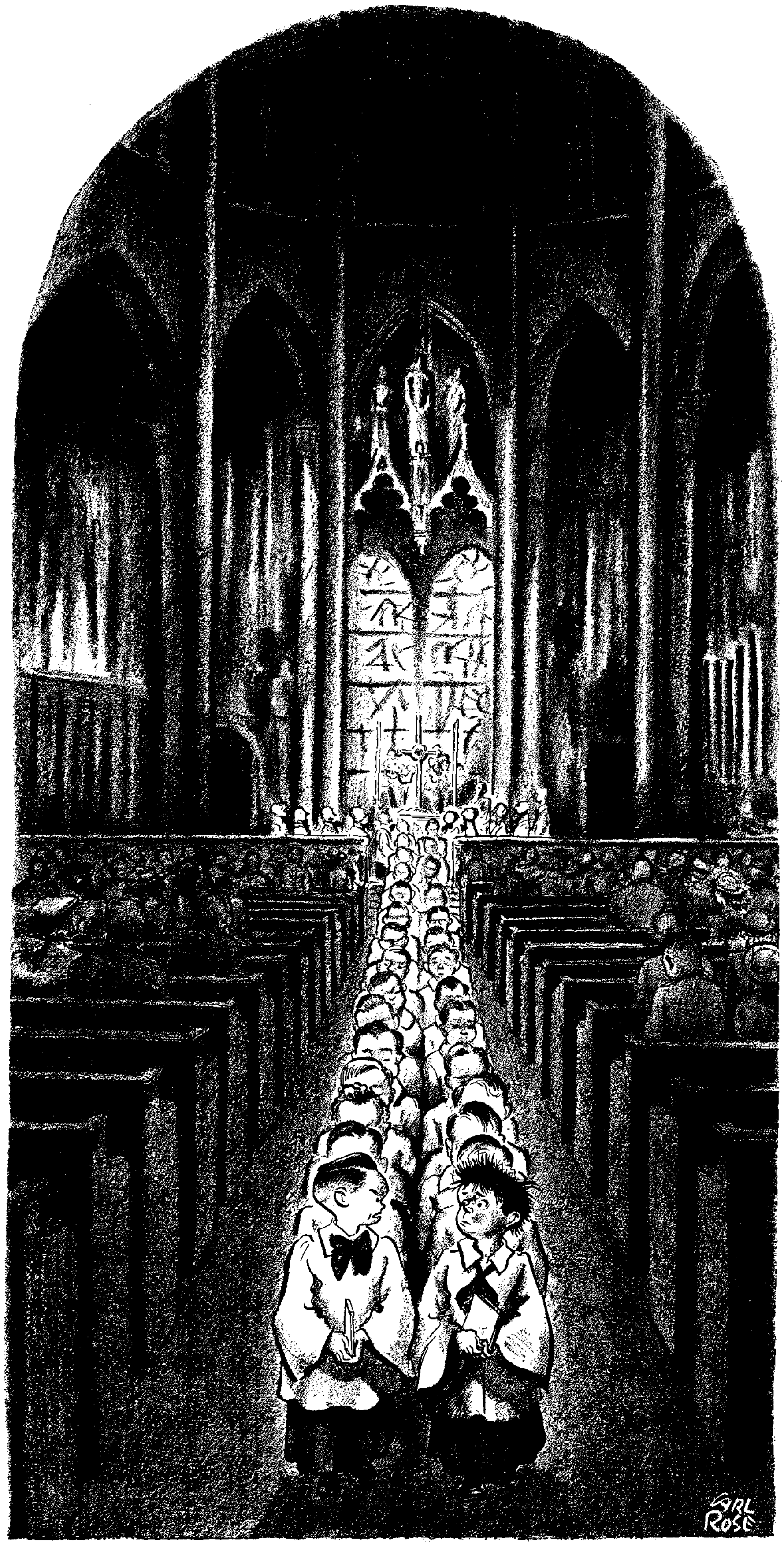
Marta Brewer shook her head. Her smile was a good thing to see.

"They do pretty well," she said. "And . . . they'll all grow up. I'm sorry you have to go out again, dear; it's almost eleven."

Dr. Brewer smiled, remembering something.

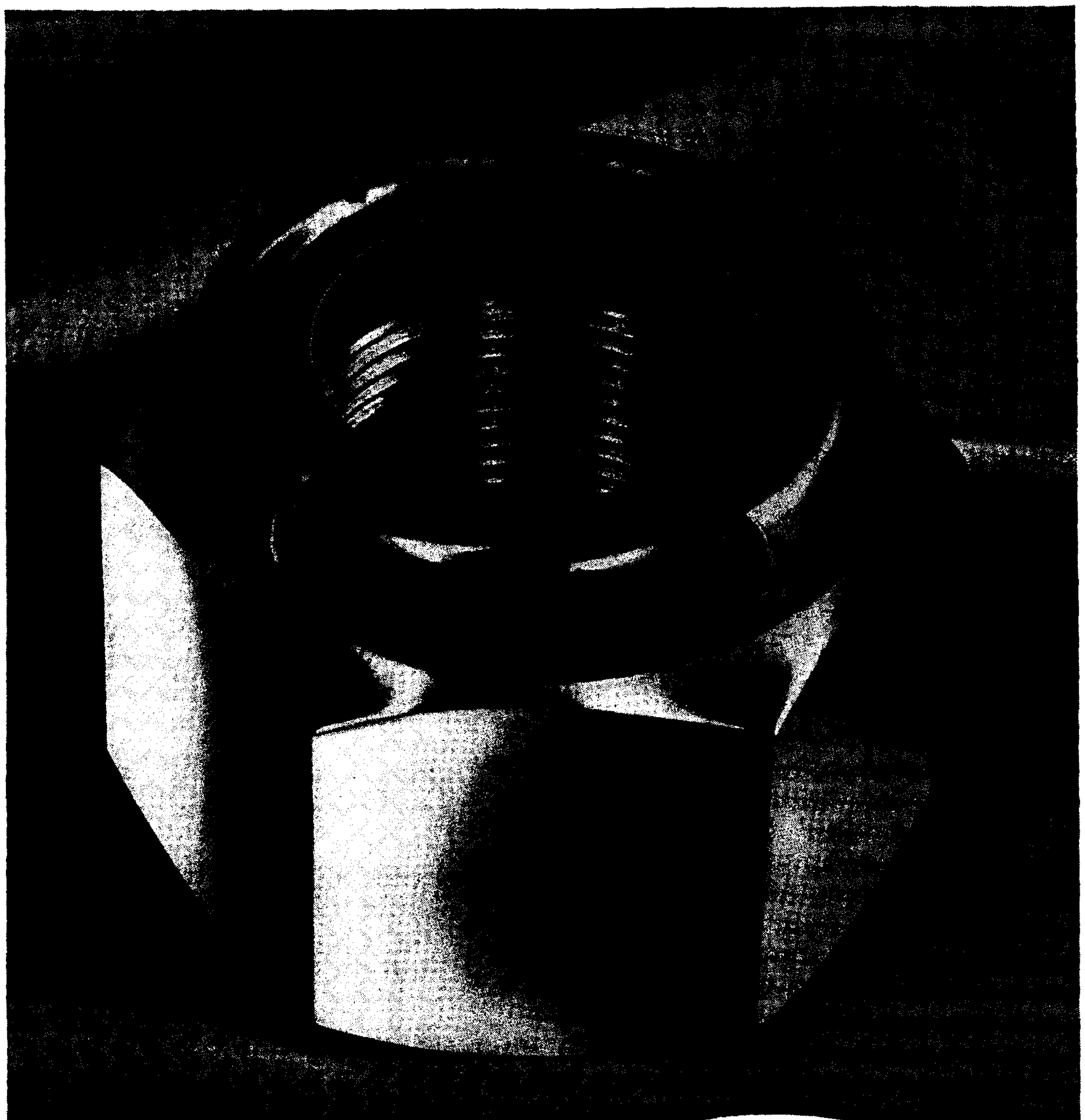
"I don't mind," he said. "I don't mind at all."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Hempstead, you look like the wrath of God" CARL ROSE

KNOW WHAT THIS IS?



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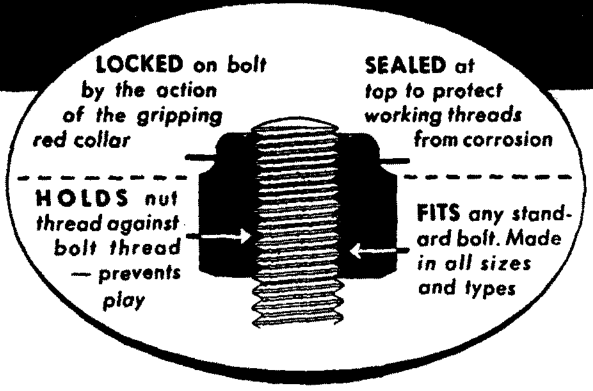
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Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

From the Tuality

Continued from page 28

It was ten feet to the gangplank and now he observed another fellow loitering on the dock, a short one with a Panama straw and a full set of whiskers and a cigar whose end was cherry red in the twilight.

Tom Burch said, "No, thank you," and reached the gangplank without delay. After he had gotten back on the wagon and had started up Oak Street he turned his head to discover that the fellow with the Panama was now aboard and in conversation with the sailor. Both of them were looking at him.

"Ah," he thought, and he had a feeling in his stomach again.

At Second he turned into a stable, unhitched and took care of the horses. Then, remembering the lodginghouse, he strolled south on Second. Dusk came in changing layers of light; and darkness accumulated. Lights sparkled out of houses and the fine street dust was a revolving smoke in the yellow beams.

He stepped through the open door of the lodging house into a room whose carpetless floor had been worn to splinters by many rough boots. A yellow cat sat on a window ledge; in one corner a fuchsia plant grew out of an iron camp pot—and a woman of incredible proportions teetered herself to and fro in a rocking chair while she knitted. She had the arms and the shoulders of a wrestler and her face, when she lifted it to him, was a smooth locked-tight surface with here and there a small bitter seam upon it.

"Well," she said, and seemed to begrudge his presence by her tone.

"Lodging here?"

"Let's see your dollar."

He produced it and dropped it into her man-sized palm. She gave him a hard sizing up with her eyes and seemed to dispose of him. "Dining room's at the end of the hall and you'd better go eat before it closes. When you're ready for bed, take the outside stairway and find yourself a place up there."

THE clatter of crockery and the sound of voices drew him down the hall into another room occupied by a long table at which he found eight or nine people eating family style. The men looked pretty much like the man on the sailing ship, and there were three women to whom he gave no notice until he had found himself a seat. Looking up, then, he discovered one of the women watching him with a kind of lightness in her eyes, and a pretty plain smile on her face. Embarrassment sent his head down and he had an extremely uncomfortable feeling that he had bought himself lodgings at the wrong place. Presently a voice said, "Coffee?" and he looked up to find a girl standing beside him.

She was about eighteen, dressed in some kind of white waist and a plain calico skirt; her hair was pulled back in a knot and her ears were very pretty. She looked most neat, with no nonsense in her, and she was brisk in the way she went about her business. She gave him a moment's attention, poured his coffee and went away.

The women and men presently departed, leaving him to himself; but as soon as they had gone, the girl came in and sat down at the far end of the table to serve herself. He thought, "Mighty odd place for her to be," and he felt no embarrassment in watching her; and none when she caught his eye and looked at him with the gravest attention.

"You're from the country," she said.

"Tuality Plains," he said and was of a notion to tell her about that beautiful land. She looked to be the sort of girl who would appreciate it.

"Staying here tonight?"

"Paid for the lodging," he said. Her eyes were gray, the same color as his own; her face had a calmness on it. She wasn't the sort to fluster, he guessed. Well, she was a prettier girl than he ever remembered seeing and her presence in this house gave him some concern. She cast a glance toward the hall and toward the kitchen and she opened her lips—and closed them; the heavy woman came down the hall, so silent on her feet that it astonished Tom Burch. She gave the girl a blunt glance.

"You've got work to do, haven't you?"

Rising, Tom Burch made his way back to the front room and on out into the soft night. There was a small wind coming from the west, bearing with it the odored nearness of the hills, and bearing also the memory of his own valley farther behind those hills. All the meadows of the Tuality would be sweetly smelling in this warm dusk and the fern and vine along the roads would have their fragrance. He was half homesick, even in this short absence.

At Front Street he turned south, past the darkened doors of the town's shops, past the full glow of one saloon and another. A pair of horsemen trotted by and the town's night policeman strolled into view, with his badge glittering on his coat—a shaggy, unkempt and surly man who gave Tom Burch a sharp look and turned off into the darkness.

On the next corner, Tom Burch came before a set of doors all colored glass and he heard the racket of men inside; and a little impulse got the best of him and he reflected that a twenty-year-old man ought to be able to say he had set his foot on the brass bar, and so he entered.

The place had a smoky, shabby good cheer to it. There was a considerable bar—well filled with customers—and an elegant back mirror which doubled the size of the room. Toward the rear was a group of card tables all crowded, and near by stood a table with bread and meat, the meat kept warm by some sort of device beneath the table. Tom Burch took his place at the bar; when he squared himself around he discovered the short, stout owner of the Panama hat beside him. The stout one had an agreeable smile; he waved a hand decorated by an enormous diamond ring.

"You've got discrimination," said the stout one. "You wanted a little fun, so you picked The Delight. I said to myself, when I saw you, 'That young man's got judgment. Nothing cheap for him.' Delaney, a couple of good ryes here for my friend and me."

The ryes came. Tom Burch reached for his wallet and was at once forestalled by the stout man's gesture. "On me, of course. I like to associate with young businessmen. Call me Paddy. You're in on a trip, I take it."

"From the Tuality," said Tom Burch.

"Here's luck," said Paddy and balanced his glass. Tom Burch raised his rye in like salute and found the stout man's eyes looking at him over the rim of the glass. He had been smiling, but now his lips were hidden behind his hand, so that Tom Burch only saw his eyes. They were on the bloodshot side, half covered by the lids, and in them was an expression which reminded Tom Burch of the sailor on the Abbie Tyler. The rye gave him a full blow in the stomach and began to run through him like the heat of a stove.

MEANWHILE Paddy had collected a pair of friends who seemed, from their cordiality, to have looked forward to this meeting. One was well over six feet, with shoulders so slung forward as to give the impression that he was balanced on his toes. The other wore a blue sweater and a pair of pants held up by a belt made of braided rope.

The tall one insisted it was his treat and struck the flat of his hand against the bar until he got attention.

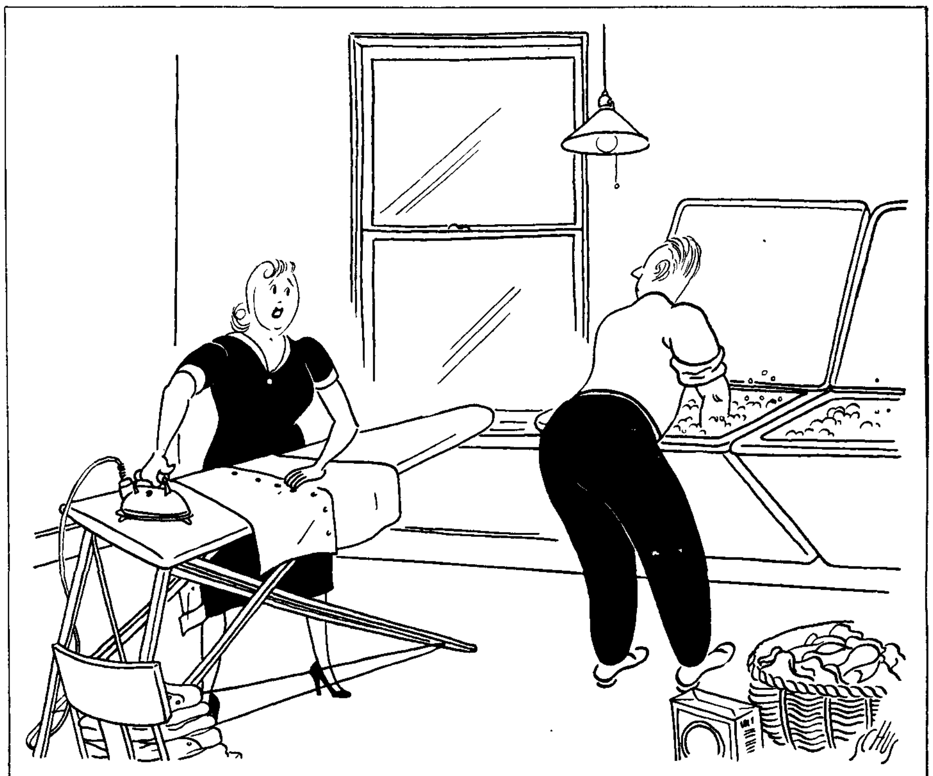
"Taggart," said Paddy to the tall man, "this is my young friend. Want you to know him."

"Sure," said Taggart and pressed Tom Burch's hand with a palm as rough as a board.

"Mighty fine," said Tom Burch and made a turn to the door. "I'm obliged for the treat," he added.

"Hold on," said Taggart, "I'm treatin', ain't I? What's the matter with my whisky?"

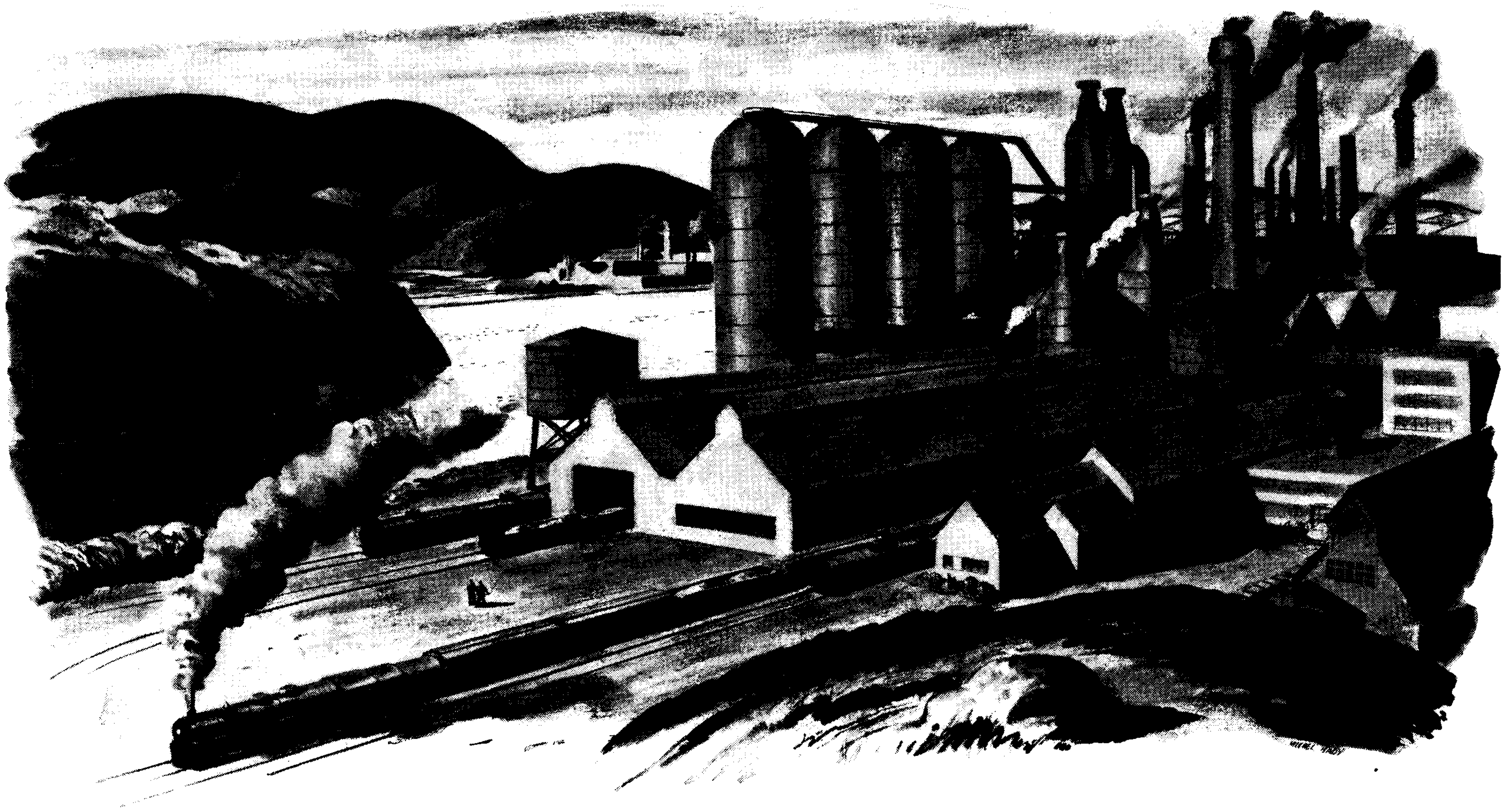
"Now, now," broke in Paddy. "The young man's got judgment. If he wants to try another saloon, we'll all oblige. I tell you," he said, lightly catching Tom



"Our maid certainly put plenty of her things in the laundry this week!"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS



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THEN AMERICA marshalled its might for war. And overnight—almost like magic—the western states began to grow giant-size industrially. An estimated million and a half new "settlers" hurried west to help make vital tools of war.

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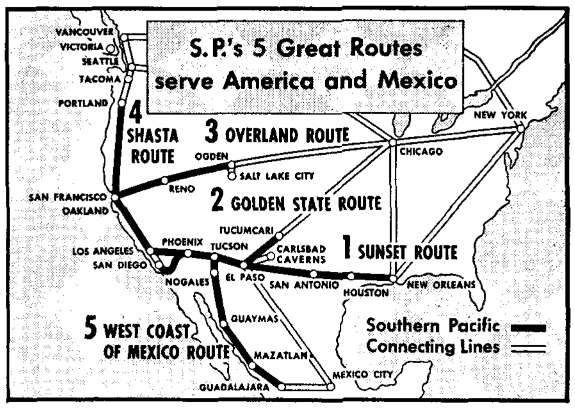
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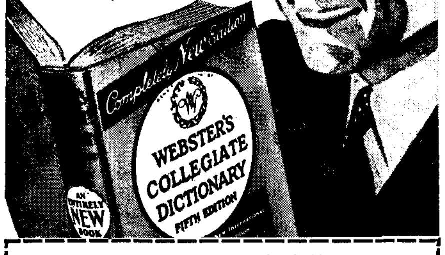

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Burch's arm as the latter moved over the floor, "we'll go to Kilrain's place."

When they got to the sidewalk, Tom Burch found the other three with him. Paddy said, "It's down Front," and took his arm. "If you boys feel like I feel, why this is a wonderful night for a little visitin' and a little drinkin'. Now I know the mate on the Abbie Tyler who's got the finest gin—"

"Gentlemen," said Tom Burch, "I'll be walkin' along."

"Why," said Paddy, most heartily, "we've barely got started."

"Late for a farmer," said Tom Burch and turned away. But Paddy caught his arm, and gave a short laugh, and ceased to laugh. "Not so easy," he said. "You accepted my drink, lad. I don't like to be cut short when I'm friendly."

Paddy had a firm grasp of his sleeve. Taggart stood by, his shoulders tilted down; the fellow with the rope belt silently waited. Burch knew then what he was in for; by morning, unless he shook this crew, he would no doubt be a deck hand bound for sea. They meant to shanghai him.

HE STRUCK Paddy hard across the arm, breaking his grip; he turned and felt Taggart's palm graze him as he jumped into a full run, crossed the street's dust and swung up Oak Street toward Second; the shadows were thicker in that direction and he had calculated that the lodginghouse would provide safety for him. Meanwhile the three were rushing behind him in very businesslike fashion, not calling and not speaking; he heard somebody breathing like a teakettle, and guessed that would be Paddy. Suddenly he saw a shape slide in front of him; he wheeled aside, but then recognized the night policeman, and came gratefully to a stop. The others were so close at his heels that they nearly ran him down. Taggart arrived first and halted, softly controlling his wind; Paddy came up and gave the policeman a mild curse. "You, Harris?"

"These fellows," said Tom Burch, to the night marshal, "aim to shanghai me."

The night marshal craned his head forward, staring at Burch; and Burch saw a queer expression on his face, and he wondered at it. Taggart hovered over him, and Paddy gave a short, humorless laugh. The third fellow had slid off into the darkness, up the street.

"Blast you, Paddy," said the night policeman, "can't you keep out of my way?" The next moment he gave a flip of his shoulders, walked ten feet down the street and vanished between buildings.

"Ah," thought Tom Burch, and wheeled on one foot and struck the hovering Taggart so savagely in the belly that the latter went staggering back and gagged for want of wind. Paddy came forward flatfooted and cautious, swinging something in his arm. Tom Burch wheeled and ran on a little way until he saw what appeared to be an alley; he ducked into the alley and crashed headlong against another shape waiting there.

That, he guessed, was the third man who had gone off a little distance to wait. The impact did him no good; neither had it helped the little man who was flung against a building wall. Burch moved on; but he stopped, growing unaccountably warm with anger, and turned in time to see the little man's shadow move at him. He reached in and received a pair of knuckles in his face before he got his arms around the little man. He hugged the little man close to him and struck his head against the little man's chin very hard, and lifted his knee and smashed it into the little man's groin. Then he let go and watched the little man fall.

One of the others now crept down the alley with considerable caution; and he heard footsteps pounding hard up the sidewalk. "Maybe," he thought, "to cut me off on the other side of the alley." He ran down the channel of alley blackness, fell full length when a piece of wire caught his legs and got up and reached a street coming up from the river. He looked both directions and crossed over. There was the back end of a building here, and a small yard of some kind; he stopped a minute to catch his bearings—and heard a voice right beside him, coming out of a shed which seemed to join the building.

"Climb over the fence."

It was a girl's voice, and he would have stopped to have a look at her if it had not been for a figure whipping around the block at that minute. Burch put his hands on the fence, vaulted over and saw the girl there before him. "Come on," she said, and moved into the shed. The door of it was open and a light came out of it; when he got inside he saw it was a sort of room—with a bed and dresser and a chair. An inner door connected it with the main building He turned to see the girl from the lodginghouse—the one who had waited on him—close the outer door. She didn't seem excited in any degree; she looked at him and almost smiled.

"Under the bed," she said.

"Why now—"

"They know you're around here. Paddy will go to the madame. They'll all hunt for you. Madame and Paddy work together on this. Get under the bed."

It was a heavy bed with a wide side frame; he had to lift it a little with his back when he crawled under. The girl's feet moved across the floor and then he saw her dress drop to the chair and he saw her take off her shoes. Presently she was in the bed. The light stayed on. "Now," she said, "don't move."

"This shed part of the lodginghouse?"

"Yes," she said, "don't talk. They're coming."

He heard them beating around the yard; he heard them scrape along the back side of the shed and go away.

"Now," she said, "they'll go get Madame and see if you're inside. Paddy is a crimp. They want men for the Abbie Tyler. That's the boat you sold the apples to."

"How'd you know about that?"

"I heard Paddy tell Madame about it. You picked the wrong lodginghouse to stay in. I smell whisky. Paddy picked you up?"

"That's it. This is not a good place, is it?"

"Not for you," she said.

"Then what are you doing here?"

FEET stamped along a hall of the lodginghouse and he made out a man's voice, and Madame's coldly impatient answer. The door opened and Madame said sharply, "What are you reading at this hour of the night, Sally?"

Sally's voice was untroubled; it was soft and sleepy: "A story."

"You've heard nobody around here?"

"Somebody ran back of the shed a little while ago."

Paddy seemed to be standing behind Madame. He said, "I want a look at that room."

"I'd kill the man who ever set foot in this room," said Madame. She closed the door and the two went treading away. Tom Burch lay on his side, embarrassed by his predicament and increasingly struck by Sally's calmness in the matter. She always seemed to know what she was about. He heard her turn in the bed; then the light died and she called to him: "Now come out."

He lifted the bed with his shoulder, slid through and stood up. It was wholly dark in the room, yet he turned his back to the bed when he spoke to her: "I'll get out of here."

"You don't know Paddy. The ship sails at four in the morning and he won't give up until then."

"I'll lie on the floor," he said. "Near the door."

After a moment's silence she said in a practical voice, "The floor is hard and it will be cold. This is a big bed. Go to the other side and lie on top of the quilt."

He went around the foot of the bed and let himself quietly down on its edge. He lay on his back, looking up at the ceiling.

"She's a terror," he said, thinking of Madame.

"Maybe," said the girl.

"How'd you ever get here?"

"Why," she said, "my people died of cholera when we came across the plains, four years ago. In '59. I came on with some other folks. A man and his wife. But the wife didn't like me around, so I just got off the wagon, and the wagon went on. Madame saw me walking up the street and asked me if I wanted a job."

"There's other places," he said.

She was silent a moment, then gently said, "When I was walking up the street that day, nobody else offered me a place."

"You shouldn't be here."

"Nothing here has hurt me. Madame sees to that. Where are you from?"

"Tuality plains. My folks have got a donation claim out there. Half of it is mine. Those apples I brought in came from little whips my father brought across the plains in '52."

"I've always heard the Tuality was pretty," she said.

HE LAY still, remembering how her voice sounded in the room's quietness; how it struck the darkness like the sweet, easy notes of a bell. This house was a bad one and the Madame was no good; but the girl was good. She moved around and through this badness and was not touched by it. Well, that was a strange thing. She was stronger than the people around her.

He said, "What I came to town for was to sell the apples to get some money to buy nails and glass and paint. I'm building a house on my half of the donation."

"It is nice of you to build your folks a better house."

"Well," he said, "I never really figured why I was building it. One day I just went down there and started to make off the foundations. It seemed what I ought to do. Yesterday, coming over the grade, I asked myself, 'Why am I building it?' " He was silent; he was thinking. Then he said, "I guess I'm building it to live in. A man has to break off for himself sometime."

"Will there be a butter and cream pantry in it?"

"That's in the spring house. The spring water is cold all year."

He wanted her to ask more questions and was a little disappointed when she didn't; and, having risen at three that morning, he now fell asleep.

HE WAS wakened by a hard shout, a violent cursing, and he woke and flung himself off the bed into the room's full daylight and saw Madame standing at the inner door. Sally had gone, without waking him. He had overslept; and now Madame's tongue slashed at him:

"I ought to kill you! You scoundrel, you dog! I am going to set Paddy's men on your trail! I'll have you dumped in the river before you get out of Portland!"

He never had seen rage like that before. Madame stood there and wished to lay hands on him and break him up; violence threshed back and forth across her bitter face, it was shining in her strange, suspicious eyes. He could think of nothing but a cougar bayed by dogs, standing with its tail weaving and a yellow-green hatred pouring out of its cat eyes.

"Madame," said Sally's voice. "It is all right."

Sally was in the hallway. Madame swung and half raised a hand as if to strike her; but it was strange that the girl, half Madame's size, looked up at the older woman, coolly and with a thread of a smile—and gently pushed Madame aside and came into the room. "I put him up for the night, Madame. I didn't want you and Paddy to have him."

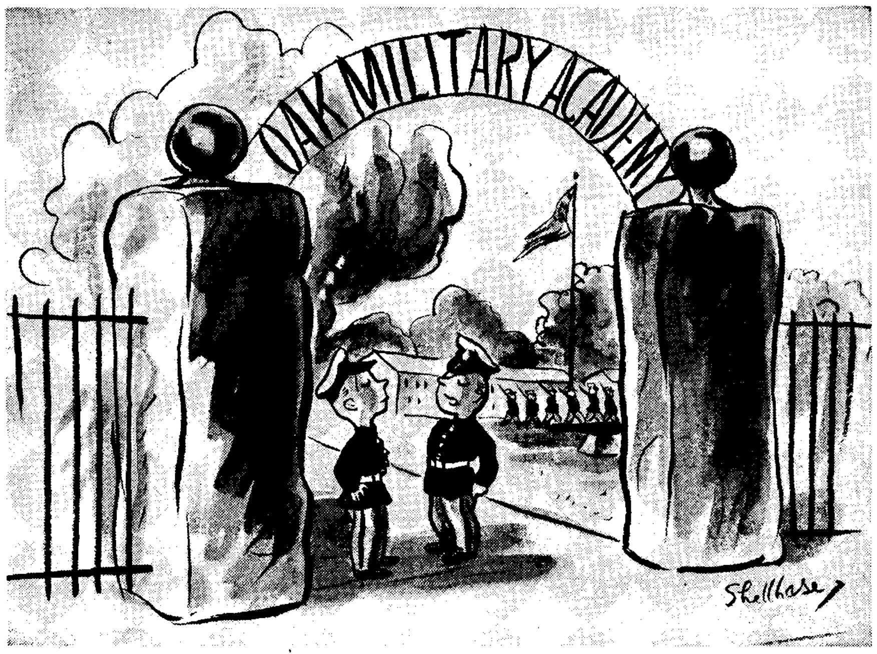
"So," said Madame. "Have I not told you to keep away from everything that goes on in this place? You—takin' him into your room! I've raised you better than that."

"Now," said Tom Burch, "it is not the way you think. You've got a bad place here—and she's the only good thing in it. You go on. I want to talk to her."

"Get out of the room," said Madame. "You get, before I call Paddy. Before I call the day police."

"You have got the night policeman," said Tom Burch coolly enough, "and you may have the day man. But there's a mayor in this town, or there's somebody in this town that oughtn't to like you. I can go find somebody as well as you can."

The girl turned to Madame. It was, Tom Burch thought, the sweetest thing he had ever seen, the way she smiled at this formidable lump of a woman. "Madame," said Sally, something light and nice dancing in her voice, "he wants to talk to me." She put her hands on Madame and turned the woman back through the door and



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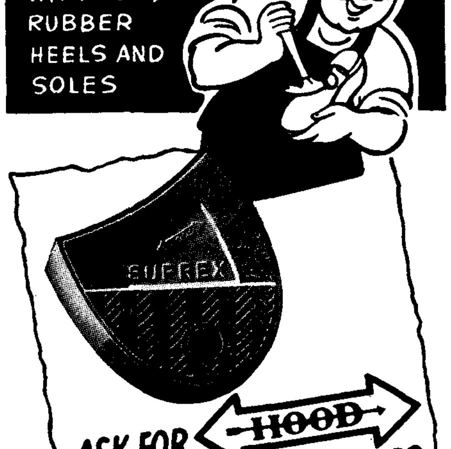
WALKING TO WORK THESE DAYS? GET ADDED SERVICE AND COMFORT WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES



ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

shut the door. She faced Tom Burch. She folded her hands before her and waited with a placid expression.

"Last night," he said, "after you went to sleep, I thought—"

"No," she said, "I was awake a long time. You went to sleep first."

He said, "It is going to be a good substantial house. You want to live in it?"

She watched him a thoughtful moment. Her lips changed, came together in a firm line, softened. "Yes," she said.

"Well then," he said, "we ought to start."

She said, "Madame," without turning to the door; and the door opened and Madame, who had been standing in the hall, stepped in with her simmering temper. The girl was smiling again. "Madame," she said, "I am marrying him."

She was a strange woman, this Madame. Tom Burch confidently expected an explosion; he even suspected he might have to wrestle with this huge creature. She laid her eyes on him, but though they gave him no warmth, neither did they threaten him. She said: "What have you got to support a woman?"

"Half a donation," he said.

Madame turned to the girl. She said, "You're seventeen, you're old enough to know," and left the room.

"Madame is satisfied," said Sally.

"Does that matter?" said Tom Burch.

SHE gave him a glance and seemed to wish to explain something but shrugged her shoulders. He had opened the door and now they left the shed and walked abroad in the morning's fine, warm sunlight. She had on a plain skirt and a white waist, but no hat; the top of her head came a little above his shoulder and she carried herself straight and seemed to be dreaming of a thing far away, and was silent all the way to the small white frame building which was the city hall. Tom Burch found a man there who issued a license; and then the two of them stepped to the street again.

He said, "What is your church?"

She said, "What is yours?"

"Methodist."

"We are Methodists," she said and took his arm, turning him south on Second Street. Tom Burch felt strange in his stomach and he had lost his certainty in the matter; but the girl was as calm as though she were making butter. She found the church and she found the pastor digging stumps in a vacant lot. The pastor summoned a pair of people from the street and led them into the church where he got his coat and put it on and performed the ceremony. The pastor congratulated the bridegroom, accepted two silver dollars and returned to his chore in the stump patch; the simplicity of the whole thing more or less stunned Tom Burch. He stood still, not quite sure of what was now best to do.

She was smiling a little as she waited for him to make up his mind. It occurred to him then that she seemed different; there was a warm look about her, and a prettiness he hadn't noticed before. It gave him a considerable shock to realize this woman was his wife. "I have got to buy some nails and some glass and a little paint," he said. He took his wallet from his pocket and he opened the draw string and spread the apple money in his palm. "You'll need some things, too. Portland's a long ride from Tuality and we won't get here often."

"We can't be spending time riding back and forth," she agreed.

It occurred to him then that she was taking considerable risk in him, and he wanted to tell her several things, but had no notion of how to start. Still, she ought to know how it would be like between them. He sorted out twenty dollars to cover his own purchases, put the rest of the money in the pouch and laid the pouch in her hand

She lifted her glance, turned very grave. Her voice was different: "You don't like foolish women, do you? I won't be foolish."

"I'll meet you at the lodginghouse in an hour," he said, and turned toward Front. The thing she had said stuck in his mind; it made a puzzle for him.

SHE was at the door of the lodginghouse when he arrived with the wagon and team. She had a new valise and a lot of packages; and she had a basket with lunch in it. When he stowed these things into the wagon he noticed a bottle of champagne in the basket.

"That's from Madame," she said. "And a hundred dollars in gold."

He handed her up to the wagon seat, but he stood on the ground, marveling. "Why," he said, "that's strange, from her. Maybe I better go thank her."

"No," she said. "Let her be. She's crying."

He climbed to the seat and set the horses in motion. It was a fine day, the sun clear in the east and all the smells of fall coming upon them as they drove up Washington, left the scattered buildings of the town's edge behind them, and passed through the stump clearings. The smell of the slash fires was a wonderful smell and so was the cool, damp odors of the canyon when they came upon the hairpin grade. She sat beside him, hands folded in her lap; he gave her a quick look now and then, just to be sure—and found her engaged in soft dreaming. "Everything all right?"

"Yes."

But he was disturbed and could not understand why. He reviewed everything, from his arrival in Portland until this moment; and he was surprised at all that had happened, its swiftness and its great effect. Well, a man had to marry soon or late; and so had a woman. They were both sound and practical, and all this was the way it should be. What had taken his fancy in the beginning was her calmness; her way of meeting a thing and mastering it. It impressed him more and more; even so, by the time he had reached the top of the grade he was greatly troubled. Something lay between them and seemed to grow; they were a pair of strangers.

IT WAS noon when they reached the spring in the heavy timber. He pulled to the side of the road and helped her from the seat and stood by while she laid out lunch from the basket. She sat down and looked up at him, very cool, very thoughtful; and when he dropped beside her he saw the reserved and waiting expression there. "Why," he thought, "I am a fool," and put his arms around her and laid her back on the grass and gave her a long, full kiss.

He drew away and saw her lips smiling; and he saw the full light in her eyes. He said, "This is the way it ought to start."

"Yes," she said. "I was waiting."

"I guess," he said, "that I want you foolish as well."

"Why," she said, "now everything is right."

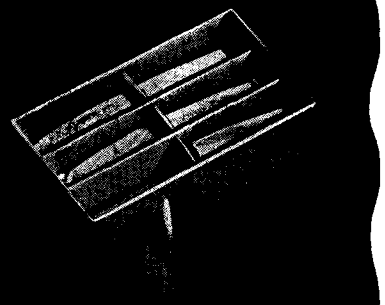
He sat up and reached for the champagne bottle and had some difficulty with the cork; he poured a cup of it for each of them. Then he said, "I didn't want you to think wrong of me when I was in your room."

She was silent a moment and then, lifting the cup at him, she murmured, "Maybe you would have been safe if you'd left. But if you'd left you wouldn't have known anything about me, would you? Was I so bad to hold you?"

She was smiling, she was happy; she was a woman full of sparkle and mischief, and it made him extraordinarily happy. "Now," he said, "all this is fine," and watched her sip her champagne.

THE END

TO RELIEVE THE DISTRESS OF SIMPLE PILES



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WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

All Souls'

Continued from page 15

he wondered how his son had ever managed to steer her into bed. That, he thought, was their problem; they looked after their affairs, and he looked after his own. Yet it gave him a subtle pleasure, for all its inconvenience—that bed standing starkly there in spite of the young woman's thoroughness. It had not fallen to her coolness; her poise had been shattered against it; she had begun and had not dared to finish. It was too much for her, that bed.

Not that he himself was proof against it. He stood and looked down upon it. He stared it out, much as, on that thick, solemn August morning, he had stared out the grave of his wife. The cumulus clouds had piled up at the edge of the cemetery; over their massed grayness had lain the oblique rays of a watery sun. Sudden wind had sown turbulence in the dignity of the poplars. Rhetoric and fallen sods had broken the quiet. But he had not been turbulent; his quiet had been invulnerable; nothing had undone his dignity.

HE HAD told himself at the end of every efflorescent paragraph that this was a show, a piece of pageantry. The sorrow on his face was a removable mask; three, four more hours, and he could lay it aside. His own replies to the other mourners were like the flowers that came after her out of the abyss of the hearse; they were the appropriate ornaments of the occasion and would have the grace to die soon and be remembered no more. No, he would not remember any of it, not here in this clinging, moving mist. He had been finished with it long before it had ended; the last twenty years of his marriage had been unreal, ghostly, posthumous. Let him say it plainly to himself, as he had said it at the cemetery gate: He had buried nothing; it had been no loss.

Now the house was utterly still. The two on the second floor rose late. They could afford to; they were the inheritors; he had never lost the stern, meager ways of those who do the getting. Everything downstairs was arranged for his convenience. Before she laid her cool head on her cool pillow, his daughter-in-law discharged her duties. His coffee was meted out in the percolator; the toaster and the bread knife were ready; his glass of fruit juice, sealed with a cold little rubber cap, was set to the front of the refrigerator; the best china and the best silver were laid at his solitary place. The light in the dining-room chandelier was sickly in the glare of the fog. The dishes were damp, and the taste of fog was in the food. He chewed methodically, without savor, and saw them again, now one, now the other, the grave, the bed.

But he had done what he could for her. His acquaintances kept reminding him how much he had done, how he had no reason to reproach himself now that she was dead. Love her? Who could have loved her—the dumpy, asthmatic little woman, slovenly without her corsets, slovenly without her shoes, her false teeth more often in her apron pocket than in her mouth, a fringe of hair, always smelling a little burned from the curler, fuzzy across her brow? Nobody had expected him to love her. She had not expected it herself. He was of the world and of the times; she belonged to the house and to a gone era; it was enough that he brought home to her the sour candy that she loved to suck, the lace-edged boudoir pillows that were out of fashion now.

He had spent money on her, as much as he had ever spent on the other one, the one who could still evoke in him a kind of shadowy delight. He had done what he could; he had given her all that she could use. Long ago she had asked, without prompting, for a bed of her own. A mild woman, easily resigned to the end of love . . .

He took up his flawless hat and topcoat, put out the lights, and stood for a minute in the middle of the orderly Georgian living room, staring across the sofa at the windows and the mist. The whiteness was less solid now. Through its shifting surface, slantwise and wan, lay a band of sun. He thought of her again because the house was so quiet. She had been in the habit of coming downstairs before him and going back to her rumpled bed when he left the place. Always, at this time of the morning, there had been the shuffle of her slippers on the stairs.

Always like that—he always saw her like that, nodding at him over the banister. Not the waxy thing in the coffin. That lace-shadowed, satin-covered doll had been ridiculous, offensive, a kind of final insult to the little that she was. He had looked the required number of times, kissed the tips of the still fingers, and forgotten the whole affair.

A certain old clerk of his, poetic and a little confused in the brain, had chosen to talk to him in the presence of that trimmed-up piece of nothingness. The clerk had said something about a person's youth rising out of the grave. "Now it's strange, it's very strange, but all of a sudden you see your wife the way she was when she was twenty. You see her in places you forgot, in dresses you haven't thought about for thirty years."

Some men might be able to wrest this sort of resurrection from a grave. Certainly he could not. He had buried nothing more or less than the fat little person who sloshed upstairs. He put on his hat, opened the door, and stepped into the mist.

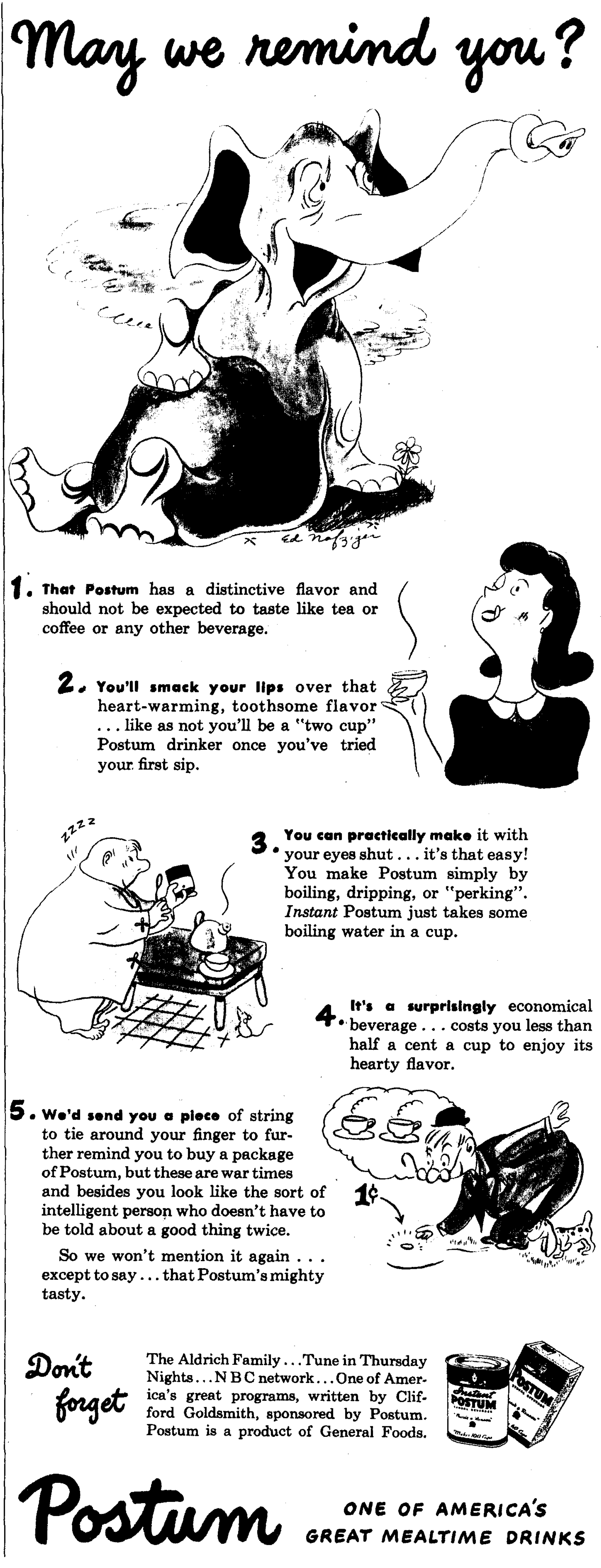
The street was dank and yellow-brown with maple leaves. His car stood at the curb where he had left it last night in protest against his son's persistent advice. He stepped in and banged the door. A child was walking up one of the side streets, a small, pale boy in a garish clown suit. It was the last day of the month, and Halloween. The little fellow was going to school in his frippery, dragging his pointed hat behind him so that its scarlet pompoms trailed on the wet cement.

Something in the sight was troubling. The small, grave face above the bright red ruff? The thought of taffy apples eaten in a forgotten classroom long ago? The loneliness of a single figure moving through fog down an empty street? He did not know and sensed that he did not wish to know. His hand felt masterful upon the wheel. The ache in his arm and shoulder was less. Definitely, the fog was clearing. He watched the sanity of sun returning to the world.

YEARS ago he had instituted in the office a practice of closing a month's business on the thirtieth. It was a good system; it kept the bookkeepers on their toes. Besides, it righted in some measure the shifting calendar. One closed the books at reasonably regular intervals for eleven twelfths of the year, and only the flaw of February remained. Yet today he found himself regretting his commendable method. It made a shifting, unanchored ghost of the thirty-first day.

The top of his desk was empty. He could see his own face, white and triangular, swimming in the dark glass. His secretary kept to her cubicle. The telephone was still. The old clerk pared his nails under a hanging lamp in the adjoining room. There was nothing to do.

He spent most of the morning at the



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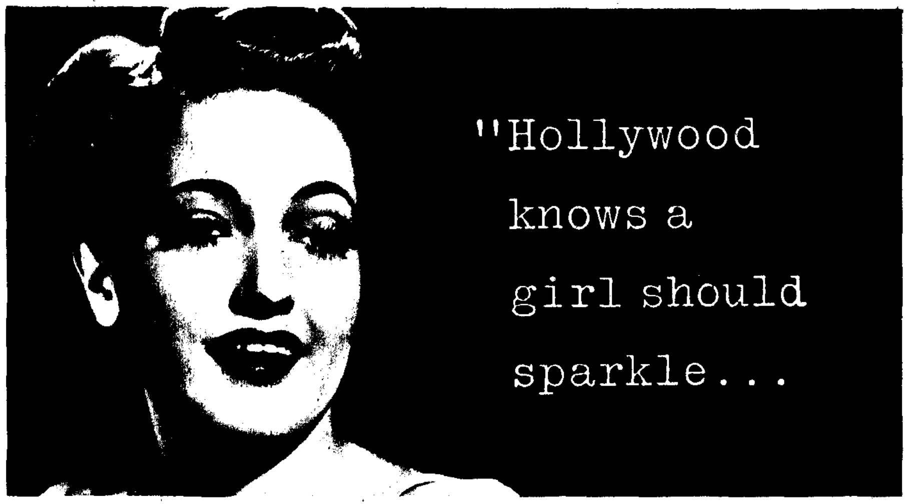

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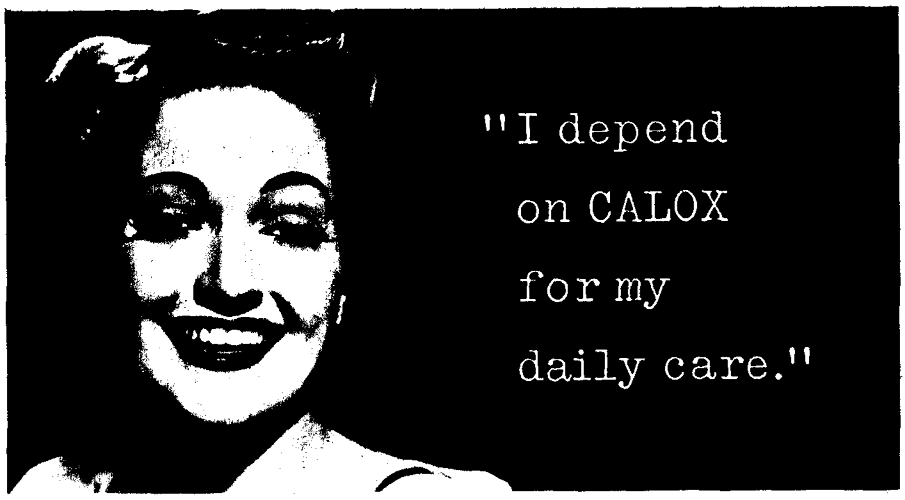

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window, staring into the soot-black canyon of the business street. The fog which had lifted from the face of his neighborhood seemed to have accumulated in this dark and angular place. The weather and the hour were equivocal, disturbing. It was neither night nor day. Lights were turned on in his and other offices, but the glare sickened them; they showed in pale, blurred squares through the mist. Below him, humanity was drowned in wet and dark. Their white, lifted faces were seen as at the bottom of a sea. Like his own face, floating in the depths of the glass—submerged, lost.

Suddenly it came into his mind that he could not go back to his own house tonight. It was as if something—fog, death, an ancient anger—waited for him in the vestibule. He saw the dining room and the table and the three of them seated around it; he saw the cold faces and the cold orderliness of the chinaware, the thin gray slices of lamb, the diced potatoes, the perfect green of the peas. And all this—this and the hard brilliance of the prism chandelier—seemed also to be immersed in the inescapable tide. He could not eat with them, answering their polite questions about his day at work. What the day was, what words he could call up to describe the day, would be unfit for their chilly ears.

HE WOULD spend the evening in some other place. But where? Some closed place, padded with plush and heavy with the smell of brandy and rich food. Some place where a discreet hand drew weighty curtains between the guest and the night. Clubhouse? Restaurant? Alone? He walked away from the window and sat down before the bald desk. He would telephone Cecilia. To envision, to embroider, to play with the idea of loneliness was a piece of morbidity. There was no need, absolutely no need for him to spend the evening or the night alone.

Yet he could not bring himself to phone her at once. He sat for a long time above the watery glass, fondling the bronze, fish-tailed nymph that was his paperweight, a present which she had given him in the first stages of their ardor, ten years ago. Like the nymph, she was familiar—every curve and tone and gesture of hers was known. Like the nymph, she had lost only a little of the first gloss. She was no fool to stand wailing after gone youth. She made the most of mellowness. There was an autumnal opulence about her—the indolent curve of her hand setting a comb straight in the dark loops of her hair, the full breasts confined in sturdy satin, the husky voice equally appropriate for carrying a new tune, commenting on the European news, telling a tastefully bawdy jest. What a woman to find by sheer accident, to stumble into at a business dinner in a dusty, savorless year! He never knew what was more gratifying—her social adaptability or the easy, openhanded way she had of making love. They had conspired together, secretively, cleverly, to wangle their share of the world's wine and roses. Sitting behind the drawn curtains, they conspired with witty words against some nameless thing—the fog, the return to the primal nothingness.

Then why should he sit dreaming and playing with the sea nymph? Why not lift the telephone? Simply because she had—and this was part of the gleam upon her—a life of her own. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays were their evenings. This was Friday, a day when she made herself available to the insignificant remnant of her world: the cousins, the nephews, the secretary who was to be married and needed a bit of down-to-earth advice, the smart woman friends among whom she renewed her inexhaustible collection of anecdotes.

Yet it was just possible that she had no engagement for tonight. She had said once a little wistfully that Fridays were dull, filled up with such odds and ends as writing checks and mending underwear. The routine of their lovemaking was so smooth that he seldom had occasion to call her at her office. He had to leaf long through his desk calendar to find the number. He dialed it, still holding the bronze nymph in his left hand, nourishing himself upon curve and hollow until he heard her voice.

"Why, is that you, my darling?" she said. "Is anything the matter? Are you all right?"

He stared at the blank street and the moving strands of mist. "I feel a little seedy this morning." He had meant to say that he was very well indeed.

"But I *told* you, dear, I told you on Wednesday that you should go to the doctor and get some heat rays on your shoulder."

"Oh, what's the point of it?" Seeing that there is no cure for arthritis, since it is part of the process of growing old.

"The point of it? But that's ridiculous. It always helps. You know as much."

"I'll go when I choose." He had meant to sound off-hand and masculine. He was querulous instead—cranky and old.

"Let's not quarrel. It's so nice, at this time of the morning, hearing your voice."

He could sense her waiting at the other end of the line. She had implied, tactfully and affectionately, that she wished to know what he wanted. She had done it with her usual grace and was perfectly justified, inasmuch as she had a life of her own. He reached across the cold, aqueous surface of the desk, set the sea nymph down, and touched the tip of the bronze breast. "I thought, if it was all right with you . . ." But his tone was far too timid and tentative. He cleared his throat. "Shall we have dinner together tonight?"

The phone was electric with silence. It was almost as if she had said "Good Lord!" under her breath.

"Shall we have—"

"Oh, my darling, I can't." There was real distress in the speed and breathlessness of her voice. "Of all nights, I simply can't tonight. If I had only known on Wednesday. And what I have to do tonight is such a little, foolish sort of thing—"

He withdrew his hand from the nymph and rubbed it against his own hard cheek. Try as he would, he could not say the gracious words that would deliver her from the need to explain and apologize.

"My brother's children, darling—I promised to spend the evening with my brother's children because it's Halloween. They're going to be dressed up in costumes and pull taffy. I have a bag of stuff to take, noisemakers and paper hats and confetti, and they're expecting me, and if I didn't turn up it would break their hearts. I—"

"That's quite all right," he said. But he had not been listening. He was absorbed in a recollection: that small, pale boy going solitary through the fog, dragging his clown hat on the damp street. . . .

"No, it's not all right. It's not all right at all. That I should be somewhere else on the one evening when you want me—"

HE FELT it as an affront—her knowledge of his loneliness.

"Listen, dearest." Her voice was swifter and more breathless still. He fancied that he could see the excitement of a new thought brightening her eyes. "Listen, why don't you come over there with me, over to my brother's, I mean? It'll only last till twelve or thereabouts. It would be silly—apples and taffy and doughnuts. But it wouldn't be painful, and afterward we—"

He could not understand why the thought of children in Halloween clothes should put him into this nervous, unsteady state. The hand that held the phone was actually shaking. "That isn't at all necessary," he said.

"But—"

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"But do you forgive me?"

He winced. There was a quality he had always valued in her conversation—the utter absence of such excessive words as "love," "remembrance," "yearning," "suffer," and "forgive." He cleared his throat again. There was fog in it. The thick taste of fog was on his tongue. "Certainly. Don't be a fool. I'll see you tomorrow," he said.

He did not go back to the door. He continued to sit at the desk, gazing at the little clerk who went on paring his nails in the faint circle of light under the lamp. He had not really looked at the fellow for weeks—months—years. And now he was amazed at the change, the withered hands, the wizened face. The clerk was old, the clerk was very old.

THAT night he left the dinner table early, before the two of them had pushed their dessert dishes aside and reached for their cigarettes. He walked into the parlor, feeling the frigid look, the lifting of the pale eyebrows behind him. "What ails the old man?" their brief silence asked. Then the question was submerged in the chill flow of their conversation: "And I said: No, I wouldn't think of paying such a price for a pair of curtains under any circumstances. . . ."

Tonight he wanted every lamp in the parlor to be lighted. The daughter-in-law didn't like too much light. Once a month she gave a lecture about the matter over the newly arrived electricity bill. She always said, smiling and turning off the lamps, that really it was too intense. He wandered around the sitting room, pushing button after button, jerking little chain after little chain. He saw her through the arched doorway. Her look transformed him into a child spoiling for a fight. "But I am an adult, I am poised," her glance said. "You're evidently on some sort of tension tonight, so I'll overlook your naughtiness." Her husband handed her a cigarette and smiled. "You're wise, my love," said his eyes, "you're very wise."

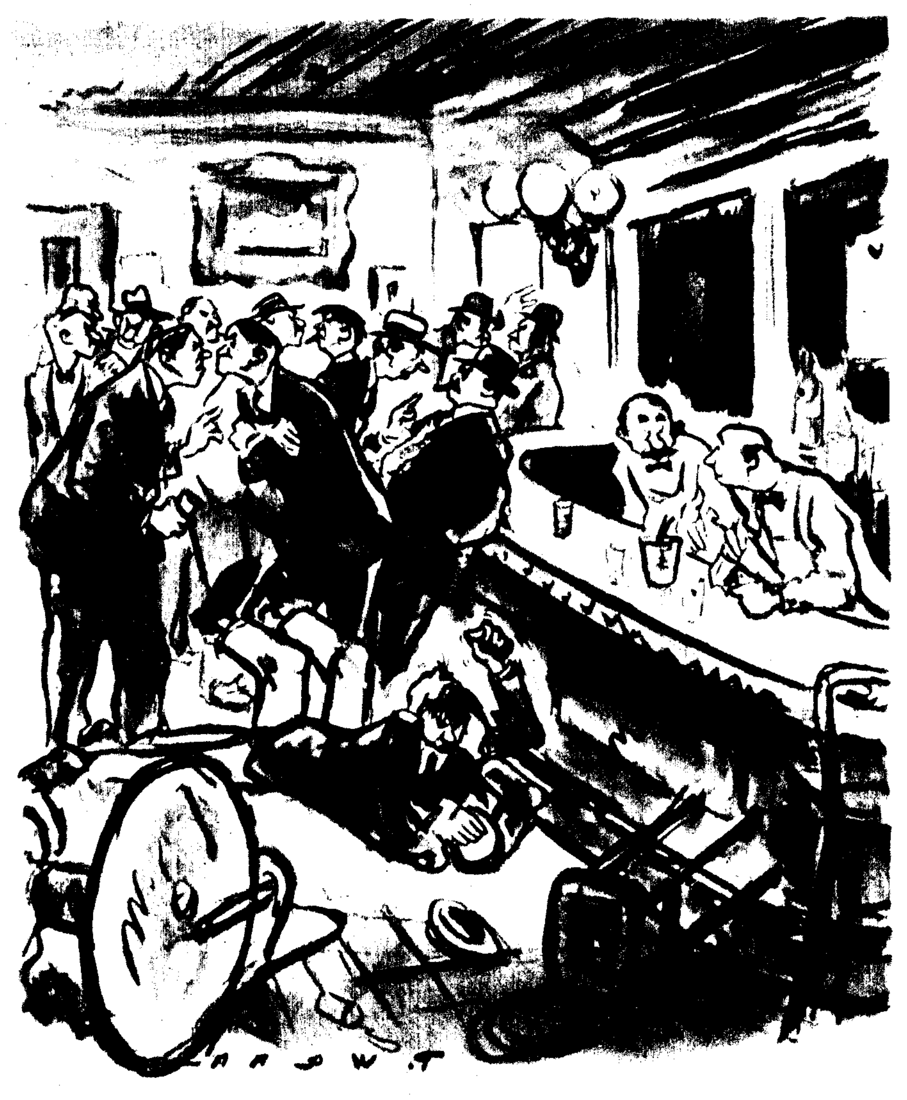
Now that every globe in the room was bright, he was not satisfied. The lamps looked small and separate; the glow was confined to the silk shades; there was a troubling mistiness between. Either the smoke of their cigarettes drifting in from the dining room or the fog rolling back with the night, had clouded the house. He was cold. He huddled in an armchair near the draped window, with a pillow behind his shoulder and the stale news spread over his knees. He was irritated by the headlines; he had read them all before. The ache in him was nagging, persistent, like a bad tooth. A tooth can be pulled, but for arthritis there is no . . . The room was too damned polished, anyhow. Wherever he looked, he saw a shimmering surface. The reflection of his face was there, distorted, in the dark wood of the coffee table. His lean ankles rippled away from him in the gleaming floor.

Suddenly he felt an uncontrollable wish to pull the velvet drape aside, to reduce the great square of the window to blank nakedness, to see and know the night. He folded the paper carefully, without a rustle. Soundlessly he rose and turned to the window. Their cold eyes were upon him. Damn their eyes! He tweaked the drapery and saw the street—the arc lights swathed in mist, the sick, washed yellow of the lighted maple boughs, the seedy asters bled of all color on the ashen lawns, the funereal mounds of hedge and bush.

"Are you expecting somebody, Father?" the son said.

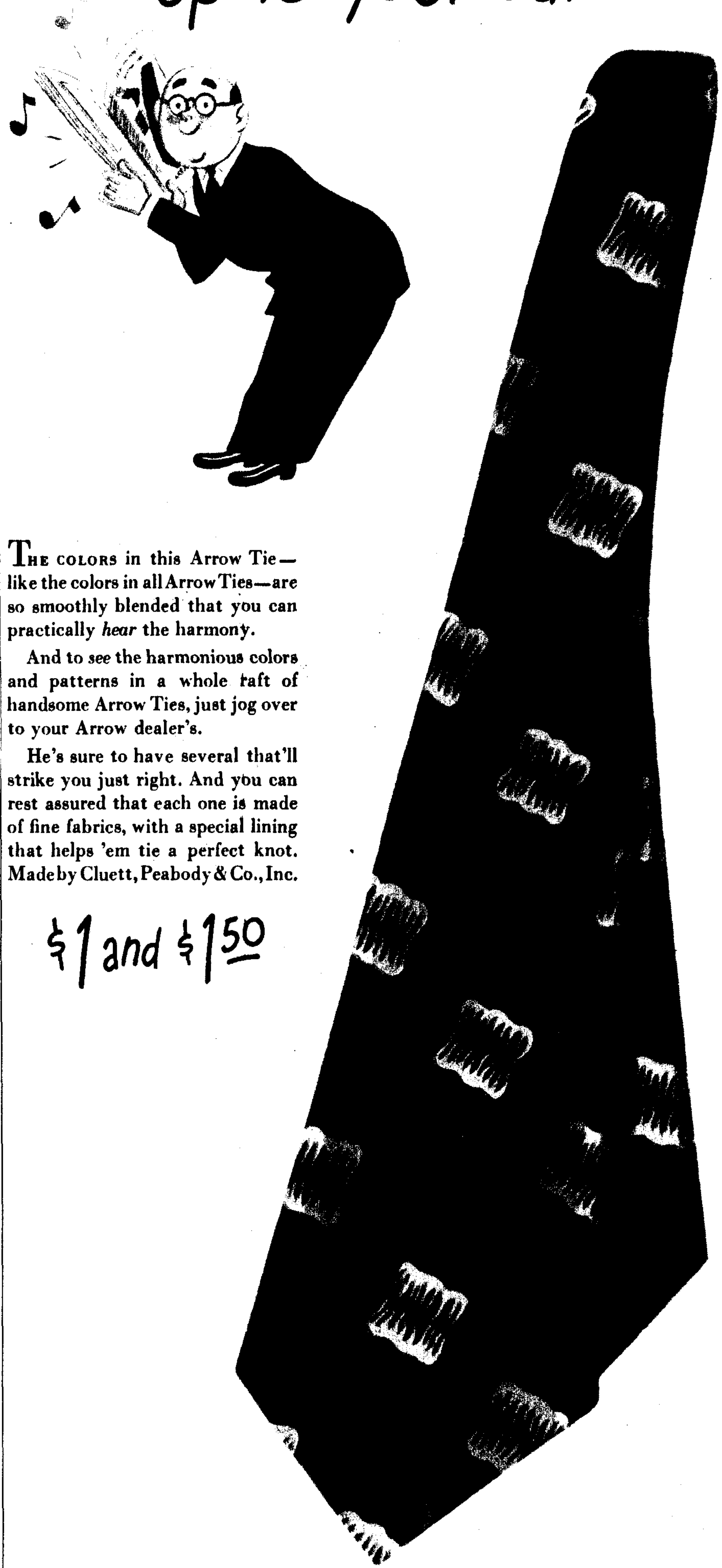
"No, not a soul. I wanted to see what kind of a night it is, that's all. With your permission, of course."

They were silent behind him. They were tolerant and discreet. Before him, a



"If you ask me, Rafferty, it's the calm before the storm"

COLLIER'S PAUL WEBB



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car moved on, casting misted yellow beams upon the damp blackness of the cement. For the fraction of a second, some brightness sprang into being on the street—smattering of colored paper, little squares of confetti, band of paper ribbon dangling from a bush. It was Halloween, and the merrymakers were about. But what was that to him? Why should it make him press his face against the glass? What conjured up this strange commingling of fear and grief, this uneasy, feeble stirring in his heart?

"Maybe the house is too cold. Maybe he'd like a fire," the daughter-in-law said.

Let me alone! Leave me in peace to pursue this labyrinthine memory. What is this old ache, not in the shoulder only? What did I lose irrevocably among scattered confetti? What, to me, is a little pale boy in a scarlet ruff? A pumpkin face flashed into existence in a far window. Down the street, distant and wavering, sounded a horn. Not here, he thought, I will not find it here at the window. It is in some other place in this house. He turned and walked through the cross fire of their wondering stares into the hall.

There was little light in that narrow place, only what seeped in from the living room. The white spindles of the banister went up before him. The uncarpeted floor gleamed beneath him. Behind him was the door that led into the fog. He stood perfectly still, waiting, afraid to breathe lest he should block the return of remembrance. He fixed his glance on the empty stair. And then it was no longer empty. There *she* stood, fat and frumpy, her false teeth in her apron pocket, her little plump hand feeling about for them because somebody was knocking at the door.

Softly, soundlessly, she began to descend to him. They clung about her—the scents that had gone from the house with her going—the smells of sliced apples, bread puddings, nutmeg, cinnamon, tea. "Oh, but it's far too late to leave the furnace unlit," she said. "Your shoulder will get worse because of that. Besides, the damp draws the spiders in. I always like a warm house."

SHE was halfway down the steps now. In the last years, her ankles had been swollen. She had to lean on the banister, and under her weight the spindles shook. But suddenly she was not limping any more. She was standing, light as a cloud, light as blown milkweed, in the middle of the stairs. Not these stairs. Some other flight of steps in a house where gas jets flared. Her father's house, and she in a candy-striped, green-and-white taffeta thing, she smelling of apples and cinnamon, with a cheek like the pale, creamy slice of an apple, with the soft, winglike fall of chestnut hair over her brow.

A jack-o'-lantern stood on the flat newel post. She laid her small, soft hand upon it, and the candlelight gleamed roseate through her flesh, and he could only stare in tenderness and delight. "But open the door, my darling, open the door," she said. "The doorbell's ringing. The children are outside with their paper bags. Every Halloween night we give them apples and nuts. No, now, I'll kiss you later, dearest, go to the door—"

He started out of his dream. The doorbell *was* ringing; the door was shaking under the force of a half-dozen fists; the vestibule was filled with the clack of noisemakers and the blast of horns. "Apples and nuts!" the children shouted in the fog. He flung the door wide, and let the darkness and the mist break in. There they were in their gaudy finery, their little faces floating in the shadow, confetti in their hair. Oh, he had loved her once. For his ten best years, he had loved her. Their paper bags crackled; their feet stamped on the tiled floor. Her flesh had been known and sweet. His cheek had lain against her shoulder, and there was nothing alien in her—known, known and sweet. And she was dead. And he, himself, must follow her, must be lost like all flesh in the rising of the inexorable sea. . . .

The little pale boy in the red ruff stood in front of the rest. "Have you got any nuts or apples, Mister?" he said.

The two remote ones had come out of the dining room. They stood in the hall, watching the scene with their sea-cold eyes.

He turned upon them. "Where are the apples?" he asked in an old and shaken voice.

"The apples, Father? What apples?"

"Apples to give to the children."

"But we haven't any apples in the house," said the daughter-in-law. "Nobody here eats apples."

"Good lord!"

The boy wearing the red ruff was plainly frightened. "But last year and all the years before," he protested, "the lady gave us—"

A sudden quiet came upon the little crowd. One of the older girls had whispered, "Oh, but that was the lady who is dead."

THEY went away discreetly then, as if the crape still hung upon the door. There was a long stretch of silence before the carnival noises began again, farther up the block. He stood staring at the two who stood at the other end of the hall.

"Why are there no apples?" He was amazed at himself. He had shouted it. "Why are there no apples in the house on a Halloween night?"

"I'm terribly sorry," said the soothing female voice. "It simply didn't occur to me. Nobody here cares for apples, and I—"

"That's a lie. *I* care for apples. I'm very fond of apples. I—" There were tears in his voice, the weak tears of the wounded, slighted, old. He opened the door of the hall cupboard and stepped into the dark, grasping at hanging sleeves, stumbling on overshoes. He found his own coat and jerked into it and started for the vestibule.

"Where are you going?" the son said.

"To buy some apples."

"But don't be foolish, Father. They won't be back any more tonight."

"Suppose I want the apples for myself?"

"Let me get them then."

"No."

"Let me drive you, at least."

"I can drive perfectly well myself. Let me alone."

He knew exactly where he would go to buy them. It was a store where they had shopped together, often, almost every Friday night. He had not gone into that store since the week after her death, when a clerk had commiserated with him over his loss. And afterward? he asked himself. He had never seen the finished mound of earth under the turbulent poplars. He did not know what graves were near her, or how the grass grew, or what was written on the stone. He wished to walk in the fog, among the dead. He who loathed all excessive words wished to hear himself saying aloud in the dark and the final silence, "I loved you while I could, and I have suffered, and now before I die you must have mercy and forgive."

ON THE first morning in November, the sexton got up early. Halloween was a bad night for graveyards. Something was always the matter: confetti on tombstones, wreaths hung upside down, footprints in the whiteness of the rime. But this year they had outdone themselves. To save his life, he could not tell what kind of humor was behind it, why they should be there—the six bright apples arranged in a perfect circle upon the new and frosty grave.

THE END

Victory Over Syphilis

Continued from page 16

One day last spring, a few tubes of yellow-brown penicillin came into the laboratory for use in treating gonorrhea patients.

Doctor Mahoney summoned Doctor Richard C. Arnold, a young, drawling Kentuckian who has spent most of his professional career fighting venereal disease for the Health Service. Mahoney handed him one of the tubes. "Better try it on a rabbit," he said.

Arnold went out to the small animal house, which houses about 300 syphilitic rabbits, used for research. He selected one with an ugly, syphilitic ulcer, drew a little tissue from this infection, mixed this with penicillin, swabbed it on a slide, and placed the slide under a dark field microscope.

He watched while the crippling and killing little corkscrews swam before his eyes. Nothing happened. He reported back to Doctor Mahoney. Acting on what hunch we shall never know, Doctor Mahoney said, "Try it again, a different way. First, shoot a solution of penicillin into an ear vein. Give the rabbit 5,000 units every three hours."

Arnold followed Mahoney's suggestion. After twenty-four hours, he drew more infected material from the ulcer and put it directly on a microscope slide. There wasn't a single spirochete!

Doctor Mahoney then hurried up to the laboratory to see for himself. The microbes were dead, all right. There wasn't one to be found.

Eve of a Great Discovery

Arnold was ready to start on a vacation. He had bags packed and tickets bought for a bass-fishing trip in Tennessee. He took a moment out to cancel these plans. Then he and Mahoney hurried on with this exciting business. That first rabbit might have been a fluke, one of those unaccountable accidents that hound research men to their graves.

The two men ordered more sick animals from their cages. They slipped slender needles in the bulgy ear veins. Every three hours, the animals got 5,000 units of penicillin. Arnold slept at the lab that night. Next day they were ready to see what story the dark-field microscope told this time.

They made more slides, and peered through the microscope with wonder. *They could not find a single spirochete!* The microbes had vanished—vanished surely, irrevocably and without doubt. Since the rabbits had had no other drug, penicillin must have done the job of mass slaughter.

The two men worried about taking the next step. Should they go on to human patients? It wasn't good science. By all rules of procedure, human work should be preceded by an enormous amount of animal work.

But this case was slightly different. Penicillin was a bland stuff, one of the gentlest drugs ever devised. It had been given to hundreds of people in treatment of other diseases without any toxic reactions of consequence.

So Mahoney and Arnold had no particular fears on this score. The worst that could happen would be that routine treatment would be delayed a few days on any patients selected for the trial. In the end, they decided it would be scientifically excusable for them to conduct human and animal work concurrently.

A Sailor Was Patient No. 1

The first patient was selected—a 28-year-old sailor, miserable because he had learned of his condition only a few days earlier. He willingly consented to be patient No. 1.

At this juncture, no one knew what dosage of penicillin should be used, or how the doses should be spaced. Arbitrarily, the researchers decided on 25,000 units to be administered every four hours for eight days.

The shots, administered in a hip muscle, were small—only two cubic centimeters. They were even less painful than the cold shots you get in your arm.

Just before the first penicillin was administered, Doctor Arnold drew a few drops of fluid from the syphilitic ulcer on the patient. Ad Harris, one of the country's top serologists, drew blood for a "battery" test—ten tests for syphilis. All these were strongly positive. And if this left any doubt, there was none after Arnold examined the specimen he had taken from the ulcer. Under the microscope, swarms of spirochetes were clearly visible. In one "field"—one location on the slide—a dozen microbes were swimming about. He turned a thumbscrew to move the slide to a new field. This time there were two. He counted scores of these fields and averaged the results: four spirochetes per field.

Eight hours later, Doctor Arnold went through the same procedure—more infective material, another slide. But this time there was an average of only *two* microbes per field! Had penicillin started

"We couldn't get film, so we had an artist paint our vacation pictures"

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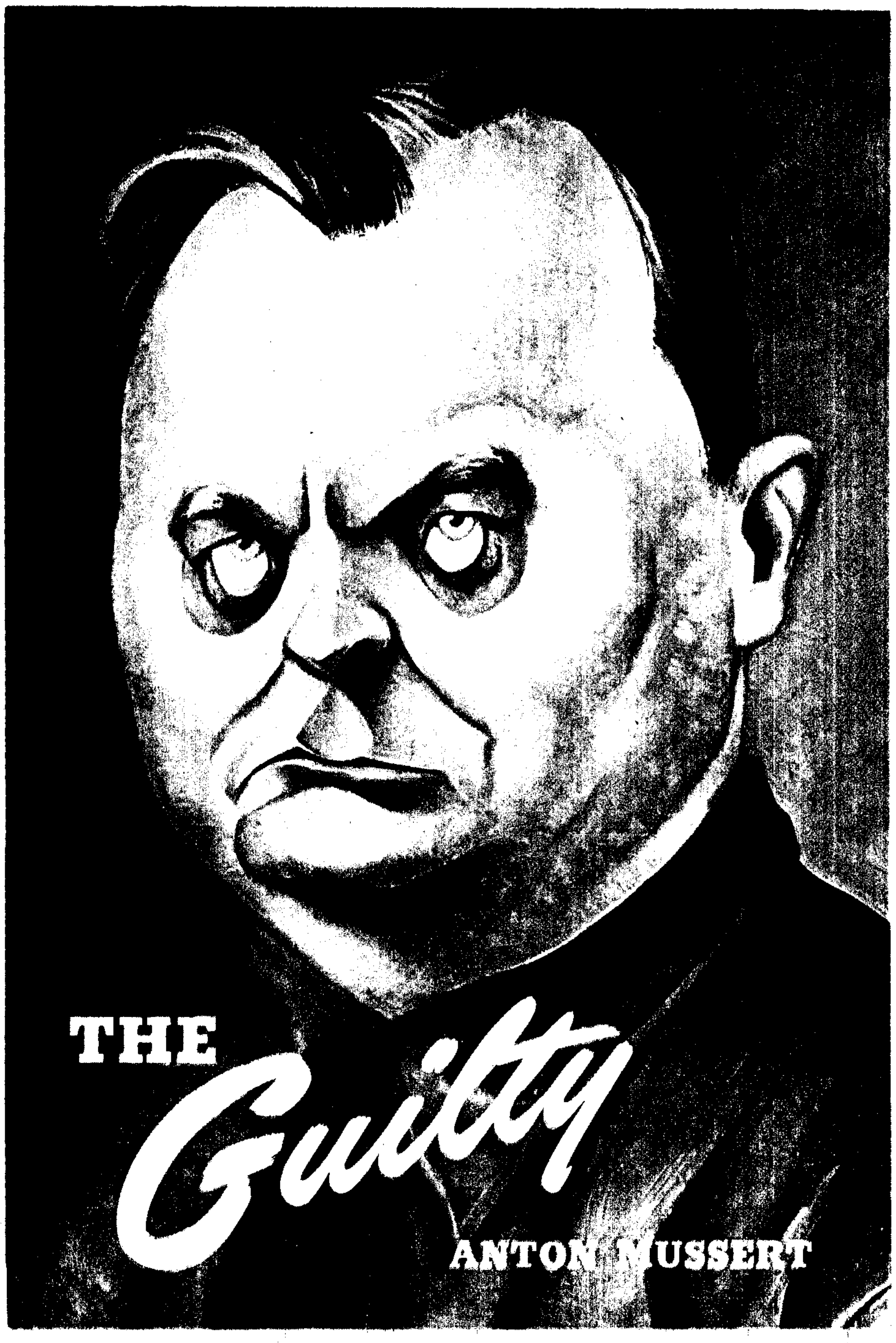

THE *Guilty*

ANTON MUSSERT

XIV

ONE nation, at least, is not worrying about the postwar problem of German re-education. The Dutch have already made up their minds. Looking about them at their bombed cities, and counting their dead, they wait, patiently and implacably, for *Bijltjes Dag,* the Day of the Little Hatchets. Even before the Nazis, however, they mean to judge traitors, and the first name on every list is that of Anton Mussert, now Fuehrer of the Netherlands people by appointment of Adolf Hitler.

Of all the Quislings, Mussert is, by far and away, the most incredible. A dwarf, standing four feet ten, he copies the struts and poses of the Fuehrer and Il Duce, adding Napoleonic flourishes for good measure, and is only saved from the absurd by a deadly, terrifying malignance. Personally, enthusiastically, he spies with all the cunning of a Himmler and counts the day lost that does not see its quota of Dutch patriots put before a firing squad.

According to his biographers, Mussert was a treacherous, venomous boy, and in later life, as a civil engineer in government employ, a sneaky, trouble-making egomaniac. Not until 1931 did he rise above obscurity, then suddenly emerging as the founder of a Dutch Nationalist Socialist Party, a copy of the Nazi organization in detail, even down to salute, swastika and Jew-baiting. Supplied with Nazi funds, as were fifth columnists in other countries, he bought a newspaper, hired armed guards, and offered himself at the polls, adopting "Mussert or Moscow" as his slogan.

Always tolerant, and refusing to believe that one so utterly grotesque could prove a danger, the Dutch government put up with his antics for several years. Not until 1934, when his Nazi affiliations were notorious, was Mussert dismissed for "pernicious political activity and treachery to the state."

Failure to shoot him was a sentimentality that cost the Dutch their country and thousands of innocent lives, for the dwarf, going underground, set industriously about the work of betraying his country to the Germans.

Spying, bribing and pilfering, Mussert found out many vital facts in connection with the national defense and forwarded them to Berlin. And when Hitler's armies poured across the Dutch border on May 10, 1940, their task was made easier by the co-operation of Mussert and his saboteurs.

As Fuehrer of the Netherlands people, the poisonous little gnome has no real power, for all authority rests in the hands of Arthur Seyss-Inquart, the Austrian Judas whom Hitler dared not keep in Vienna. Mussert, however, has free use of his eyes, ears and tongue, and not a home in Holland is safe from his hate and malevolence.

As if holding a whole people responsible for his mental and physical deformities, he is not happy unless hunting and killing. So far, it has been safe sport for Anton Mussert, for while Lieutenant General Seyffardt and two other associate Quislings have been liquidated, the dwarf himself has escaped knife and bullet. But the Dutch are not downcast. *Bijltjes Dag,* the Day of the Little Hatchets, is bound to come. ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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slaughtering the spirals in so short a time? Had it killed off half these termites which bore into every body tissue, into every organ? Had it been able to accomplish this in the space of eight hours? It looked that way. Arnold impatiently waited another eight hours. Then another slide. This time there were *no* spirochetes!

This went on for eight days. Eight days of searching for corkscrew microbes that never appeared again. Meanwhile, the sailor continued to get the shots of penicillin every four hours.

Medical research men aren't supposed to be excited or surprised by anything. Still, this thing— Of course, Arnold reasoned, the fact that he couldn't find spirochetes swimming lazily about under the microscope didn't mean that the sailor was free of his disease. By a miracle, penicillin might have chased the microbes from the wound of syphilis, the ulcer. But they might be hiding somewhere else, in the lymph glands, for example. That was an old trick of the syphilis microbe. The answer here would come when Harris completed his tests.

Tests Show Positive Reactions

Tests for syphilis have one annoying habit. They have a "lag" effect. That is to say that tests may still give positive reactions for weeks after a patient is cured. It is as if the microbes left behind some reminder that they once inhabited a particular blood stream. And this reminder —whatever it was—continued to give positive reactions to syphilis tests.

So there was nothing to do but to wait while Harris continued to take weekly blood samples for analysis. After a few weeks, the shift began—from positive to negative. Two months elapsed before all ten tests were negative. Then it was safe to say that the patient was cured; and that penicillin had cured him more simply than man had ever been cured of this ghastly disease before.

Meanwhile, Doctors Arnold and Mahoney were busy on three other patients. With the finality of a machine gun, penicillin again mowed down the spirochetes that swarmed in syphilitic ulcers.

Battery tests, which told what was happening in the rest of the body—whether spirochetes were in hiding, or were dead—lagged tortuously behind. But eventually they told the same brilliant story. All men had switched from positive to negative.

Sum up the case to this point: Four men infected with syphilis had received a series of minute shots of penicillin. The drug had swept them clear of infection with miraculous ease.

Even after this convincing demonstration, Mahoney, Arnold and Harris were conservative—as all good medical research men should be. They cannot claim to have found a new cure for syphilis on the basis of four cases. Hundreds are needed. So at the moment they are content with saying that, from *present evidence,* penicillin is the most promising weapon against syphilis ever found. It looks like the magic bullet which Doctor Ehrlich sought and failed to find.

It is difficult to forecast the future performance of any new drug. But one point should be noted: Penicillin has delivered with unerring regularity. If it worked once on a disease, it worked a second time. On the basis of a few cases, it cured osteomyelitis nine times out of ten, and continued in this ratio on a larger series. It worked on the first three gonorrhea patients—and has cured with over 98 per cent regularity since then. It drives pneumonia deaths to a new low point; saves two out of three people stricken with staphylococcic blood poisoning—once regarded as being universally fatal.

If penicillin proves out in the treatment of syphilis, one of the great chapters in modern medicine will have been written. It will be a great bludgeon of a weapon against the disease which strikes one out of every ten Americans sometime during life.

Penicillin has several overwhelming advantages. As we have noted, routine treatment of syphilis is pretty much a job for a specialist working in a clinic. The physician must have laboratory facilities available. He must be able to find an arm vein —a difficult job—in which to inject arsenic. The result is that many physicians simply do not care to treat syphilitic patients.

But with penicillin, it will be a different story. It can be injected painlessly into a hip muscle. And the physician will have the assurance that the patient will have no major unfavorable reactions, since the drug is not a poisonous stuff. It may very well turn out that Doctors Mahoney and Arnold were *overtreating* their patients; that smaller, less-frequent shots would have done the job just as well. Whether or not this is true will be determined by the large series of patients on which they are starting work.

Penicillin can thus revolutionize the treatment of syphilis. It can hand this disease back to the general practitioner, so that he can get at it in his office, or in homes.

Yet another intriguing possibility exists. Penicillin is an almost sure cure for gonorrhea. Will one treatment suffice for a person infected with both syphilis and gonorrhea? Will it have a double-barreled effect? This is an important possibility. One large series of diseased prostitutes examined recently showed that 40 per cent of them had these twin ailments.

There are many questions as yet unanswered. All of the four patients so far treated had primary—new—syphilis. These are the people who present the biggest public health problem because, in this stage, the disease is highly communicable. Will penicillin work on late syphilis? On paresis, or syphilitic insanity, for example? As yet, no one knows.

Many of these questions will be answered by the large series of patients on whom Doctors Mahoney and Arnold are about to start work. While this work is in progress, people should not write Doctor Mahoney asking for treatment.

At this juncture, no one could make a case for using precious supplies of penicillin to treat syphilis patients. Too many soldier lives depend on it. Arsenic has served for thirty years in the treatment of syphilis and will have to continue to serve until large-scale production of penicillin gets under way. Secondly, the Marine Hospital restricts its practice to treatmen of Coast Guard men, Merchant Marine and other government beneficiaries.

Penicillin Still a Rare Drug

Seventeen large companies are spending millions of dollars on penicillin production. Eventually, large supplies of the drug will be available, but this may be a matter of months or years. For anyone with syphilis to postpone treatment until this drug is ready would be a tragic mistake. It would be courting disaster.

Doctor Mahoney is setting up a laboratory to manufacture enough penicillin to conduct pilot studies. He wants to determine exact dosage and how dosage should be spaced. This work should be completed by the time penicillin reache mass production.

It is fitting that this job should have been done by the U. S. Public Health Service. This organization, under Surgeon General Thomas Parran, has been the most vigorous enemy that syphilis eve had. By every means possible, it ha sought to stamp out this scourge. It now looks as if it has found the needed weapon.

THE END

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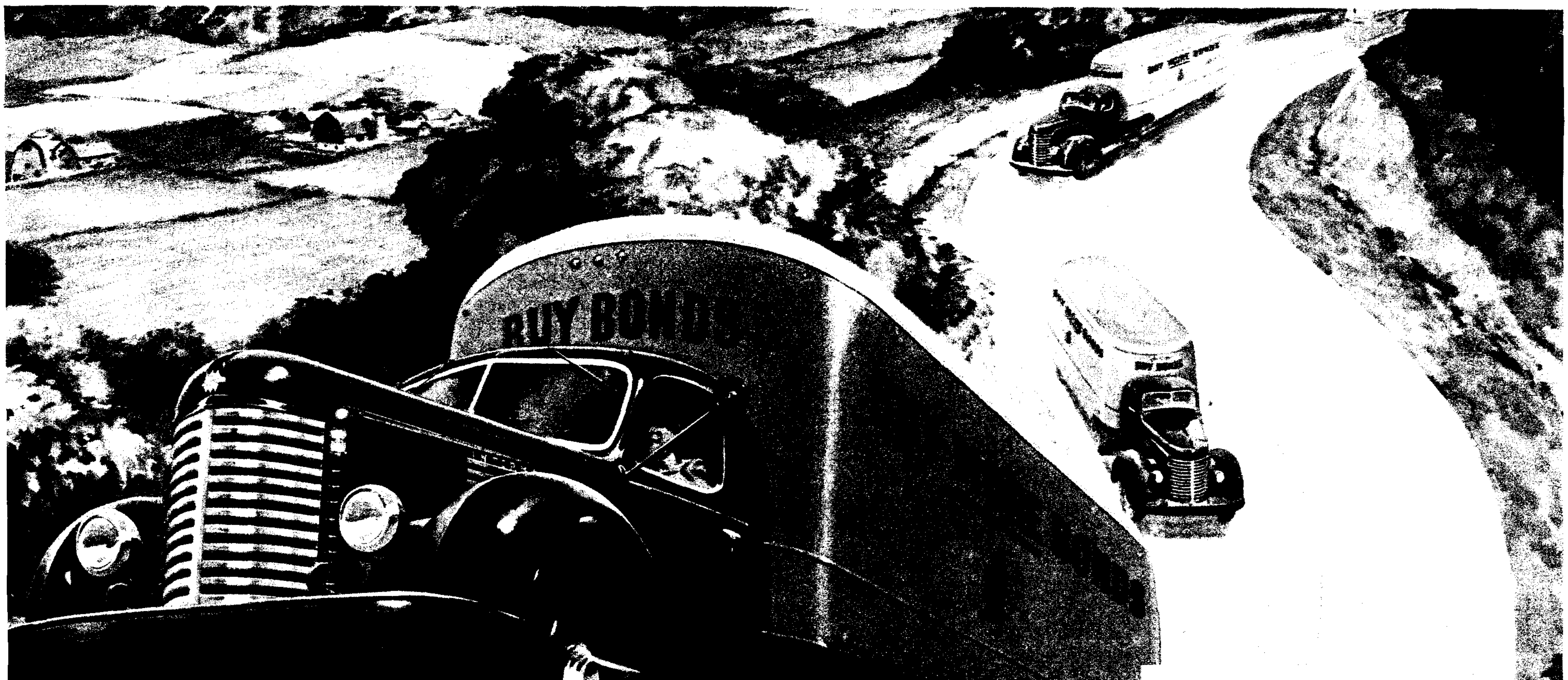

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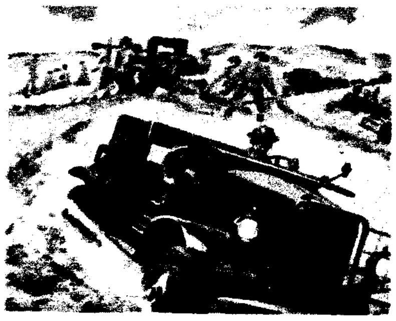

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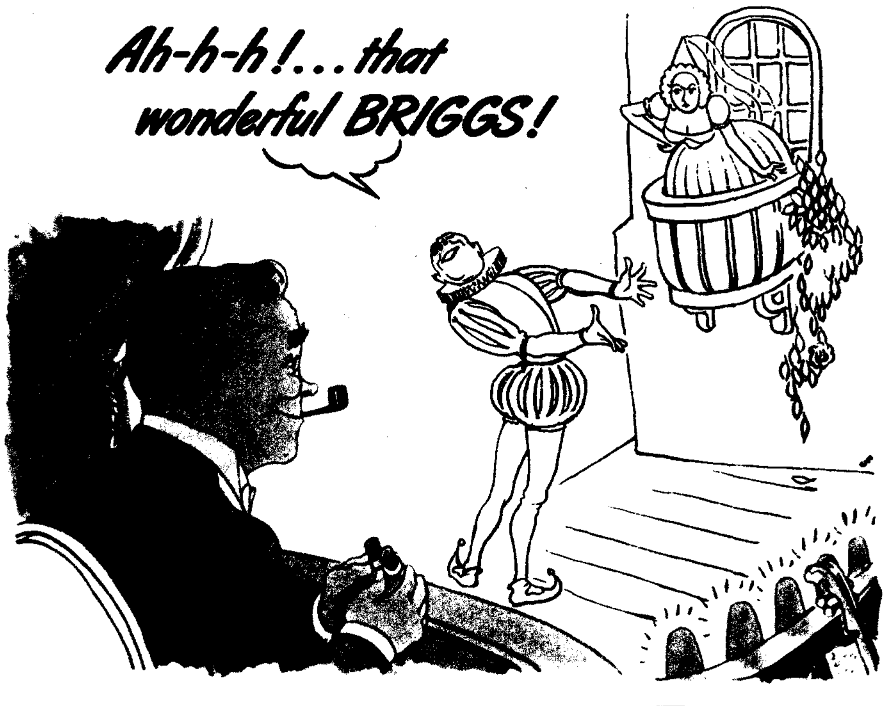
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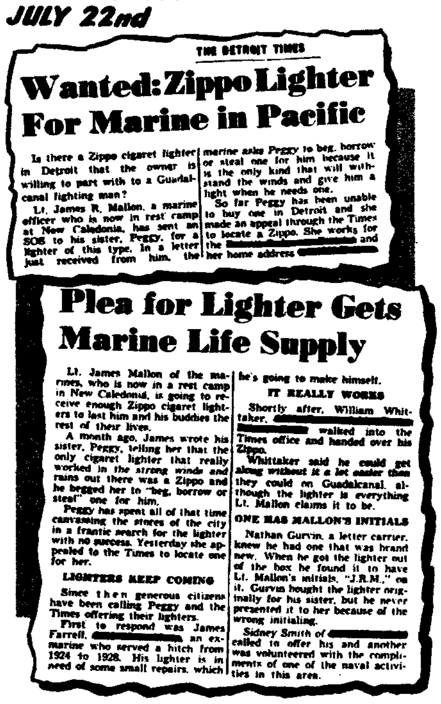


THE DETROIT TIMES

Wanted: Zippo Lighter For Marine in Pacific

Is there a Zippo cigaret lighter in Detroit that the owner is willing to part with to a Guadalcanal fighting man?

Lt. James R. Mallon, a marine officer who is now in rest camp at New Caledonia, has sent an SOS to his sister, Peggy, for a lighter of this type. In a letter just received from him, the marine asks Peggy to beg, borrow or steal one for him because it is the only kind that will withstand the winds and give him a light when he needs one.

So far Peggy has been unable to buy one in Detroit and she made an appeal through the Times to locate a Zippo. She works for the [redacted] and her home address [redacted]

Plea for Lighter Gets Marine Life Supply

Lt. James Mallon of the marines, who is now in a rest camp in New Caledonia, is going to receive enough Zippo cigaret lighters to last him and his buddies the rest of their lives.

A month ago, James wrote his sister, Peggy, telling her that the only cigaret lighter that really worked in the strong winds and rains out there was a Zippo and he begged her to "beg, borrow or steal" one for him.

Peggy has spent all of that time canvassing the stores of the city in a frantic search for the lighter with no success. Yesterday she appealed to the Times to locate one for her.

LIGHTERS KEEP COMING

Since then generous citizens have been calling Peggy and the Times offering their lighters.

First to respond was James Farrell, [redacted], an ex-marine who served a hitch from 1924 to 1928. His lighter is in need of some small repairs, which he's going to make himself.

IT REALLY WORKS

Shortly after, William Whittaker, [redacted] walked into the Times office and handed over his Zippo.

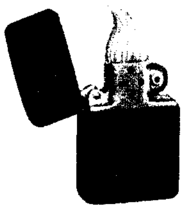
Whittaker said he could get along without it a lot easier than they could on Guadalcanal, although the lighter is everything Lt. Mallon claims it to be.

ONE HAS MALLON'S INITIALS

Nathan Gurvin, a letter carrier, knew he had one that was brand new. When he got the lighter out of the box he found it to have Lt. Mallon's initials, "J.R.M.," on it. Gurvin bought the lighter originally for his sister, but he never presented it to her because of the wrong initialing.

Sidney Smith of [redacted] called to offer his and another was volunteered with the compliments of one of the naval activities in this area.

← THIS REMARKABLE STORY APPEARED THE VERY NEXT DAY



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MOTHER—PAZO GAVE ME BLESSED RELIEF

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and *many* doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

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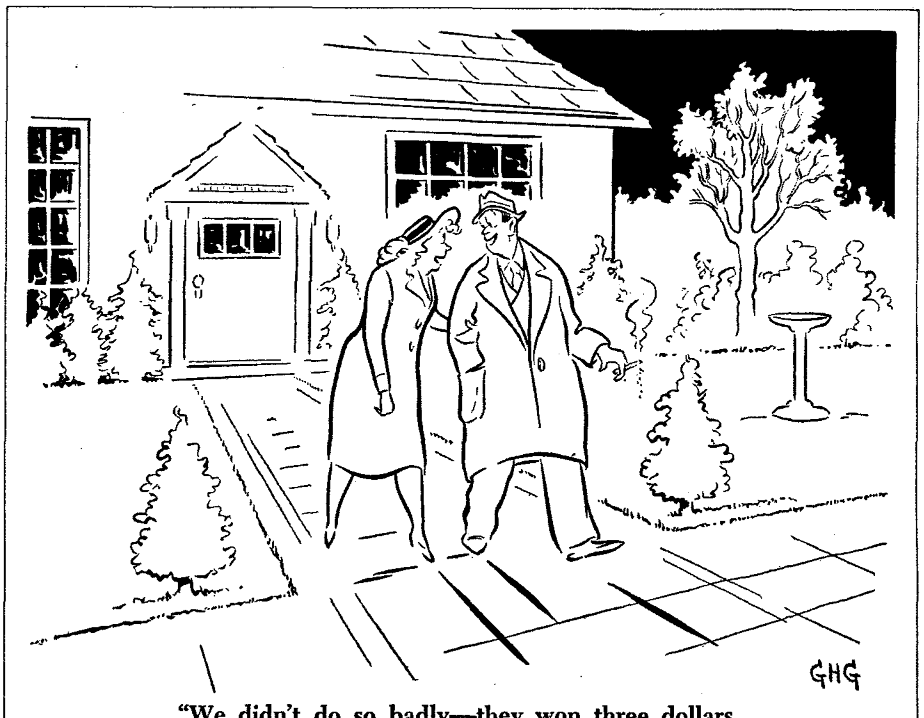


"We didn't do so badly—they won three dollars from us at cards, but we had five highballs each!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

The Futility of Military Alliances

Continued from page 22

situation in their own interests and without responsibility to the whole world. By the method we propose, their actions would be placed upon a legal basis. They would act by delegated authority, not by arrogated authority. It should eliminate the misgivings aroused by military alliances and their consequence in counter-alliances. It should free the smaller nations from the necessity to arm against their neighbors.

The reasons for the second step—Provisional Regime—embrace the necessity for quick action in disarming the enemy, restoring political order and economic productivity in the world. Part of the provisional arrangements should be immediate establishment of Regional Committees for Europe, Asia and the Western Hemisphere, who can go to work at once to formulate solutions of long-view questions.

The third step of a Transition Period is proposed because of the imperative need of time, not only for the incidental benefit of cooling of emotions but, of much more importance, to have time for these committees and the peoples of the world to assess the forces and change set in motion by war—time to allay the dynamic forces which cause war, time to deliberate upon the huge problems, such as disposition of enemy peoples, dislocated peoples who want to be free, and backward peoples.

Time and Experience Needed

There are problems of minorities. There are problems of starting nations on the road toward the development of the dignity of men and women. In addition, there are the huge economic problems of the world. We need time to deal openly with all proposals; time for the peoples of the world to understand the solutions proposed; time to rebuild justice, tolerance and good will; time and experience on which to build a real World Institution to preserve peace.

This is not a program of delay. On the contrary, it is a program of expedition. At Versailles, the things that should have been done quickly and imposed on the enemy to start the world again to political life and economic productivity were delayed nine months while the economic world degenerated. The long-view problems that should have been given years of development were settled in nine months and settled wrong, and the world was plunged into war again.

The United Nations are now collaborating in the conduct of a successful war—the most gigantic war of history. They are doing it by day-to-day co-operation without a signed agreement, military or otherwise. We are doing our part in the leadership of a few nations who have the major responsibilities and are co-operating with the less powerful of the United Nations through consultation. Our proposal is, therefore, that we continue this same relationship during a provisional regime and a Transition Period from war to peace.

Surely the same collaboration, after the enemy is disarmed, can enable the leading powers to put down any aggressor who might arise during the Transition Period. The experience gained in settlement of the long-view problems of lasting peace can alone clear the way to a sound world institution which will erect the processes of good will, of peaceful settlement of disputes, and will repress aggression.

What the world needs is an approach that gets away from the whole reactionary spirit of military alliances, with their connotations of military domination. Imperialism, power politics, balance of power, threats and fears—these are games which our democracy cannot play. Our suggested alternative is one of continuous authorized collaboration in the interest of world peace as a whole, not a program of military alliance and special interests of a few victorious powers. It is a method of which the connotations are the spirit of peace, the building of good will, and co-operation. Moral concepts are far more important than police concepts if there is to be peace.

There is no doubt about the willingness of the American people to collaborate in this spirit. But America needs to make sure that Britain, Russia, China and the other governments of the world will collaborate with us in the framework of American ideals. That can be found out and the spirit can be developed by the test and experience of a Transition Period. Collaboration is not a one-way street.

THE END

Dames and Ethics

Continued from page 24

"That's right," he says. "Nobody knows. Nobody ever remembers the writer's name. I haven't got any public. Neither has any other writer. What's the gimmick, O'Neill? What is your angle? Why are you so interested in putting a harness on me?"

I think about it for a minute and I decide to be honest with him.

"Some of your creditors have been to see me," I explain.

"Oh, you mean the dames," he says, and he busts out laughing. "So they're worried, are they? Well, you can tell 'em for me that they'll never get another cent of my money as long as I live. That's for sure."

"But, Charley, hon," Ethel busts in. "You've got to meet some of your obligations sooner or later, don't you?"

"What for?" he asks.

"Well," she says, looking into his eyes, "there are other things to think about, too, aren't there?"

"Sure, darling," he says. "I'm broke and I'd like to buy you a mink coat or some other trinkets, but if I take a job those bloodsuckers will get all the coin, and I still won't be able to have any fun."

It looks like a stymie.

And, then, like an inspiration, the big idea hits me. It is beyond doubt the finest idea I have ever dreamed up.

"Charley," I says, "I have an idea."

"Yes?" he says.

"Yes," I says. "This is positively the greatest idea of my life. Them four dames are not clients of mine, are they, Ethel?"

"No," she says.

"And Mr. Selby here is, ain't he?"

"Is he?" Ethel asks.

"Ain't you?" I ask.

"I could be," he says.

"OKAY," I says, waving my hands. "Then that settles it. You are. Now, the way I operate, my sole interest in life is my client's well-being. So that is the answer to our problem."

"What is?" he asks.

"You are going to work," I tell him. "As a ghost writer."

"I am?" he asks.

"Yes," I tell him. "You said it yourself, Charley, remember? Nobody knows who the writer is. So you dictate a yarn, and we tag somebody else's name on it, and this other person, this stooge, whose name we are using, keeps twenty-five bucks and turns the rest of the week's pay over to you on the q.t. This is ghost writing in reverse. In this partnership, the ghost writer gets the bundle, and the stooge gets the by-line."

"Just a minute," says Ethel. "Be careful of your language, Mr. O'Neill. I do not like to hear myself called a stooge."

"Darling!" Selby says to her. "It's wonderful!"

"I told you Nate here is a genius," she says, then looks at me. "But is it ethical?"

I have got to get Ethel a job as a writer at top dough, which is no cinch because she never did any writing before, and nobody has ever heard about her. But that is why my name is Nate O'Neill, and that is why I am the best agent in the business. No problem is too tough for me. I study the Film Year Book for a while, and I look up some items in the library, and then I get hold of Turner at Titanic.

"George," I tell him, "I am in a jam."

"How much do you need?" he asks.

"It's not that," I tell him. "My trouble is that I want to do you a favor. But before I do, I want to ask something. Can you keep a secret?"

"I keep secrets so good," he says, "that nobody from Variety even bothers to say hello to me."

SO I give him the spiel. I tell him the whole story, from first to last, and I ask him to put Ethel on the pay roll.

"Is that ethical?" he asks.

"I don't know," I tell him. "But if you wish I will write to Chicago and ask a certain party by the name of Frances Thompson who used to be married to a certain party by the name of George Thomas whose name has been changed to George something else and who now lives in Hollywood and who owes this certain party in Chicago a lot of back alimony—I will write and ask this certain party in Chicago how to spell the word ethical for you, if you really want."

"Why, no, Nate, old boy," he says, like as if he was the closest friend I ever had in my life. "There is no difference of opinion between us on this matter. How much did you say we want to start this girl at?"

And then, after the deal was signed, sealed and delivered, and Charley and Ethel were hard at work, that is when I made my mistake. I don't blame myself too much, but it was a mistake.

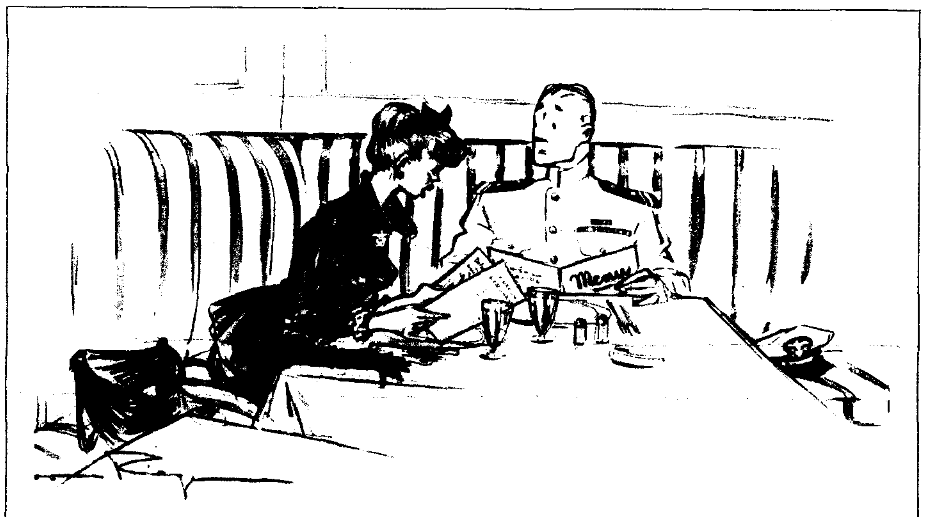
I called the four dames who started this whole deal and I was feeling kindly toward them, because, after all, they put me on the right track toward picking up a good two-grand-a-week client, so I invited the four to lunch. We talked things over. I explained certain things to them. Then they explained certain things to me. We came to an agreement and I went back to my office and sent for Charley.

Ethel came in with him, but, naturally, I didn't pay any attention to her.

"Charley," I tell him. "I have bad news for you. The girls found out."

"Really?" Charley says.

"What girls?" Ethel says.



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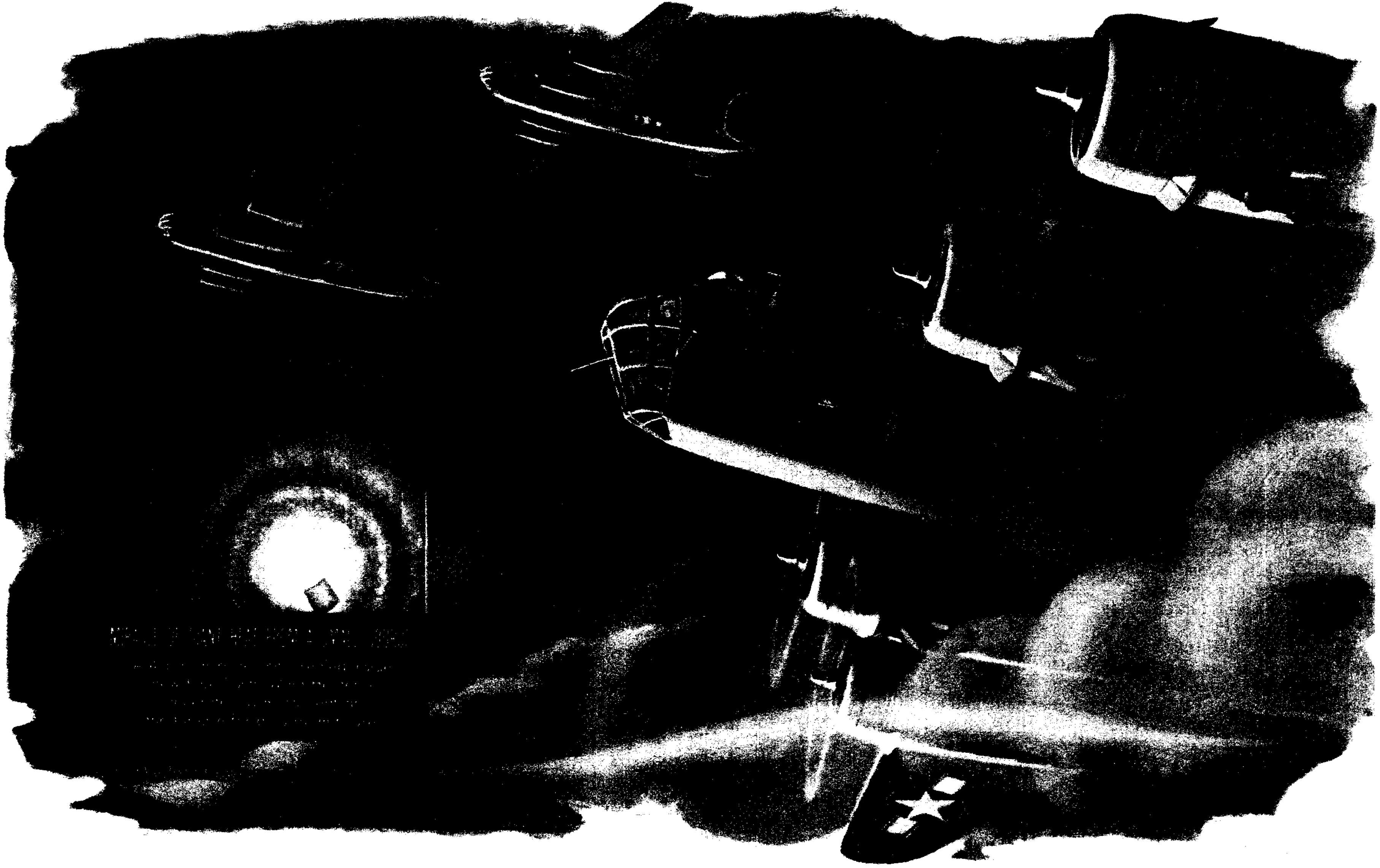

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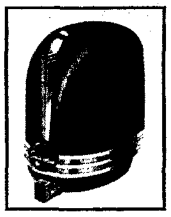

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Stewart-Warner Corporation, 1835 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

"Charley's four wives," I says. "Some-ody tipped 'em."

"Oh, dear!" Charley says.

"So what?" Ethel says.

"So they have employed me, as their gent, to see that they get what is comng to them," I explain.

"And what do they think is coming to hem?" Ethel asks.

"Why, they are entitled to their aliony," I explain to her. "That is only heir legal right, you know. After all, they ised to be married to the guy, and if hey don't collect their alimony, why, they night have to take the guy into court and xplain to the judge that Charley is derauding them."

The two of them look at each other and hen Ethel says, quietlike, "What are you etting out of it, Nate?"

I look as dignified as I can.

"I am merely getting my usual normal egulation ten per cent, just like I'm enitled to collect from any of my clients," I ell her.

"You mean ten per cent from me, and en per cent from Charley and ten per cent rom the girls, all from the same money. sn't that what you mean, Nate?" Ethel ays.

Like all dames, she can't think straight, ut I am in no mood to dicker with her.

"Call me Mr. O'Neill," I tell her. "And o matter how you read the words, it's still he same old tune, Ethel. Charley will ave to pay."

"Call me Mrs. Selby," she says, with a mile, "and I don't intend to pay."

I look over at Charley and he is smiling ind of self-consciously.

"You're this dope's fifth wife?" I ask er, getting burned up.

"I'm the first one that counts," she says.

"Congratulations!" I says.

"Thanks," she says.

"How does that change the picture?" I sk.

"Nate," she says, with a sigh, "my husand and I have talked the whole thing ver. It is unfortunate that he has slipped o badly as a writer that he cannot earn nore than twenty-five dollars a week as ny assistant. Obviously, he can't pay six iundred dollars a week alimony, on a salry like that."

"BUT, Ethel, baby," I explain to her, "you are missing the point. I would iate to have to go to court and explain to he judge that you are a partner in a deal o defraud these poor unfortunate girls."

Ethel laughs. "Don't worry about me, Nate," she says. "I have a contract from Titanic Pictures hiring me as a writer. It loes not say anything about Charley Selby. Poor Charley, who happens by concidence to be my husband, helps me out a little on my writing, so I give him an allowance of twenty-five bucks a week. Is here anything wrong in that?"

"I never heard of such a thing," I tell ier, getting real mad. "That is the rawest, nost unethical thing I ever heard about. You know no man can live on twenty-five ›ucks a week."

Charley begins laughing. "I'm modern, Nate," he says. "I don't mind letting my wife support me and sending her all the ›ills to pay."

And the two of them get ready to blow.

Well, all right. I'm a good poker player. can take it. When I'm licked, I'm licked. But the one thing I will never forgive them for is what Ethel says as she is leaving the office. Only a dame could think up somehing like that.

Just as they're going through the door, she turns to me, and there is a big smile on ier kisser, and she says, "Oh, Nate. We lon't want to be too hard on you. So—emember that one-per-cent kickback I'm supposed to get on Charley's twenty-five bucks a week? Well, forget about it! I won't hold you to it!"

THE END

CANADA
U.S.
JAPAN
PHILIPPINE IS.
MEXICO
PACIFIC OCEAN
NEW GUINEA
AUSTRALIA
GI QUIZ
0
3
1
2
4
5

U. S ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Tech. Sgt. Fred Friendly welcomes a contestant to the mike. At left, other victims; at right, the judges

SERGEANT QUIZ

By Sgt. Innis Bromfield

"VOT iss your serial number?" growls Tech. Sergeant Friendly, putting on a thick, menacing German accent. "How many machine guns in your company? Vot iss your rank?" Private Bill Jones, up to bat on the Sergeant Quiz program, knows that if he's taken prisoner in battle, he is allowed to tell his name, rank, and serial number only. Any other questions Sergeant Friendly asks him he regretfully declines to answer. Basic training in the Army isn't all foxholes and rifle marksmanship. Or K.P. and calisthenics.

For besides turning out the best-equipped and best-trained human weapon in the world, the U. S. Army of 1943 is sporting the world's best-informed soldier. The Army Orientation Course helps do it. Today, when Private Jones of Yankton, South Dakota, gets an A.P.O. address, his brains are as ready to "go across" as his reflexes.

Bill knows, for instance, that China was first to go to war with the Axis, and that Czechoslovakia fell to Hitler because of "appeasement." The orientation lectures Bill heard during "basic" gave him the background of the war he's going to win. He admits he wasn't sure six months ago just when or why Great Britain declared war on Germany. Now he has a good grasp of World War II chronology, and a pretty-well-rounded notion of what the democracies are up to. And up against. Bill also knows a lot about the Four Freedoms.

Keeping Tabs on Enemy I.Q.s

Out at Camp Kohler, California—the Western Signal Corps Replacement Training Center—Army Orientation is going great guns. Ten to fifteen lectures a week, frequent showings of War Department movies, a daily news broadcast, and the preparation of basic-training tests keep the staff of the WSCRTC's Orientation Branch well up on its toes. First Lieutenant Gilbert Edward Clark, present chief of the branch, was a graduate instructor in journalism and typography at the University of Syracuse before the war. Now he's telling future Army radio operators and telephone linemen how global war works, and what cooks in the upper stories of German and Jap soldiers.

Lieutenant Clark's first assistant is Tech. Sergeant Fred Friendly, a big boy who thinks his home town of Providence, Rhode Island, is the greatest city in the world, and that Cher Ami, the Army's World War I carrier-pigeon hero, is its greatest bird. Sergeant Friendly's full-steam radio personality was quite a favorite over New England's Yankee Network. At Camp Kohler, it was this ideaful noncom who gave birth to the "Sergeant Quiz" program, pet product of the Orientation Branch. Here's how the show works:

Every Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, a company of Signal Corps trainees double-times into the post's War Department theater and seats itself in four sections—according to platoons. The boys have just completed their basic Army training and are ready to be tested on what they know. Instead of a long written examination, the men battle for honor and glory on a fast-moving quiz program. This is cut neatly from the pattern of radio I.Q. contests; but it is cut also, of course, to fit the subjects of military instruction.

Sergeant Friendly takes the meaty part of Sergeant Quiz. He picks a team of ten men at random from each platoon and gathers them around him on the stage.

One at a time the contestants stand up before the mike and the footlights to do or die for the old platoon. Sergeant Quiz fires a hundred and twenty questions at them in rotation—thirty questions per team, three questions per man. A jury of three officers keeps score, awarding five points for a perfect answer, down to a goose egg for a miss. At the end of the show there's loud applause for the platoon whose quiz kids knock down high score.

One contestant is always delegated to perform as a sentry on night guard duty. He has to challenge Sergeant Quiz, who impersonates anyone from a saboteur caught red-handed to a rookie who can't locate his barracks. The encounter doesn't always result in five fat points for the contestant playing guard. He'll be graded off if he yells "Halt!" in a bashful whimper, or if he lets the sergeant "pull his rank" on him.

"Who do you think you are, telling me to halt?" Sergeant Quiz sometimes barks. "I'm a sergeant. You're nothing but a private." The poor sentry is apt to be snowed under by this kind of talk, and as many as three or four contestants may go down to defeat before one steps up who's ready to shoot first and be intimidated afterward.

Another regular feature is making "blanket rolls." Men from each team do this simultaneously. They have to work fast and in close quarters, each man rolling up his blanket and tent pegs inside his "shelter half" (half the canvas for a two-man Army pup tent), turning out a tight, compact roll. The judges then toss these in the air, to see what will happen when they hit the deck. A badly made roll will spill open at once, causing untold embarrassment. The platoon whose man flubs his "blanket roll" is a disgruntled platoon.

When Four Bits Bounces

Perhaps the most ambitious stunt of all on the Sergeant Quiz show is making up an Army bed G.I. style. In preparation for this, the company brings to the theater a regular Army cot, plus sheets, blankets, comforter, pillow and pillowcase. And at stage center, before the eyes of all, a man from one of the teams is detailed by Sergeant Friendly to make up the bed in the traditional, highly involved Army manner. When the job is done, the judges come forward and very seriously gather around to consider the bed's merits. The famed test of an acceptably made bed is to toss a 50-cent piece on it. If the coin bounces, that's proof the blanket is taut—and there go five juicy points to the champion chambermaid of Company X!

Camp Kohler's Sergeant Quiz program is packing 'em in week after week, as company after company of U. S. soldiers move ahead from their basic instruction to specialized Signal Corps training at the WSCRTC. Tech. Sergeant Friendly's invention is a handy new wrinkle in the great, flexible fabric of training America's sonpower for war—of sending Bill Jones of Yankton into combat a thoroughly prepared soldier . . . and an understanding soldier. It's on account of well-planned propositions like the Sergeant Quiz program that Bill Jones, besides knowing how to fight, *likes* knowing how to fight. When you stir in enthusiasm with ability, you get skill. ★★★

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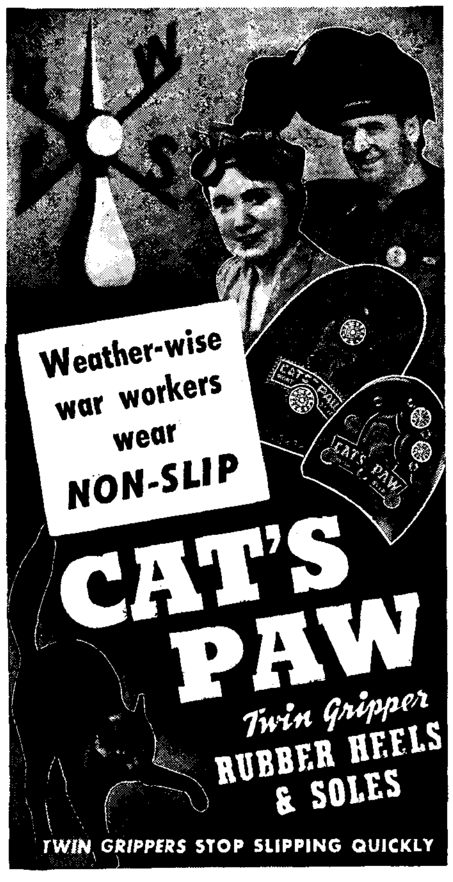

Weather-wise war workers wear NON-SLIP
CAT'S PAW
Twin Gripper
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES
TWIN GRIPPERS STOP SLIPPING QUICKLY

Old Man Mose

Continued from page 17

offered him $12 a week. This wasn't enough for Mose and he went back to Cincy. Mr. Bloom also quit Chicago shortly afterward to publish his songs in New York. Later, he ran for Congress and has been there ever since.

Back in Cincy, Mose wrote his first song. A local furrier was opening a new store and he wanted something he could give away to visitors. Ragtime was the rage then, and he suggested that Mose write a song as a giveaway. Mose promptly knocked out a tune, and the furrier bought thousands of copies. Strictly ragtime, it was called King of the Sporty Boys. Mose has never lived it down.

Flushed with success, Mose then decided to try the New York publishers. Dressed in the six-button zoot suit of the time, he entrained for New York. On arriving he got a job at his figure, fifteen dollars a week, as a pianist for the firm of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. His job was pretty much the same as it had been in Cincy, except that now he was playing for stars like Weber and Fields, Blanche Bates, George M. Cohan and Nora Bayes, instead of the general public.

But the fifteen dollars a week which would have bought Cincy wasn't enough to make a down payment on New York. So Mose, who was helping to support the family back in Indiana, got a night job playing the piano in a joint called the Empire Café in the basement of the Empire Theater at 40th Street and Broadway. The Empire Café catered to the Barbary Coast trade and all that goes with it: gents, toughs, fights, songs, gamblers and sports. The place was eventually closed when a man's body was found stuffed in a furnace. But, before that happened, Mose had moved over to a much more respectable café, Kid McCoy's, a favorite hangout for Diamond Jim Brady, Lillian Russell, and numerous other Fancy Dans and Dames.

Good Old Ragtime Days

Through his playing at Kid McCoy's, Mose became a valuable man for Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. At that time, the way a song became popular was to have it sung before every available audience. Billed as "Ragtime Mose," Mose never sang, but he could get McCoy's singing waiters to do his firm's numbers. This made the songs popular with the vaudeville performers who hung out there. They, in turn, sang them on tour and, after a while, the whole country was in the groove. In those days, it took a song about six months to become a national hit, and then it lasted another six months. Radio has made it possible to cut this period to a few weeks—both ways.

In 1903, Mose established his first big hit for his firm—Bedelia. More songs followed, but his biggest hit came in 1905 when he put over a song called In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree. It is now in the folk-song class and has sold over five million copies.

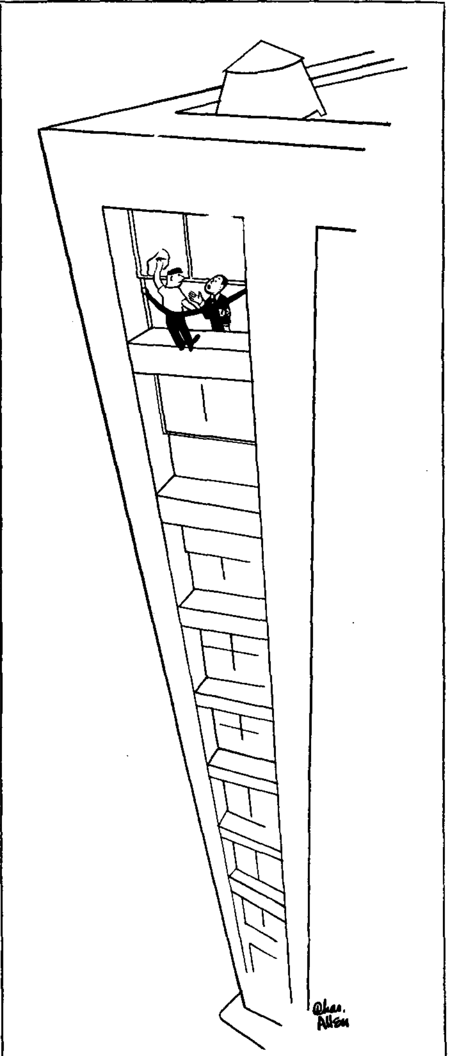
Coney Island was then very important to song-pluggers, and Mose would sleep all night on the beach in order to be up in time to catch the café choruses at morning rehearsals. Mose paid almost as much attention to the chorus girls as the stars, and they became amateur pluggers for his tunes.

Years later, in 1919, this paid off with a sensational success. The Shuberts were putting into production their Gaieties in Chicago and had announced a big bubble number. Numerous firms were submitting tunes for it, including Mose's.

Trying to get the inside track, Mose took the train to Chicago with J. J. Shubert and plugged his tune from the time they left New York. But Shubert wouldn't say yes or no. In Chicago three songs, among them Mose's, were selected and rehearsed. Shubert still couldn't make up his mind. Finally, he had the chorus girls vote for the one they liked best. Mose won. The song was called I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.

After the succes of Bedelia, Mose tried writing some songs. One, Maria, was a tremendous hit. Mose wrote it for a beautiful vaudeville singer named Clarice Vance, who introduced the song and sang it from coast to coast. The song was such a success that Mose and Clarice married. Later, they thought better of it and were quietly divorced. Mose brought his sister Lilly east then, and she has kept house for him ever since.

As time went by, Mose went right on making and keeping friends like Sophie Tucker, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, George M. Cohan and Flo Ziegfeld, and they were all using Mose's songs—like Oh, You Beautiful Doll and Poor Butterfly.



"In case of an alert, proceed at once to the second floor!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES ALLEN

Mose achieved one of his biggest successes in 1917 when his firm paid the unheard-of price of $50,000 to Lee Roberts for a song. It was called Smiles. The country had just gone to war, and the song swept through the Army camps from one end of the nation to the other after Mose got Flo Ziegfeld to put it in his Follies.

"We needed a song like Smiles then," Mose says. "We need one now, too."

A few years later, Mose was plugging another big hit, a song written by his close friend Walter Donaldson and titled My Buddy. Introduced by Jesse Crawford, it sold over a million copies almost immediately.

Meanwhile, two new forces had thrown the music business into chaos. The first was radio, which completely changed the character of song-plugging. The second was the coming of sound to the movies, killing vaudeville. Yet a song in a movie would reach millions. Before the pluggers knew what to make of the new situation, the movie companies had stepped in and bought out most of the music publishers and their libraries. Warner Brothers gobbled up DeSylva, Brown & Henderson, Witmark, Harms, and, eventually, Jerome H. Remick & Co.

Mose left Remick. In 1928, he joined with a former Wyoming cowboy named Walter Douglas, and a great popular-song writer named Walter Donaldson, to form the firm of Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble. It got through its first year without any spectacular hits, despite the fact that Mose threw a series of sumptuous parties at a swanky hotel which almost broke the firm. But the parties' wine, women and song soon had every entertainer in New York indebted to Mose. Thereafter, his new firm had a ton of hits. The starter was a novelty tune which sounded just as crazy then as it does today, I Faw Down and Go Boom. The next year, the firm did the score for the Eddie Cantor Whoopee show, netting some $800,000. Then Donaldson began hitting his stride with My Blue Heaven, Little White Lies, Yes, Sir, That's My Baby, and You're Driving Me Crazy.

Making a Play for the Future

Mose would romance a band leader "without a wire" the same way he'd rush the hottest entertainer on the air. When he should have been, according to all plugging rules, dancing for the big stars, he was having the small fry out at night clubs or at his apartment.

It isn't that Mose neglected the stars, but he paid just as much attention to a Rhythm Boy named Bing Crosby as he did to Paul Whiteman for whom the Rhythm Boys worked. He spent a lot of time with a young Pennsylvanian named Fred Waring when nobody knew him and did the same thing with another unknown, Rudy Vallee. Mose built on friendship, rather than on immediate sales and, later, when these fellows became the biggest entertainers in the country, they never forgot Mose or his songs. They are among his best friends today.

In 1938, the partnership was dissolved, and Mose went back to the Warner Brothers-owned Remick firm. Warner Brothers had taken over many of the big hits of the last fifty years, and Mose was asked to plug whichever of them he wanted to plug. Nobody expected anything spectacular. But Mose plugged them as if they were brand-new hits and thus started a new trend in popular music: revivals.

Last January, when it was finally decided to keep As Time Goes By in the movie Casablanca (it was in and out four times), Mose went out to the Coast to begin a plugging drive on the number. He got his old friends, Crosby, Vallee, Waring and everyone else with a microphone handy, to sing it on their radio shows. In no time, he had it rolling. It is the most spectacular success Tin Pan Alley has seen in years.

Yet Mose doesn't take credit for the popularity of the songs he has plugged. "All the plugging in the world," he says, "won't make a song live. It's got to be a good song. The plugging can help it."

Mose ought to know. For most of his own songs, despite his successes, have been flops.

THE END

They're Not Amphibious, but... TRUCK-TRAILERS HELPED GET OUR MEN ASHORE ON GUADALCANAL

Well before Pearl Harbor, the Gray Marine Motor Company was working with the Bureau of Ships, perfecting the efficient 6-cylinder, 225-hp Gray Marine Diesels that are now widely used in the Navy's spectacular 36-foot landing boats and 50-foot and 100-foot tank lighters. After the war, Gray Diesels will return to their peace-time work of powering yachts, patrol boats, commercial fishing vessels, heavy auxiliaries, small freighters.

A TRUCK IS LIKE A HORSE

IT CAN *pull* MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

FRUEHAUF *Trailers*

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"– Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TRAILERS HELPED with the landings on Guadalcanal, Attu, Casablanca, Oran, Sicily . . nearly every place where our fighting men have disembarked.

Here's how:

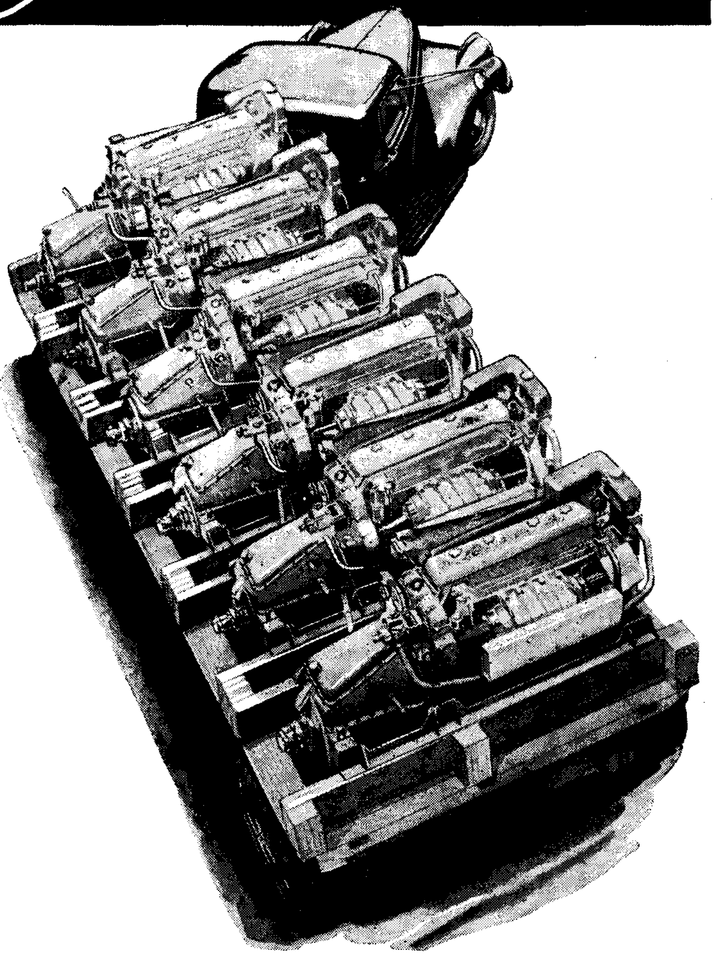
Navy landing boats and tank lighters are powered with Gray Marine Diesel engines. A lot of engines have been needed . . fast! Production at the Gray plant has been stepped up and up. Top efficiency in every operation is a "must." And transportation is one of the important operations.

So, Gray officials chose Fruehauf Trailers for transporting the 3,000-pound engines from factory to shipping plant . . because they do the work more efficiently and economically than trucks alone, which were previously used.

For one thing, each of the three Fruehaufs carries six engines per trip . . the trucks carried only three. But here's the big point: *One power unit pulls the three Trailers* . . because they are operated in a shuttle system! While one Trailer is being loaded and the second unloaded, the truck is en route with the third Trailer. Power unit and driver are never idle, whereas loading and unloading time previously wasted more than half of each driver's and truck's working hours.

Major interest of Gray officials these days is delivering engines to the Navy fast . . cutting operating costs is secondary. But they point out that their Trailers carry twice as big loads as did the trucks . . and that important savings in gasoline, tires and manpower are inevitable when one power unit does the work of three or more.

When a shuttle operation is possible, Truck-Trailer economy is usually at its peak . . but thousands of Fruehauf users, confronted by almost every possible kind of hauling problem, have found that Trailers do their various jobs better, and save money, as well.



BASH THE BARRIERS! A motor transport operator has a regular run between Los Angeles and Denver, requiring six truck-and-trailer units. The route traverses five States besides California. Although each vehicle goes through each State only one day in four, each must carry the license plates of all six States at terrific cost.

This type of trade barrier, duplicated throughout the country—the taxing of interstate vehicles the same amount as intrastate vehicles, regardless of the use they make of the highways—is a critical burden to the public and . . . just now . . . to the war effort.

The solution? License reciprocity between States!

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers *Service in All Principal Cities*

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY ◆ DETROIT

TRUCK - TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Editor
JEROME ELLISON, Managing Editor

MUSSO'S GOING-AWAY HAT

STILL itching our memories is the photograph that the Germans released on their paratroop rescue of Benito Mussolini—the widely published picture, we mean, which showed Benny in a black overcoat and one of the slouchiest, sloppiest, much punched-in and generally disreputable-looking black felt hats any camera ever winked at.

If anything were needed to round out the world's estimation of Benito as a has-been and an also-ran, that hat should have done it.

Always in the years of his ascendancy, Musso had a pretty taste in headgear—almost a genius, indeed, for covering his bulletlike head with tasseled caps, military-looking or old-Romanesque beanos, etc., which nearly succeeded in camouflaging the fact that he actually looks like a low-grade thug. In his first picture since getting the heave-ho from Badoglio and Victor Emmanuel, fate decreed that he should turn up in the above-described rig, looking like somebody's poor relation.

We've seldom seen a more impressive demonstration of the fact that, while clothes and hats assuredly don't make the man, they can and do account for at least ninety per cent of the impression the man makes on other people, outside the circle of those who really know him.

JUST TRUST AMERICANS

FROM a recent speech at Chattanooga, Tennessee, by John L. Sullivan, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, we borrow what seems to us a striking and a significant paragraph:

> Ten years ago, in December, 1933, there were over 25,000,000 people in over 7,000,000 households dependent upon work projects or direct relief. In contrast today, 26,000,000 people are setting aside a substantial part of their pay envelopes every week in the year for the purchase of War Bonds. Over 50,000,000 people have become investors in War Bonds. These savings constitute the greatest thrift program that the world has ever seen. I believe that the spread throughout the country of this practice of thrift contains tremendous social, economic and political implications for our national future.

We'll subscribe to that belief of Mr. Sullivan's; but we'll also add some observations of our own.

These Americans mentioned by Mr. Sullivan are the same people whom various enemies of ours (Mr. Hitler the loudest among them) were despising a short time ago as soft, indolent limpets whose chief ambition was to live off the government and who had lost the courage and determination they should have inherited from their forefathers.

These are the same Americans, too, who were expected by various home-grown worriers to crack up completely when and if we should get into another war. Hence, when war did arrive, assorted persons in posts of power conceived it to be their duty to kick the American people around, coerce them, bully them into supporting the war effort, deprive them forcibly of luxuries and some necessities, freeze their earnings by compulsory methods, and so on.

It turns out to have been a mistake. Americans are not that way at all. Voluntarily, and in spite of, rather than because of, the busybodies who keep *getting in their hair and down their necks*, they are backing the war effort as few peoples ever have done.

The Sullivan report above quoted is just one indication of what is going on. Another is the enthusiasm and complete honesty with which at least 95 per cent of American income-tax payers, new and old, are paying their taxes to help finance the war.

The conclusion is obvious: Americans are adults, and they can think for themselves, and when their country is in danger, they will fight like wildcats in every way they can. They don't have to be babied, coddled or ordered around by their leaders. All you have to do is to tell them frankly what the emergency is, and then trust them.

OPINION ON THE AIR

PERHAPS we can contribute something to the current angry debate on the question whether the Columbia Broadcasting System is right or wrong in telling its newscasters not to air their own private opinions when broadcasting the news.

You would suppose, from the carbonated conversation on both sides of the dispute, that our sacred liberties were someway at stake. As we see it, the issue is a good deal simpler and less ominous than that.

We think that radio, CBS taking the initiative, is in process of solving a problem which news-conscious magazines and newspapers—successful ones, that is—solved long ago by a simple, flat rule. This rule is: Let the reporters and correspondents report the facts as nearly without bias or shading as is humanly possible, and let the editorial writers and kindred opinion merchants handle the writing of opinions.

This rule has its ethical and moral aspects, but it also has a practical aspect which is highly important. The practical reason for the rule is that very few reporters are also natural-born editorial writers or columnists, and vice versa. A man (or woman) who can dig up and write a beautiful news story or factual article, with every detail 100 per cent accurate and the whole thing put together so that the reader can't help but read it all, will often be found to have positively grotesque opinions about the larger meaning and significance of the facts which he or she has so skillfully reported. Conversely, many an able editorial writer or brilliant columnist would make a poor reporter. The two talents are separate and distinct talents, and are rarely combined under one hat—though sometimes they are, and you get a Pegler or a Brisbane.

It looks to us as if radio is now in process of finding all this out for itself, after some gruesome experiences with good newscasters (reporters) whose opinions (editorials) are not worth the breath with which they are blown into the microphones, and whose predictions and alleged analyses are therefore forever blowing up in the broadcasting companies' faces.

We'll be hearing from dozens, hundreds or thousands of customers that we're helping radio destroy freedom of speech in this country. Nevertheless, we *think CBS is essentially right in this matter* of opinion on the air, and will do itself and a long-suffering radio public a favor by sticking to its guns.

"Well, she must have bought a new hat today..."

DRY Paul Jones ... a gentlemen's whiskey since 1865

Dryness (lack of sweetness) is a priceless quality in whiskey. Paul Jones' *dryness* brings out the true whiskey flavor and delicate aroma—for your most complete enjoyment. Try *Dry* Paul Jones . . . and we think you'll agree that it is one of the finest whiskies America has ever produced.

If you're not always able to get *Dry* Paul Jones . . . please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war uses. (Our prices have not been increased—except for taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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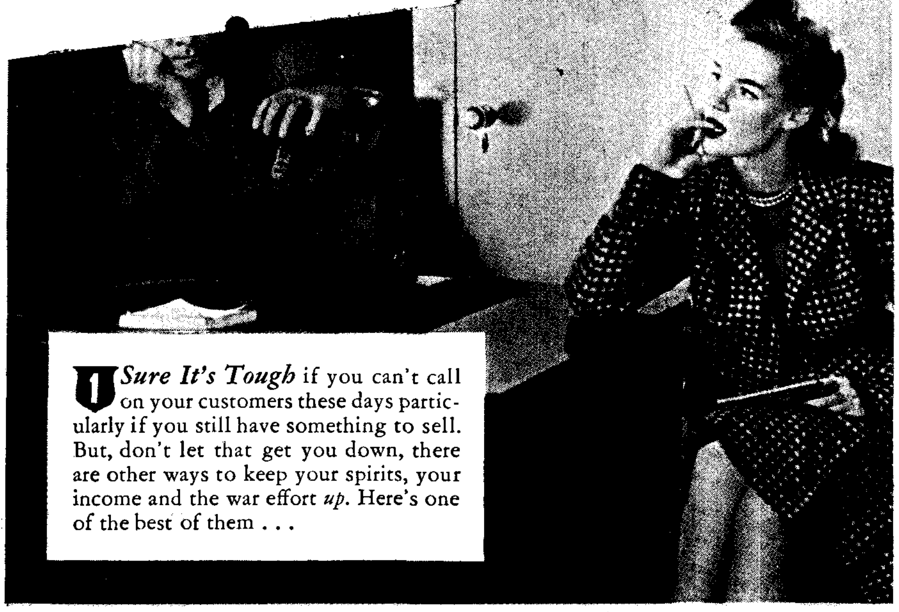
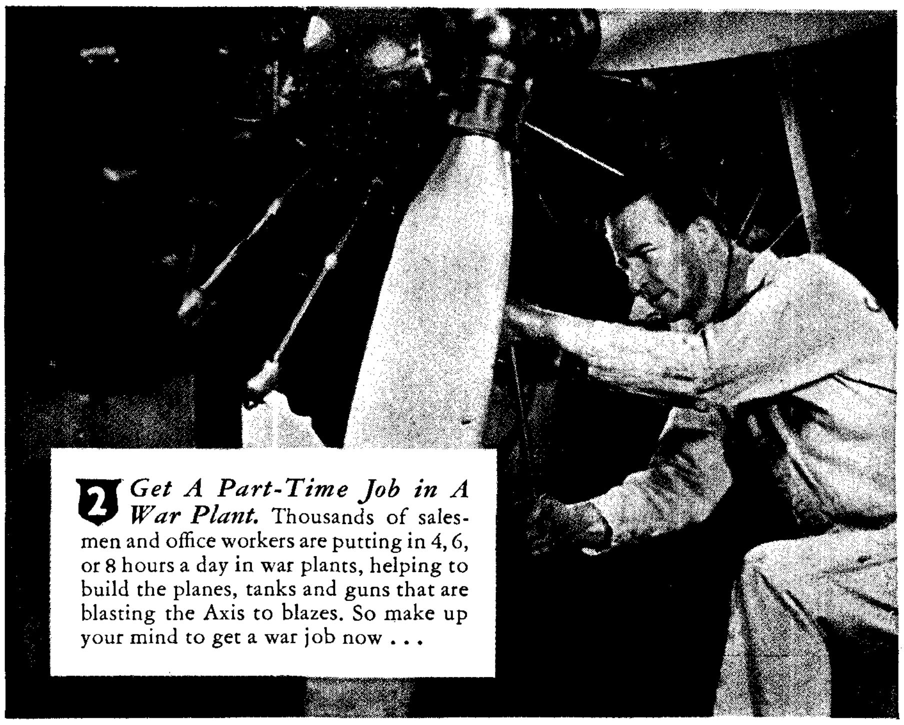


1 *Sure It's Tough* if you can't call on your customers these days particularly if you still have something to sell. But, don't let that get you down, there are other ways to keep your spirits, your income and the war effort *up*. Here's one of the best of them . . .



2 *Get A Part-Time Job in A War Plant.* Thousands of salesmen and office workers are putting in 4, 6, or 8 hours a day in war plants, helping to build the planes, tanks and guns that are blasting the Axis to blazes. So make up your mind to get a war job now . . .

SOLVED! The problem of the A Card Salesman with the T Card Territory

3 *Then Look At What's Going To Happen* to your sales curve tomorrow. It's going up. And so are you . . . in your Cessna Car of the Air. That will mean three times the distance covered in an hour, three times the calls in a day. And if that old law of averages is still working, that means three times the sales you've ever made before.

Yes, you'll be flying but not as you think of flying now. It will be more like driving your automobile . . . easily, naturally and safely . . . only you'll get where you're going in one-third the time.

You see, building thousands of twin-engined Cessna Bobcats for Uncle Sam, on a 24-hour a day schedule, has added a lot of new "know-how" to our 32-year experience in aviation. That's why, when Victory is won, we'll have a new *high* in transportation for you salesmen, and for everyone else, in the Cessna Car of the Air.

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Cessna

Priority Delivery by Buying War Bonds Now . . . Be one of the first to own a Cessna Car of the Air after the war. Orders are bound to exceed production. But you can get a preferred listing for early postwar delivery. No obligation to buy. Costs you nothing. Write us today for the simple priority plan. CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas.

ARMY E NAVY

★ ★ ★ SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS